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TWILIGHT OF THE DICTATORS

By GEORGE SELDES

Will the 1930's unseat Mussolini, Stalin, and the other dictators as, in the last century, the 1830's brought down to defeat the military power? Mr. Seldes, who wrote the widely discussed "Is the Cannon-Fodder Ripe?" (SCRIBNER'S for February) points to evidence of the end of post-war disillusion and the entrance of new elements which threaten the dictators.

It is just a hundred years since the beginning of the great libertarian movement which slowly went around the world. America, its godmother, seems to have forgotten it. Eighteen-thirty marked the definite collapse of military rule and the birth of intellectual and economic power in national leadership. On the intellectual side there developed the emancipation of public opinion and a free press which in a century were to rise superior frequently to king, church and army, and on the economic side full liberty of finance which met no great challenge until the present Russian attempt at substitution.

In Europe commentators celebrating the hundredth anniversary at a time the press is curbed in many countries, dictatorships abound, and financial crises face every nation, recall that the libertarian movement had its birth in Cromwell's army, that it was transported to the American colonies, had its first success there, was retransported to France and had its full flowering in the 1830's. They deplore, therefore, the present mediæval terrorism in many dictatorships, with its cheap heroes and cheap hero-worship, and the applause which greets a Mussolini when he refers to the Goddess of Liberty as a "rotting carcass," a Lenin who calls democracy a "bourgeois illusion," and a Pilsudski who refers to parliament as a "prostitute."

Certainly it seems as if the Napoleonic man on horseback is sitting in saddle and throne again and that most of the gains of a century have been lost. But pessimistic as the beginning of the 1930's may appear, there are tremendous signs of forces working for the overthrow of all the big and little dictatorships, with their variously colored terrors and their rule by soldiers and policemen.

Not only have some little dictators passed into oblivion and several bigger ones been replaced, but the "great" are on the defensive. Checked by the decade

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of disillusion after the war, the ideas liberated in the 1830's, the power of free press and free opinion, are marching full ahead, but now it is not a popular uprising or a new war or an assassin's bullet which may end the era of dictatorships, but that other force, the liberty of finance which now has for its greatest symbol, the American Dollar.

I will not be foolhardy enough to predict dates. In thirteen years of newspaper work in Europe I have heard good men say, "Give the Bolsheviki six months more and they are through," and "Mussolini will be finished in a year," and again, "De Rivera has about three months more to go." The most important thing I learned was this: he who has the military power will remain dictator so long as it remains loyal. Spain proved that amply.

But Spain also proved that there was a greater force than military power. It was economics. It worked slowly but it was invincible. It was not in the newspaper headlines. The very artillery officers who made the overthrow may never have heard about economics in their lives, and may not believe to-day that dollars, or rather lack of dollars, and not their personal dispute with their general, was the cause of Spain's unrest and change.

Everywhere the dictators have borrowed our money and everywhere their régimes have proven too costly. They have wasted billions. And now the American bankers, who have invested more than $15,000,000,000 abroad, are no longer sure they can or want to sell the bonds of dictators and terrorists, and the latter, with no new money coming in to spend (*i. e.*, waste) on private military forces and the vast systems of policing, espionage, business "reforms," financing, all of which have no useful or economic basis, are tremblingly facing the end. It may come soon in one country. It may be postponed in another by new financing. One cannot set a date.

It must also be noted that the psychological reaction against dictatorship is gaining, even among the unimportant masses. Disgust with democracies is passing. Democracies cannot wage war! Democracies cannot run their finances efficiently! Democracies are antiquated! Brilliant individualists and paid press-agents united in these theories. But in the war the democracies fought well and the autocracies cracked; after the war the democracies put their budgets in order and the dictatorships faked theirs.

The myth that a country must have a strong man to give it economic stability is at last being exposed. The reverse appears to be true. Dictators almost everywhere have led nations into economic ruin, they have thinned the stream of business, they have lowered the standard of living (whereas in almost all the democracies the standard for workingmen and middle class has been raised), brought millions nearer to the hunger point, and raised hell generally with budgets. Public debts have increased and there have been wastage and corruption unparalleled in democracies. Statesmen, economists, and journalists who mentioned these facts years ago were ignored; to-day the result is so apparent the popular press must note it, even if the blame is more often put on the Wall Street crash than on the foreign dictator's own failure.

Almost the first action of any dictatorship is the suppression of a free press. This stops public criticism and enables the ruler to escape unpunished for every act of vandalism. The suppression of a free parliament has always followed, to prevent political pressure against faulty financial schemes. It has always been necessary to have a reign of terror, varying in violence, and always dictatorships have tried to hide their dangerous situa-

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tion through propaganda. By the expenditure of 300,000,000 lire a year, for example, Italy was able to overcome for three years at least the reports sent by a few independent journalists that its budgets were tricky and the financial structure unsound.

Economists have estimated the cost of national security of a dictatorship—militia, spies, terrorism, etc.—as five times normal; for example, Italy's 2,000,000,000 lire a year for all its various law-enforcing agencies is about five times that spent by France, a nation with equal population.

Every dictatorship has proven that unlimited power always brings corruption. Uncontrolled by parliament, councils, free press, public opinion, the reign of graft in Europe, Asia, South America, has reached unprecedented heights.

Mindful of the axiom that every dictatorship which has ever endured a while has ended in revolution or war, all the present powerful ones are spending billions of dollars on military defense preparations, a tremendous waste which is furthering financial collapse, war, and the inevitable end.

II

In deciphering the "Red," "White," "Black," "Brown," or "Green" dictatorships in various parts of the world, one common denominator is possible: Dollars. Whatever created the régime, egotism, opportunism, popular will, terror, accident, it is soon forgotten in the breathless effort for economic survival. Loans are floated, credits asked for.

This is as true of Russia as of Italy, of Spain as of Poland, or Turkey, or Brazil, and when Lloyd George, in one of those periods when he was out of diplomatic office and could speak honestly, made the prediction (to an Argentine journalist) that it will be on account of the "errors and absurdities of its economics that Fascism will reach its dissolution," he spoke not only for the future of Italy but for all similar systems.

Italy has been the pet example of a successful dictatorship, and therefore I propose to note first some of the Italian "errors and absurdities" which are typical of dictatorships and which are at work for the fall of Mussolini's régime:

1. Budget manipulation.
2. Artificial stabilization.
3. Graft of billions.
4. Waste of billions.
5. War preparations costing billions.
6. Suppression of parliament, press, public assembly, freemasonry, or all critical, controlling factors.

The crisis which Mussolini admits at last cannot be the result of the American crisis because it began in Italy in 1925. In that year and in the years which followed, until 1929, it was cleverly hidden from the general public by manipulation of the budget, treasury balances, and various official but not necessarily true financial statements. European economists and financial experts knew this. Perhaps it is possible that the American bankers did not. That they do at present is evident.

For more than a year the American bankers have been refusing another $100,000,000 loan to Fascist Italy. I have the word of one of them that he has been asked about it by Italian representatives, and I prefer his word to the official statements issued in Rome. Only a huge loan can maintain the régime for a certain period of time. Only France and America can make such loans, and France, of course, asks political concessions as well as a rate of interest. Britain, always the most careful investor, has never loaned the Fascisti a penny. The American people, thanks to the myth of the balanced budget, have lent their money blindly, and may do so again if the

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interest rate is high enough. At present they have burned their hands and they have cold feet.

How easily the lay mind can be deceived by budget jugglery is apparent from the following figures, issued by the Fascist government, but never explained by Fascist propagandists in America. The budget shows a deficit of 17,000,000,000 lire in 1920–1921, 15,000,000,000 in 1921–1922 and only 3,000,000,000 in the Fascist year 1922–1923. But the fact is that the liberal régime before Fascismo achieved this reduction and in fact had planned a balanced budget for 1922–1923.

But that is only half the picture. The truth lies in these figures (also official): In 1922–1923 and before then, the liberal régimes had paid out billions for debts incurred during the war. In their last year they paid 25,000,000,000 lire. In the Fascist years the annual expenditure on that account was only from 1,500,000,000 to 3,000,000,000. In other words, the non-Fascisti, spending up to 25,000,000,000 a year for war debts, showed deficits ranging from 17,000,000,000 down to 3,000,000,000, whereas the Fascisti, spending almost nothing for war debts, showed either a small balance (1924 to 1927) or a deficit (despite skilful budget jugglery).

If any one thinks my word "jugglery" too severe let him supply his own term for this fact: twice during the finance rule of Signor Volpi and his successors, the Fascisti succeeded in doing something no other modern state has done. They were able to show the American investors and bankers a balanced budget, but they had to show Mussolini an empty treasury! When I asked an American banker and a famous British economist to explain these facts, they replied there could be no explanation. "This is Fascist finance, that's all," one replied.

The fiscal year 1928–1929 (*i. e.*, before the American crisis which Mussolini blames for everything) the Italian official figures show a national income of 19,447,000,000 lire and national expenses of 22,741,000,000 or a treasury deficit of 3,294,000,000 lire. An official communique of April 30, 1930, shows a public debt of 88,000,000,000 and a deficit in March current expenses of 398,000,000. But British, French and American economists and writers for the financial press unite in saying that a study of all Fascist official publications cannot give a true picture of the deficit because there is manipulation of statistics and censorship.

In June, 1930, when Italy was making a bid for a new big loan the government gave the official Stefani agency a statement which says:

"The value in Italian lire of the total bonds floated abroad . . . is 7,200,000,000. If one wishes, in consideration of the balance of payments, to proceed to an exact estimation of the debit and credit situation of Italy abroad, one may calculate:

"(*a*) Bank of Italy, credits and treasury bonds on foreign countries, 5,079,000,000.

"(*b*) Other important credits, . . . 7,400,000,000 composed of foreign bonds sold in Italy (Portuguese, Austrian, Hungarian, Albanian, Brazilian, Chinese, etc.); 2,000,000,000 deposited in London . . .; 3,000,000,000 which Italy is to receive under the Young Plan; 400,000,000 foreign government guarantees to the state; 300,000,000 treasury credits in Austria and Roumania; 100,000,000 treasury funds abroad."

Excellent as this may seem to a layman, to a financier it is the reverse. M. Georges Valois points out that the debts abroad are nearer twelve billions than seven. The 5,079,000,000 treasury bonds are not a credit but the reserve of the Bank of Italy which diminishes daily.

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The 7,400,000,000 is "purely fantastic." The 1,600,000,000 foreign loans have a doubtful value; the money was used mostly for penetration of the Balkans and preparation of Albania for war and it is doubtful if one cent of the billion spent in Albania ever returns to Italy. There is 2,000,000,000 deposited in London in gold; Italy in order to obtain this gold must pay an equivalent sum; it is simply a *guaranteed debt.* The 190,000,000 a year under the Young Plan is a drop in the bucket compared to the annual deficit. Finally, Valois points out, there is no mention of the war debts to England and the United States (about 5,000,000,000) nor of the state bonds and corporation stock held abroad. "One would think," concludes Valois, "that the official statement had been prepared by an adversary of Fascism, seeking to discredit it completely . . . it is farce in a tragedy, it is the finance of Polichinelle."

Nor can one discount similar statements of ex-Premier Nitti, who although an adversary of Fascism is, unlike certain notable Fascist politicians, a man of probity and a professor of economics. But even before Nitti and Lloyd George mentioned the bankruptcy of the dictatorship, journalists questioned official figures. James Murphy was the first to discover budget faking. He called the 1923–1924 De Stefani budget a piece of propaganda for loan purposes because he discovered, under one heading alone, an expenditure of 14,000,000,000 lire ($700,000,000) not debited in the state budget. It is listed in the official gazette, June 27, 1924, page 16; it figured in the treasury accounts, but did not appear in the published budget. That 14,000,000,000 about equalled the annual taxation. Moreover, that 14,000,000,000 would have shown the Fascist deficit greater than any preceding. Journalists who questioned this fraud got into trouble. In addition to Mr. Murphy, who represented British newspapers, Hiram Motherwell, then of the Chicago *Daily News,* Percy Winner of the New York *Evening Post* and I began writing about strange finance in Italy in 1925. Needless to say not one of us is now in Rome. But a large part of the world has meanwhile learned that the successor to the liberal, the college professor, Nitti, has seriously endangered if not ruined the financial structure of Italy.

By 1930 even the pro-Fascist press in America has had to admit that the stabilization of the lire, about which Mussolini consulted Mr. Mellon and other financiers before rejecting their advice, has proven a disaster. For a few months the Duce was able to show the French that his money was better than theirs; Mr. Marcosson of *The Saturday Evening Post* then flew into a tantrum of delight and wrote urging France to adopt a dictator and stabilize. France did not get excited by Mr. Marcosson but stabilized eventually at 25 to the dollar and from that day on, without a dictator, began growing richer and richer until to-day she has more gold than any nation except the United States, and more gold per capita than any country in the world. Italy's stabilization remains at 20 to the dollar. The loss due to this economically false figure is estimated at 3,500,000,000 lire. Mussolini's action has been termed, not by American reporters, but by European economists, "an insane act of megalomania in the field of finance." Certainly it is one of the most expensive egotistic gestures in modern history, and the loss is clearly to be charged up to "dictatorship"; under any other system press and public would have brought economic necessity to bear.

The suppression of these critics has made possible the waste of the $30,000,000 which the American people loaned to Milan. This loss can also be charged

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up to dictatorship. In no democratic city administration has there been such graft and waste in Europe.

Who ruined Milan? Take the word of the Fascist senator, Frederico Ricci, that the annual expenses rose from 30,000,000 lire to 90,000,000 and that the debt of the city which was 700,000,000 under the socialists in 1922, is 1,607,000,000 under the Fascisti in 1929. Who ruined Milan? The rulers of the financial capital of Italy have been Giampaoli, Belloni and Arnaldo Mussolini, little brother and big mouth of the Duce.

Giampaoli and Belloni held the office of podesta, or city dictator. Giampaoli wasted millions. The scandal became so great Belloni succeeded him. During the latter's administration the $30,000,000 American loan was made. There was waste in every municipal undertaking and unheard of graft. In 1928 the expenditures were 539,000,000 lire and income 413,000,000; all the American loan disappeared.

Farinacci, when secretary-general of the Fascist Party, accused Belloni of accepting a bribe from an American concern for favoring its loan terms. The Duce was forced to name a commission of inquiry. When the name of Arnaldo Mussolini was dragged into the dirt, the commission was disbanded. Belloni sued Farinacci for libel and lost. Farinacci pressed his claims and eventually the greatest podesta in Italy and one of the great men in Fascism, was sentenced to five years in the prison islands, to live with common murderers and anti-Fascist leaders.

It seems impossible for dictatorial régimes to exist without terrorism, and terrorism requires extra men and extra money which must also be classed under wastage. In Italy there are six branches of special militia; their jobs range all the way from shooting Italians attempting to flee into France, to steaming open thousands of letters in the main post-offices. The National Militia, larger than the national army, is paid privately, about 150,000,000 a year. The podestas number 7,623. A compilation of the statistics of the seventeen leading cities shows clearly that the podestas are spending (or wasting) much more than their predecessors. The personnel of the state has been increased by thousands. It is estimated that Fascism, to gain support, is now employing one able-bodied man in five.

Billions have been wasted in war preparations. Not only is the dictatorship engaging in a naval armament race with France, but it is spending money and building war works in the Balkans, notably in Albania, to use against Yugoslavia. At home the private and national military forces are augmented annually and the figures for expenditures mount while the treasury empties itself. Significant of the whole situation is this saving bank statement (official): In 1925 deposits were 787,000,000 and withdrawals 548,000,000, while in 1927 deposits were only 178,000,000 and withdrawals 822,000,000 lire. Capital, which is always timid, has been fleeing from Italy. Every Fascist who knows his financial oats and who prefers money to patriotism, has been smuggling his money abroad, just as the Germans did during their inflation. This is not to be wondered at when one sees the figures of the six years of Fascism before the present crisis, when 800 banks and credit institutions, including some of the oldest, went through complete or partial bankruptcy. And, it must not be forgotten, the bankers were among the main financiers of Fascism until now.

Most of the figures aforementioned are from the *Gazette Ufficiale, Annuario statistico italiano,* etc.; the Italian embassy in Washington, however, has seen fit to question Nitti's statement

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hitherto unquestioned in Europe that the Fascist loans abroad in *eight* years total 12,000,000,000 lire, about 80 per cent of which is held by American investors, and a large percentage in sorrow. The embassy states that the amount placed in New York in *five* years is 7,000,000,000, but this seems more a quibble than a denial. The embassy adds that "the official statement of any government as to its financial accounts is always sufficiently clear for a professional student of finance to understand," but this seems a joke because impartial students of finance in many countries and disillusioned American bankers now agree that in Italy, for the first time in modern history, we have the spectacle of a government tricking its budget so that no honest conclusion can be read from official figures by no matter how expert an expert.

But no matter if the number of billions is seven or twelve, a large part has disappeared in dictatorial, not economic, expenditures, in the hopeless effort to give the world a picture of a flourishing Italy and a successful happy terrorism. Said *The Wall Street Journal* (January 26, 1929) at a time the pro-Fascist American dailies were still printing bunkum about the victory of Fascism: "It is difficult to imagine a more complete case of financial suicide." *The Journal* referred particularly to Decree 1,943, a forced loan, considered by bankers as partial confiscation of private property, incidentally the great unforgivable sin of the Bolsheviki. This judgment seems correct. Murder or suicide, that is, foreign war or bankruptcy, is the common fate of dictatorships and Fascism faces both. Millions of dollars can either hasten or delay.

III

Dictatorial absurdities, such as budget manipulation, artificial stabilization, graft, wastage, war preparations and the suppression of the controlling factors of press, parliament and public opinion, apply, with variations, to the South American republics, to Spain, to Poland and other countries, and to some extent to Russia. The Soviet situation is a strange one. While there may be more terrorism in Russia, there is also a real economic experiment and a real philosophic idea in Communism which no other dictatorship can claim.

Russia is the only dictatorship which has not been depending to an extent on American dollars. It is therefore the only one which is least affected by our bankers' refusal to issue new loans, and consequently the only one which is not doomed to disappearance for lack of money. Money itself, the Russian economists tell you, doesn't exist, the present currency being temporary, nominal, a compromise, destined to disappear in time. Accused of dumping and waste, the Russians reply they do nothing of the sort because every product they collect as taxation costs practically nothing and everything sold abroad is practically pure profit. It is their system. They do not consider the great economic waste: material waste, waste of time, waste of men.

One of the greatest losses in history occurred last year in the attempt to communize the farms when the Bolsheviki ordered the pooling of livestock. A peasant was told that if he owned two cows and another peasant owned two cows, under the new system the two would own four cows, but to the peasant way of thinking this meant the State would own four cows and he nothing. In the week in which collectivism was announced the peasants of Russia slaughtered 33 per cent of their horses, 50 per cent of their cows and 60 per cent of their pigs and hens. The nation was flooded with fresh meat. Then came the

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long famine in meat which still exists. Altogether it was an unparalleled disaster.

Corruption is wide-spread. At one time, after capital punishment had been abolished, the Soviets were forced to restore the death penalty for one crime, graft by government officials.

The Bolshevik finance scandal threatens to surpass that of Germany (1919–1923) and Italy (1922 to date). In Germany at least $1,000,000,000 was stolen from the bonafide buyers of marks and from the government by the speculators and by the big industrialists, notably Stinnes, during the inflation. Now the Russian dictatorship joins others, Spain, Italy, Poland, in a marvellous piece of financial jugglery. Russia is trying to cheat the world twice. The rouble was stabilized after it had gone to some 30,000,000 to the dollar. The new cherwonitz was issued on a gold basis and the Soviets boasted they did this without the usual big loan from America.

To-day the new rouble, par fifty cents, is worth ten to fifteen cents. That is, in Berlin and Riga. In Russia the par is maintained. But even there the wise boys and the grafters do a big business, at the risk of their necks, at six or seven or sometimes ten roubles to the dollar.

The great proletariat of Russia, the 145,000,000 incoherent peasants and workingmen for whom the Bolshevik revolution presumably was made and for whom Utopia is planned in this lifetime, are being paid with roubles worth one-fifth their marked price while they are forced to pay with paper at its gold value, or five times as much, when they buy any goods at the government stores. In this paradise of the proletariat there is financial corruption surpassing anything in Italy, Spain, South America, but this dictatorship makes it a matter of principle. Corruption, which tends to destroy other dictatorships, is in fact made an instrument of survival in Russia.

In Poland, Hungary, Persia and Latin America financial experts from the United States have been employed, usually under the agreement of an American loan. In each instance when the Americans have stopped graft and waste, there has been a weakening of the dictatorship, a movement toward parliamentary liberal government.

In Poland in 1924 new money was introduced. Some time later General Sikorski held manœuvres which wasted so much money the French government was frightened. In 1926 there was a second inflation and the world lost confidence in Poland. Then Pilsudski pushed his troops into parliament and they threatened to murder deputies in the street. In 1927 there was a second stabilization and Charles Dewey, ex-assistant secretary of the United States treasury, became financial dictator. At one time Pilsudski asked for 80,000,000 zloty for his troops. The Bank of Poland refused. In 1930 Pilsudski contented himself with arresting eighty-one opposition deputies before the elections. He is no longer the popular or all-powerful dictator. After three years' work Mr. Dewey, returning to America, reports that Pilsudski is an "ingrained democrat" who believes in a constitution and parliament, and has been "greatly misunderstood." In other words Poland has been saved from the fate of Italy, Spain, and other countries by financial control by a foreigner which has indirectly restored parliamentary government.

This is likewise true in Hungary and South America. The American finance dictators have checked graft and waste and the expenses of terrorism and there has followed a revival of civil liberties.

The great wave of revolution, surprisingly bloodless for once but probably more important than those in the

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old style, which has passed over Latin America gives more proof that dictatorships are falling and that dollars, which when plentiful keep them going strong, cause dissolution when withdrawn.

The new revolutions differ considerably from those well-known to romantic fiction and foolish movies. They are not the revolts of would-be dictators against those in the capital, with a few paid soldiers doing the fighting. Industrialism, big business, is gaining in South America. There is a new national conscience apparent, national dissatisfaction with the graft, waste, inefficiency and misrule of the dictator, protest against the egotism of the ruling clique, an awakened mass emotion due to a fairly free press and free congress.

In South America it was also shown that dictators are too great a luxury for states with limited borrowing power; at the first sign of economic distress the rulers who had not made economic preparations, such as some European dictators were wise enough to make, disappeared in a moment. The case of Leguia in Peru is closest to the European type. As in Italy there was a period in which sycophant journalists could send roseate reports of a flourishing country. This strong man, it was said, really had an economic programme, he was not a mere conventional Latin American opportunist. But what Leguia actually did was to borrow huge sums from the United States and spend them. A large part of the loans was used up in the maintenance of the dictator, the clique in power, and in graft. As in Italy, foreign concessions were given away, mortgaging the nation. In the manifesto of Colonel Sanchez-Cerro, Leguia is said to have increased the foreign debt from 80,000,000 to 600,000,000 soles, thus placing the country "at the mercy of foreign lenders and imperilling national sovereignty."

When Hipolito Irigoyen, autocrat, despot, demi-god of the Argentines, went the way of all dictators, all the economic woes of the country were heaped on him. President Uriburu showed there was a deficit of 720,000,000 pesos for the last two years of Irigoyen's second administration and a deficit of 1,100,000,000 for the same gentleman's first administration.

Upon assuming the dictatorship in Brazil, President Vargas ordered an investigation to prove that the previous dictatorship under Washington Luiz was rotten with graft and official corruption; newspapers in São Paulo received bribes of $70,000; the total graft in one year in the same state was $12,000,000 and the state of Rio got into debt for $36,000,000.

In Chile, Dominica, Bolivia, Ecuador, Cuba and other South and Central American republics there have been revolutions or uprisings, dictator after dictator has been overthrown. It is true that in many cases the successor gave promise of being no better or worse, it is true that the international depression helped the spirit of revolt, but it is also proven that the dictatorships were too expensive, too wasteful, frequently crooked; the new men in power were all pledged to reform and democracy.

In Spain it was a combination of the two great factors which make and unmake dictators which ruined de Rivera: revolt of the military junta and pressure of financial maladministration. The end came so suddenly that newspapers, including the Chicago *Tribune* European edition, were still printing headlines of this nature:

"All Spain Hails Rivera's Rule."

"Spain Prospers under Rivera's Strict Régime," and bunkum of this style:

"All admit that the dictatorship has brought prosperity to Spain . . . financial and industrial progress are both

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marked . . . the budget was balanced in 1927 for the first time since 1909 . . . not many régimes possess the firm basis on which that of Primo de Rivera now rests; to doubt its stability would argue mere naïveté."

This same Paris edition of a reputable American newspaper having sent Mr. Jay Allen, an honest correspondent, to Madrid, then published his report the morning after the overthrow:

"The name of Primo de Rivera is mud in Spain to-day. What he did in six years of blundering good-natured absolutism cannot be undone in a day. . . . Nobody could possibly repair the awful breach he made in the nation's finances . . . the financial scandals are reported everywhere . . . it is taken for granted that many of Primo's gang made millions through all sorts of deals."

As taught by his friend and idol, Mussolini, the Spanish dictator had falsified the budget for years. An official note published after Primo's fall, but during his lifetime when he was still able to deny or explain, showed that the expenditure was 4,000,000,000 pesetas, a deficit of a quarter of a billion, and that the treasury had on hand only 68,000,000 pesetas instead of the 320,000,000 which de Rivera had announced "officially" and which he would have shown officially had he lasted long enough to juggle the fiscal-year figures again.

Commenting on the situation, Landa Juan O'Donnell, duke of Tetuan, said the dictatorship was responsible for the flight of capital from the country. People had no confidence in a dictatorship. Other reasons for the financial crisis, he said, were censorship of the press, dishonest elections, idleness of gold reserves, general distrust, and the waste which accompanies dictatorship.

All this became known the moment the régime collapsed. Up to that very day, propaganda had declared it as safe as Italy's; prosperous, solvent, and worthy of support in foreign loans and credits. There is perhaps no better example in post-bellum history of the perversion and suppression of news in preserving a myth about the success of a dictator, and the working out of economic forces in destroying corrupt and fundamentally false systems of government.

The only dictator for whom there is general sympathy in the American press corps abroad is Kemal Pasha. Every man who has come in contact with the Turk thinks he is the superior in character and ideas to all his colleagues, and much more successful.

The removal of the fez did much to emancipate the mind beneath it. It is the great symbol of Kemal's reign. The dictatorship can be summed up:

March 1925: law enacted for "maintenance of order" (or dictatorship).

March 1925: European hat law promulgated.

March 1926: Swiss family code adopted, regulating marriage, divorce, abolishing polygamy, emancipating women.

March 1928: "Islam" abolished; separation of church from state.

March 1928: Latin alphabet introduced.

March 1929: Abolition of law for "maintenance of order"; re-establishment of democratic rule.

There is now considerable political and individual liberty in Turkey, the opposition can live, the press can criticise the government and check economic waste and despotism.

The Turk has been wise, and has saved himself. Poland and other countries have accepted American financial control and have given up a great part of the absolutism, the terror, the denial of civil liberty which invariably accompany dictatorships. The Russians are still

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trying to evolve an economic system which challenges the accepted formulæ of the capitalist world. Spain accepted no compromise and crashed. Italy is looking for new golden life blood. Almost all of South America is enjoying a new régime. These are crucial days for the remaining despots.

IV

Giving the dictators their due, it must be said that they usually marched into the throne room with some sort of an ideal and that with the exception of Turkey, where a really great man knew when it was time to quit, and in some countries where private experts managed finances, the corruption of power and egotism soon defeated the ideal. So long it lasted there was always a tightening of the nationalistic spirit, patriotic co-operation, efficiency, disappearances of labor troubles and the verbosities of democracy. Dictatorships have always begun in enthusiasm and ended in corruption.

Against the achievements which usually mark the first years, there always arise moral and economic forces which attack the inherent weaknesses. Dictatorships disappear; they are dissolved or are drowned in blood or peacefully altered because almost always they cause:

the financial ruin of the state;
economic anæmia of the nation;
augmentation of the public debt burden;
excessive taxation;
tremendous waste; and
an armament race presaging a war.

Dictatorships have proven the most expensive form of government and their efficiencies have been more than overbalanced by inefficiencies. Dictatorships have always refused to permit

consent of reforms by citizens;
control of wastage by citizens;
criticism by public opinion and a free press; and
control by a parliament,

all of which co-operating with a dictator would, while weakening both the personal ego and the régime, at least prolong the régime and eventually lead to a normal free government without a violent interregnum.

Few dictators have been really big men with a philosophy, an economic programme, a new idea or even the genius to wage a war. Grand and imposing as they look in their flaming uniforms and colored shirts one day, they are almost forgotten the hour the change is made. Who now remembers Waldemiras? What country did he rule? What became of Pangalos? How many Bratianus were there and what happened to them? And how ignoble became that same Primo de Rivera who the day before had stood second only to Mussolini. Nor is it too fantastic to imagine on the day of Mussolini's fall the commentators saying that, after all, he was only a little renegade socialist, a puny imitator of Lenin, a repeater of Kaiser Wilhelm's sententious phrases, an unbridled megalomaniac trying to flag the train of economic inevitability by waving a black shirt on the tracks.

Money alone can save the dictators. Perhaps the American bankers will relent—perhaps they'll relent at 12 per cent. Or the French, who demand that Italy stops its war threats and withdraws its claim to naval parity in the Mediterranean, will issue the new loans. How long can Fascism continue to live and waste on borrowed money? How long the postponement?

Meanwhile there is an awakening conscience throughout the world. Certain countries, certain statesmen, certain

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bankers do want peace at least for the present and realize that by destroying the comparatively small terrorisms, which are dictatorships, through their control of finances, they lessen the chance of world-wide terrorism, which is war. *Le Matin* reports that the governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, Mr. George L. Harrison, and the governor of the Bank of France, M. Clement Moret, have agreed to "bar credits for warlike uses," adding that the activities of Mussolini, Hitler, the Soviets and certain South American dictators are "restricting the field of investment." There is talk of a financial blockade of nations which threaten war. In the American Senate the policy of the State Department approving or disapproving foreign loans has been referred to as a "lawless function" by Mr. Glass, who wants the policy abandoned. Considering the fact that our State Department has approved some of the most dangerous loans of the most bloody dictatorships, there may be wisdom in Mr. Glass's plea. The important thing is that the subject of dictatorships and American dollars is actual, is alive.

The dictatorship of the future is that of the American dollar. Politicians and bankers may use it for the restoration of democracy or the prolongation of terrorism throughout the world. The signs favor the former. While the godmother of the 1830 liberalism ignored its centenary, the 2030's may celebrate a double anniversary, the second being the restoration of democracy, civil liberty and the parliamentary system, sometime in the 1930's, following the Götterdämmerung of the dictators, guttered in their own brief candlelight.

See also in this number Waldo Frank's "The Forest," an interpretation of Brazil, the one true tropical country on the American mainlands. It, too, explains the why of dictatorships.

Peking—Hatamen Gate

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

Cart and train and rickshaw,
Bell and drum and gong,
Blend defiant voices
In a high-pitched song:
The people of a continent,
With neither tail nor van,
Go surging through the Hatamen,
Vein whose blood is Man.

Harlots bound for harlotry,
Ladies off to buy,
Ten and ten and seven sheep,
Trotting in to die;
Sweating, lurching porters,
Camels from Kalgan,
Throbbing through the Hatamen,
Vein whose blood is Man.

Gray and sloppy soldiers,
Barrows full of mire;
Dust and dust and dust and dust,
The thin sun flecks with fire;
Mongols in from Urga,
Students from Yunnan,
Surging through the Hatamen,
Vein whose blood is Man.

Cart and train and rickshaw,
Bell and drum and gong,
Blend defiant voices
In a high-pitched song:
The people of a continent,
With neither tail nor van,
Go surging through the Hatamen,
Vein whose blood is Man.

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The Rich Curriculum

By MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

Are the new schools giving the modern child mental indigestion? A teacher reflects upon today's cafeteria of education and its effect on girls she knows.

THE cry of this age is for the rich curriculum—by which is meant the varied one. Parents demand it. Schools take a proud joy in heaping up the measure until the youngest and the oldest child are set before a banquet of more courses than they can probably digest.

To make this comment or to agree with it is not necessarily to proclaim oneself as a reactionary. There would seem to be no question but that modern educators had had to take a hand in mental dietetics. Until quite recently the fare was much too set and spare and simple. The child who was curious or imaginative, or who had marked originality of mind, had to forage for himself outside the classroom if he was to keep his appetite for learning. And, quite as truly, the child who was apathetic, and who had no originality of mind, seldom had his scant curiosity aroused. By and large this is no longer true.

But, if there were dangers in monotony, there are dangers in variety—in giving too much variety rather than a careful balanced diet. While this fact has been recognized by many of the colleges, with a consequent reduction in the courses taken, it has not been recognized by most of the secondary schools or by those who send their children to them. It is of these dangers that I mean to treat.

The former assumption seemed to be that the natural child was stubborn about learning anything; that he had to be disciplined about school matters much as he was disciplined about his table manners, till he took whatever had been set before him without grumbling and without leaving crusts or crumbs. On the contrary, the modern assumption seems to be that the natural child is finicky and must be tempted. He must be induced, not led. The intention, thus, of the much-varied course is to arouse enthusiasms, to reach and to provoke the curiosities of every child that comes within its influence, to get him to taste, then of his own accord to take another spoonful, to try everything on the whole menu, and to acquire a trust that each will be as pleasant, till he comes to school assured that in every class he will get what amounts to being his very favorite dessert.

The intellectual objection to desserts and to the disguise of enticing sauces is another matter. But, taken by itself, it is a grave question as to how many zests in the same child can be stimulated in quick succession without the mind's rebelling at too much abundance, without its reaching a state of exhaustion

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from satiety, without its acquiring the habit of nibbling lightly at too much and hence not taking in what makes for retention and for growth.

The very young mind has its own protection against what is too much for it —too much for it, not in intensity of concentration, but in diversity and scope. As an illustration of what I mean, I recently ran across a little boy of five who had been taken for the first time to the Museum of Natural History. "Did you," he asked, "ever see a leaping dinosaur?" I should have tried to tell him the very small amount I knew about one, but instead I tried to switch the subject to what I knew more fully. Had he seen the butterfly collection? To which he replied: "They were wilder than lions." And, again deaf to my next question as to whether his father had shown him the hoof of the horse going back and back till it had all its toes, he went on thinking of his "leaping dinosaurs."

"Think," he said delightedly, "just think how wild they were."

Now, in his case, his mind had its own protection against the assault of anything which might confuse his interest. To all the collections which might have cluttered that one interest he had been absolutely blind. To all intents and purposes, they did not exist.

Naturally no school can cut down to a single subject or can permit absorption only in one subject. Its honest effort is to work for balance, not one-sidedness. And, quite apart from that fact, it must handle different types of mind and make some appeal to all of them. What catches the curiosity of one child lacks lustre for the next. But do we not offer an assortment that is in the end bewildering? Do we not depend too much on the mere outward fact of that assortment, without asking what inward needs it nourishes? Do we give sufficient thought to the kind of teaching in the separate subjects that such variety requires? Has not the whole matter resolved itself into a deal between the parents and the school rather than a relation, carefully considered, between the school and child?

The curriculums differ with each school, but it is the attempt of nearly every school to offer rich ones. And what happens to the child when he is entered in the early grades and finds himself confronted with table-work in shifts of fifteen minutes to prevent a chance of boredom? Or when he finds himself confronted with rhythmics and phonics, with orientation and geography, with musical games and block-building that shall teach him numbers without inhibitions, with reading and group composition, with pottery and carpentry and costume-making? Almost at once he finds that his response, which is eager and spontaneous toward one subject, and in differing degrees to a few other subjects, is expected to be quite as eager and spontaneous to more than he can compass. Three or four he might manage with real interest. But if grown-up people are going to expect him to get excited about everything—

Little by little he learns the way to satisfy them. It is to skimp his energy on what he really cares about; it is to know or to pretend to know something about lots of things rather than to single out his bents and to pursue his real enthusiasms. The sort of mind that could remember from a big museum only "dinosaurs," begins to lose integrity from the manifold demands that are put upon it. With this result—that at an early age it has sacrificed the fierce intensity which is so characteristic of a child's surrender to a stimulus. It has developed all the making of the tourist's superficial mind and has lost the making of the sound professional's. Were the same child sent back to the Museum of Natural History some four years later, the chances are

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that he would come away with heterogeneous smatterings from quick, hurried observations. Not because his interests had been widened, though that fact would play a part in it. But chiefly because he had the habit of quickly skimming over the whole ground rather than of planting himself firmly where he could find out about some little part of it. From this to that is the habit that he has acquired at school.

The diffusion of mental energy, the scattering of concentration, goes on in all the grades, but the younger children are seldom conscious of what is happening to their mental processes, even when they feel confusion. If they are able to present enough to satisfy their teachers, they conclude that everything must be all right. If they fail in doing this, they assume that the fault lies with themselves. However, I have heard older pupils, seasoned and inured, explain what seemed aphasia, or a silly ignorance or blunder, by some such remark as this: "Of course I really knew that Milton was a Puritan, but you see we're having the Athenians in History; in History of Art we're doing the Italian Primitives; in French we've got to the Romantics. And then right on top of them, we have English Literature and the Puritans." She did not add that in the course of the morning she had also covered alien subjects such as Science and Mathematics. It was the quick, arbitrary shift from one civilization to another that she could not keep straight. Nor do I think that a closer correlation would have helped her, even were such linkage possible. Given courses all dealing with the same century, she would have met with differences, some marked, some subtle, between contemporaries of different races. She would have met with the effect of big, convulsive movements that upheaved some country violently before they stirred a tremor in another. What she needed was to handle fewer subjects, certainly to handle fewer subjects of like kind, and to deal with those more fully. What she required was more pause between the presentation of them. Her mind was like a taut-strung instrument still reverberating to one tune and thus unready for the next.

Often, moreover, I have heard pupils from entirely different schools make this same active criticism. "It seems as though we might carry fewer subjects, and get more interest out of each." Sometimes this grows to irritation at what is supposedly the rare reward of virtue. "I cleared off my French," a pupil will say, "because I thought they'd let me do more work in Mathematics." Or it may be vice versa. "And what do they go and do but stick in a course in History of Art or Household Economics. I want to be rounded *in*. I'm sick and tired of being rounded *out*." Her irritation is almost never against the new course itself. What she is belligerent against is the largesse of the rich curriculum. Abruptly it has forced her to take on a new interest; to turn again to unbroken soil when her own impulse was to learn just what it means to cultivate, to till and glean where a furrow is already sown.

The unavoidable result of the varied programme is also the crowded programme; the schedule of the day broken up in little squares that indicate three-quarters of an hour at most, but as frequently the small slice of half an hour. This tells on teachers and on pupils, and on both disastrously. On the teachers in this way. In the best-disciplined schools it takes children little short of five minutes to get from one class to another, and another five minutes for them to be in a receptive attitude of mind. Five minutes before the dismissal bell the habit of rush prevails, even over interest. There is a profession of really listening, but books begin to be stacked up and papers

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to be gathered. Supposedly the teacher has been given half an hour. She is fortunate if in reality she may use twenty minutes to advantage. But grant her her full measure; what material, even prepared and shortened carefully, can she possibly present? Her task is much like teaching nest-building to migrating birds.

But seriously, if there is any material that can be properly presented to an eighth-grade child or one more advanced in less than three-quarters of an hour, I have not found it, though I have tried in several subjects, and have watched the teaching of as many more. In Mathematics, answers to examples may be read or theorems recited, but hurry and brevity rule out the proper speculative mood in which originals should be tackled. The ability to sift and sort, to pick and choose, to discard a number of wrong methods is almost as valuable a mental process as to hit at once upon the one right method. Yet we are training children that what gets itself set down on paper, right or wrong, is all that counts. In the same way brevity rules out the slow precision and chance for verification that are necessary even for the first experiments in Science. No scientist was ever trained with his eye upon the time-clock. So, too, brevity kills any thoughtful planning, any selective sense of the right word, any evocation of a mood or plain, straight thinking in a class composition. Certainly it is at cross-purposes with those classroom discussions which are one of the chief contributions made by modern education. In History, in English, in almost any subject, the teacher must be very sure that she is really starting hares and that these hares are conveniently short-winded. There is no time for the sense of exhilaration and accomplishment that comes from the long pursuit.

That the pupils feel the effect of rush and of little or no respite from it, is evident from their behavior and their comments.

One trivial incident comes back to me with real persistence. It occurred in a class in pottery which I was visiting. As the bell for dismissal rang, the teacher went from child to child gathering up the clay—plaque or bowl or vase—on which each had been encouraged and induced to spend his energy and his imagination. As the saying is, she was on her job. And before their eyes the children saw their individual efforts lumped back into an indiscriminate and democratic mass to be reworked to shapes by the next influx. One young rebel indignantly protested. "That bowl's mine. It's mine until it's done." A fine, but true distinction. To her the bowl was real because of its intended outlines. It was still hers by the very reason of its incompleteness. Finished, it might well have been a mere physical object that she was willing to be through with. But unfinished, she was losing a conception that no one ought to make her lose; some image in her mind that she was transferring through her hands to clay. If she was robbed of it at this stage, something indubitably precious would be taken from her, and if taken would be gone for good. But worse than being robbed was the fact of being cheated. Next time she would know better than to conjure up any shape with real enthusiasm and to see how near she could come to bringing it to being, since, before she could see how it turned out and how near she had come to mastering her difficulties, it would be thrown away.

Older children manage better to defeat the obstacles that are part of a system that keeps them rushing from one half-done problem to another. The rank and file, of course, are acquiescent if they seem to please and satisfy. But some

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hardy minds survive, persist, rebel against the very worst that we can do to them. The weekly composition, begun in class as a saving of time, is crumpled up and thrown into the waste-basket when the bell rings. In its place another one is written, different from the very start and thought out quietly at home. Or one written in a rush, and actually turned in as ordered, is brought back on the next day in a new version—and not to alter marks, but to prove to the child himself what he could really do if granted a little leeway for mustering up his thoughts, for turning those thoughts to words, and bringing his intention to an end. Or a pupil really keen about his work will carry it from one class to the next. He will go on with it beneath the teacher's nose and will incur the risk of a rebuke and discipline. Caught at scribbling at a Geometry problem in an English class, he will be unabashed and take the teacher into his confidence as a reasonable human being. As patiently as possible he will explain as though somebody ought to understand: "You see, I've thought up the right way to do this. And if I stop right now, I'll never get it."

Well, suppose he never does. It is easy to say that it is no great matter. Indeed, it seems a very little matter as opposed to the system and order of a school that will be thrown out of gear, that will stop running if we give too much consideration to such individual pupils. Among school systems of to-day, there are some which would take care of him, but it may be that we do not sympathize with those who let a pupil go his own gait, and that we think there is something steadying, and on the whole more salutary, in his keeping pace with a whole class.

Granted the kind of school based on the class unit and not on the unit of the individual pupil, there must be various subjects in the programme; each of these must have its termination; different minds will not work at the same top speed. Thus the incident of the unfinished bowl, of the discarded composition, of the example interrupted must inevitably occur. But the point is that, though they must occur inevitably, they need not happen quite so continually as they must happen through the overrich curriculum. By handling less, more might be completed. Occasionally we might remind ourselves that education is not concerned entirely with what the parent clamors for or with what the school takes pride in offering, but with what happens to the child.

For children are so constituted that they find composure in completeness and resent what interferes with it. It is my experience that children are really bothered by assignments that stop in the middle of a section, of a page, and of a chapter. Though it means a longer task, they prefer the extra length to not reaching a full stop. For them there is a real intellectual protest against splitting up a paragraph, a page, a chapter that stands for a solid block. And, as a rule, they would rather go without what they would really like to have than to have it marred by interruptions. If a story is to be read, they must first be sure that they have time to finish it. "If you start that now, we shan't get through; and next time we shan't remember where we were." If they cannot have it in its entirety, they prefer to have it saved till circumstances make completion possible. That failing, they prefer to have it not at all.

In contrast to what the child wants, and wants with a tenacity that is significant, there is what the school wants and what the parent wants in a formidable compact. Real difficulties lie in the way of satisfying either side. It is easy enough to understand that the parent who looks

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over the prospectus of a school is taken by the glamour of the richness offered. Each course stands to her for an opportunity that will be offered to her child. It is as easy to understand that a school takes a real pride in its equipment and the range of courses offered. Moreover, taken separately each course has a real contribution to be made. Another cogent argument is that the child who takes pleasure in his brain must also learn to use his body and his hands; and that the child who is imaginative and emotional must be taught to deal not only with perceptions and with feelings but with concrete facts. But superabundance is not plenty, nor is it the same in its results.

If there was weariness from monotony, there is also weariness from variety. If appetites were lost through the three R's and stolid daily fare, they fail as quickly through the table d'hôte. Moreover, no child is better off if he gets a sense of bafflement. And in no way is he baffled more easily than by being offered more than he can cope with clearly. Insomuch as we add more than he is able to keep straight, we add so much clutter. It may be clutter in itself intrinsically valuable. But its nature is altered or is lost to him, if it does nothing but confuse. Grant, then, that a child's span of concentration is not so long as is an adult's, still the answer would seem to be fewer subjects, those more dissimilar in nature, more time between for the mind to lie fallow—not the stimulation from something different yet again.

Neither is the child better off if he gets a sense of the futility of learning. And in no way does he reach this sense of futility so quickly as by brief snatches, by constant interruptions that snap in two all growing power of concentration. "So then what is worth doing at all is not worth doing well"—is not even worth his finishing it or going on with it. If occasionally this happened, even he could see that there were exigencies that he must put up with. But why should any subject be treated by him with respect when it is treated by the school with such apparent lightness? Why should he not belittle what his teachers seem to belittle—slowness, thoroughness, composure, and completion? No, learning will not yield itself if rushed at in a hurry and abandoned in the midst for some other field of learning. To be of any value, at least some processes of thought must come quietly to their own ends.

It thus resolves itself into a question as to whether the old curriculum of fewer courses, but of courses balanced against each other, and ones in which the former stilted text-book approach was changed to the newer methods of classroom discussion, would not be more profitable than such rich smattering. One subject taught fully, taught richly, can be made to give the key to the right way of tackling any other subject. It can be made to show—even to a child—some value in the whole mixed scheme that is great enough to include other lesser values. But, as it is, many schools and many parents seem to have combined in caring less about the individual destination of the individual child's mind than about the number of stations at which it makes a frantic rush-hour stop.

To one who watches on the platform, the resulting breathlessness seems fair reason for alarm. Such bustling spurts produce no sustained interests, no intellectual discipline, precise and patient in working to a sound conclusion. They lead at worst to a paralysis of the power of interest. At best they lead to the hodge-podge amateurishness, the cocksure knowing a little about everything, to the outline acquaintanceships with culture, to the snap-judgments, that are becoming increasingly characteristic of American thought.

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Is There Hope for Politics?

By JOHN DEWEY

The foremost philosopher of the United States, who puts his theories into practice by active participation in American life, recently created a stir by his proposal of a third party. We asked Doctor Dewey to write on the reasons behind his proposal.

The most marked trait of our recent political life is the growing disregard of politics. The disregard is shown in apathy, cynicism, and contempt. Indifference is proved by the difficulty that is experienced in getting voters to the polls. One out of two possible voters exercises the right of franchise. Even the last presidential election, which drew upon the outside interests of religion and personal tastes in drink, did not increase the ratio very much. There is no other country in which anything like so much money is spent in political campaigns, and there is none in which citizens are so apathetic about taking part in an election. To this indifference is added cynical contempt. There is apathy because the potential electorate feels that nothing in especial is gained by voting; nothing happens of public significance in consequence of approval of one party rather than another. But joined to this feeling is one of positive disrespect for politicians which reacts to create the belief that politics itself is an unworthy and low affair. "Politician" has always conveyed a sense of depreciation in this country. In latter years the feeling has deepened into a conviction that they are chiefly occupied with promoting their own private interests. Holding down the job is the main thing, and the public is thought lucky when the job is not also made the source of personal profits outside the official scope of the job. Politics is assumed to be so much of a racket that it is extremely difficult to arouse public indignation even when corruption comes to light. "What did you expect, anyway?" is the comment, voiced or silent, of multitudes of citizens.

The rapid growth of competing interests is one great cause of apathy. Interest in government has declined from the same causes which have brought about decline of interest in the church. There are too many other interesting things to do and to enjoy. When men gather together there is likely to be one conversation about the affairs of government to a hundred about automobiles and trips. Politics may appear on the first page and on the editorial page of newspapers, but the sport pages occupy more space, and the average reader turns to these pages with an eagerness which contrasts with the languid way in which he reads the political news and skips the editorials. At election time political speeches get the attention of thousands or millions on the radio; but dance music and Amos 'n Andy continue the year around. I

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should venture to say that there is more conversation in the homes of the nation about the fortunes of Amos 'n Andy than there is on any one political theme. And all this ignores the preoccupation of men and women with their own business and domestic affairs, which are more complicated and more absorbing than ever before.

By the side of the fact that competing interests are more numerous and more attractive than in previous times stands the fact that real governmental affairs are more technical than they used to be. They are problems for the expert, and experts are few. The raiser of sheep pays attention to the wool schedule in the tariff bill, and the manufacturer of dyes to the chemical schedule. But the tariff as a whole is so complex and its impact on the average citizen is effected in such roundabout ways that he gives up the whole matter in despair. This fact is symbolic of about every issue and problem that concerns the governments of the nation, of States, and of municipalities. Even the cities have grown so big and their public interests so multifarious and complicated that the average citizen does not know how to take an intelligent interest in them even if he wants to. The situation makes the opportunity for special interests to have their way, since they know what they want and how to get it, and the result only increases the distrust and disgust of private citizens with the whole business of politics.

And then there is the whole inescapable affair of prohibition. About that topic there is plenty of conversation wherever men and women gather together. It is both a political and a non-political matter. It is non-political in that it primarily concerns personal tastes and moral principles. It is non-political in the party sense, since up to the present both parties have either officially dodged it, or have given the prohibitory amendment and the Volstead Act their nominal indorsement. It is in politics because it demands action on the part of legislators and administrators. It is getting more and more in politics as it becomes not only a theme of eternal discussion, but also raises the question of whether a candidate is wet or dry.

The net effect is to obscure and deflect *general* political interest. The question of prohibition lies across all other issues and covers them from view. It does not line itself definitely and emphatically with any consistent set of principles and policies on other matters. The Democratic party in the South is dry; in the North and West, where it is concentrated in big cities and industrial centres, it tends to be wet. The Republican party on the whole is dry in the West and wet in the East. If there were a movement in the insurgent elements of the two parties, say in the Senate and the House, to unite in a declaration of common positive principles and in appeal to the public for support of them irrespective of party affiliations, the movement would be faced by the differences of opinion among the progressives on the subject of prohibition. And these differences would probably check organized union in behalf of progressive principles. There are those whose political history is distinctly conservative and reactionary who arrogate to themselves the title of liberals on the ground of opposition to interference by the government with personal taste in food and drink. These would identify liberalism with the political policies of old-fashioned "individualism" and thus use their "liberalism" to support and extend the *laissez-faire* policy of allowing big business to go its own way, unregulated by law and administration. Those who have been most active in promoting liberal principles in that loose sense attached to

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the word "progressive" are largely dry in *personnelle*. Prohibition thus cuts across definitely political issues so that there is little hope of interest in it arousing a wider and more intelligent interest in political life in general. In fact, I think it makes in the other direction.

Is there any hope in politics? Is there any hope *for* politics as a serious concern of the masses who are not interested in governmental jobs? These questions are not academic. Much less are they arbitrary and forced. They are, for example, definitely connected with the decline of democracy and the growing despair of its efficiency. For the theory of political democracy was predicated upon the assumption that with the widening of the franchise there would also go a wholesome widening and deepening of watchfulness, concern, and activity in the points and places where government in any of its aspects touches the life of the people. The contrary has largely been the case. The more extensive the influence of government, the more indirect and concealed do its ramifications become. That individual to whom I have made frequent reference, the average citizen, gives up the problem, much as he gives up the prospect of understanding the theory of Einstein about the universe in which also he lives. And as in the case of Einstein, attention to ideas and principles gets transferred into an exaggerated and irrelevant interest in personalities. Even were the level of intelligence of the general population as low as those assume who talk glibly about morons, boobs, and persons with eleven-year-old mentality, that level might work effectively enough when conditions are fairly simple. But now even superior minds are distracted and appalled by the intricacy and extent of the problems which confront society.

Is there hope to be had from the formation of a new party? The question is pertinent. A very considerable part of the apathy to which I have alluded is due to the feeling that there is no important difference between the two old parties and that accordingly a vote for one or the other signifies little. Shrewd observers tell us that a large part of the half of the electorate that does still vote is voting against something or somebody rather than from positive belief and expectation. Ten years ago the assertion of the basic similarity of the two major parties was a novelty. To-day it is almost a platitude, an accepted commonplace. Acceptance of the idea will be found in the most unexpected places, including partisans who vote the regular ticket from force of inertial habit. In spite of the stable hold of the Republican party on the national government, independence has grown to a point where it is the despair of old-line politicians. I cite three facts in evidence. One is the insurgency of individuals nominally committed to a party. Effective opposition to the policies of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover has come largely from within the Republican party. The most important measures of the latter two Presidents have been shot to pieces from within the party; opposite policies have been kept from the statute-book only by presidential veto. The second fact is the election of Democratic governors in States in which the other party triumphs in national elections. The third consideration is the kind of treatment now given by the large newspapers, both in news and editorial columns, to political matters. Partisanship has not disappeared, but desire to hold the reading constituencies has compelled an impartiality not found twenty years ago.

Growing independence, hastened undoubtedly in many places (though not everywhere) by the enfranchisement of women, does not, however, guarantee either the development of a new interest

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in politics, or the development of a new party. There are many and long steps to be taken before the disgust of scattered and unorganized persons will be crystallized. The situation does, however, indicate that with success in the creation of a new party is bound up such success as may be achieved in renewal of trust in political action and in renewal of hope of something significant coming out of political life. To put the matter baldly and briefly, indifference to politics is the product of unbelief in the sincerity of the old parties. Nothing is hoped from them because it is felt that they are both the servants of the same dominant railway, banking, and corporate industrial forces. Disgust with politics, cynical acquiescence in corruption, is due to the fact that this covert, this unavowed, alliance of government in cities, States, and the nation with "big business" is known to be the chief cause of graft and loot in politics. There was a general resentment directed against corrupt politicians in the nineties and early years of the present century. The indignation which was aroused led to a series of political house-cleanings, more or less successful for the movement. Now there is wide-spread recognition of the fact that the guilty politicians are not the ultimately guilty parties. The political racket is a symptom of an underlying economic racket. Seeing no way to deal with the latter, it seems a saving of time and energy not to get too excited about the former.

This situation, however, does not make it any easier to bring a new party to birth. Indeed, it indicates the difficulty in the way of it. The radiations and ramifications of the economic régime under which we live are so subtle and wide that they create a feeling of general helplessness and timidity about the possibility of any significant change. The open flouting by Mencken and his followers of the idea of any real improvement in public and social affairs finds a feebler echo in the minds of "tired liberals." They would like to do something, but they do not know how to go to work nor where to begin. The whole situation is out of hand.

I am not content, however, to stop without pointing out that the revival of intelligent hope for and from political life is identical with the cause of creating a new political party. There are certain practical conclusions which follow from this unity. One is the fundamental character of the principles upon which a new party must be built. It must start from the fact that all vital political questions of the day have an economic origin, and have their impact where men live, industrially and financially, in the shop, home, and office. The principles and policies of new political thought and interest must not be afraid to borrow and to develop many measures which have been stigmatized as socialistic and which have been allowed, in their political bearing, to become too much a monopoly of a practically ineffective socialistic party. It is not enough to make the masses aware of the extent to which government has become an instrument of economic privilege, and to urge abolition of this control exercised by a small class in behalf of their own advantage. Negations and oppositions sometimes arouse temporary sentiment of great immediate force. But they are transient in themselves and in their effects.

I shall not try to write a platform which will fulfil the condition of basing political action upon industrial, commercial, and financial realities, instead of upon sham issues long dead historically. But certain matters may be pointed out to illustrate and give body to the idea. Modern business is carried on by money and especially credit. Those who

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control the giving and withholding of credit govern the country, whoever controls government in name. The government must resume in fact control of credit. Private, unregulated ownership of natural resources in land, which signifies mines, oil, timber, and water-power—which means, also, to-day, electrical power—must yield to drastic taxation of the land values created by the community and necessary to the healthy development of the community. Operations which tend to become natural monopolies, like railway transportation, public utilities, means of communication, must come under a governmental regulation so complete as not to be distinguished from public ownership. It must be realized that civil rights, liberty of speech, assembly, publication, are not merely individual rights, but are essential to the welfare, the healthy growth, of society. Such points as these at least illustrate the nature of the principles upon which alone a new party can be built, while they demonstrate the fundamental and radical character of the political thinking which must be done.

The situation also discloses a fact important for the tactics to be pursued. They must be long-time, and at first primarily educational, tactics. I should have little faith in what a new party could accomplish if it came into power in 1932 or 1936. Past third-party movements have been ineffectual because they aimed too much at immediate success, and because these had done little preliminary work in thought, study, and the preparation of men able to carry new ideas into effect in legislation and administration. My statements may suggest to some persons a continuation of the tactics which rendered liberalism ineffectual in the fact. By "educational activities" may be understood a cloistered withdrawal from the scene of action, an idea that "appeal to reason" is enough. But such procedure is not education; it is at best a preparation for education, and is likely to be something much more futile. There is no education when ideas and knowledge are not translated into emotion, interest, and volition. There must be constant accompanying organization and direction of organized action into practical work. "Ideas" must be linked to the practical situation, however hurly-burly that is.

The thing which gives me least fear and discouragement is the statement, no matter how often it is reiterated, that such a movement can appeal only to a minority, and at the outset a comparatively small minority. In the first place, there is already political discontent and unrest among the masses. These need direction and organization, but there is something there to direct and to organize. Apathy is in large measure due to the fact that nothing fundamental, nothing sufficiently radical in the way of principles, has been offered. And in the second place, every movement of any account in the history has been the work of minorities. I do not agree with the statements which are freely propagated in the interest of reactionary policies about the low mentality of the masses. The adult is more apt to learn than youth. But the courage and conviction which instruct them must first proceed from the few. The question of whether there is hope in and for politics is finally a question whether there is a minority having the requisite courage, conviction, and readiness for sacrificial work.

Frank Kent's article on Charley Michelson in SCRIBNER'S *became a campaign issue in the November elections. Another important article by Mr. Kent will appear in an early number.*

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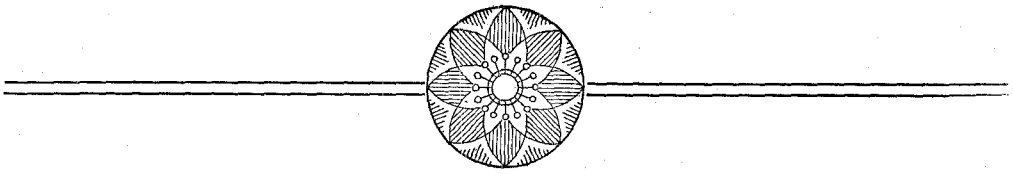

By Lillian T. Leonard

In the Beartooth Country

THE day breaks like a bud into a flower;
A soft, West wind is blowing out the stars;
I see the moist moon fade before the glower
And blackness of the Beartooth peaks and scars;
The sky spreads like crushed turquoise—blue with grays;
Like skies on fickle February days.

All night wild geese have flown, their lonely cry
Still echoes in the gulch. Slowly the sun
Smooths the dawn-petals and lets warm fingers pry
Beneath the ice-lipped creek where once sedge spun
And twisted in the current's steady flow,
Or shot like uncured arrows from a bow.

Impatiently I watch the late May pout,
Swinging the mask of March. Indifferent.
Hinting: 'Twere better that the Sioux pitched out
Their ten-point teepees than for you to plant.
Why let blue flax and pale green barley grow
Where once scraped sagging poles of Bloods' travaux!

O, Pioneer!

THIS wrestling with the earth! As God's in Heaven—
Each morning when the world's edge kindles fire,
I rise to work and spend the strength rest's given,
For labor of a day until I tire.
What labor? Well, the measure of a field,
The stiff, hard guidance of a breaking plough,
A later harrowing to plight a yield
To Ceres. And a prayer breathed every now
And then lest turning back the powdery soil
Might cloud my eyes and all of Pisgah fade
Into a famished waste of swindled toil
And I lose what high-hearted hope had paid.
So, wrestling with the earth, I lift my face
To view the furrows straight as wild swans' flight,
And vision pale green fields to take the place
Of drought-embittered grass when, over night,
Red autumn thunders on me unaware,
The sound of harvest engines drum the air. . . .

I stand to grapple with an answered prayer.

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Radio: Dollars and Nonsense

By H. V. KALTENBORN

Will broadcasting for the benefit of advertisers succeed in reducing the appeal of radio to the lowest common denominator of the populace, as is that of the motion pictures and tabloids? The author needs no introduction to people who have radios. He probes into the nature of broadcasting and speculates concerning its future with the interest of a friend and the objectivity of an impartial critic.

Millions of average Americans still regard radio as a toy, and a few superior Americans continue to scorn it altogether. They will admit that it offers "some good things," but will not bother to look them up or tune them in. Many who read this magazine will tell you: "I would not have one in the house." Asked why, they answer: "I hate canned music," "We have too many distractions now," "The phonograph is bad enough," "My friends bore me with it."

Business-minded Americans think of radio as a leading industry and a new medium of advertising. They know that 13,000,000 families own radios, that Americans spend $8,000,000 a year on radio sets, and that big advertisers spend millions on radio entertainment. But they give little thought to radio as an instrument of government, of education, of open or disguised propaganda. Few people realize that radio has already become a subtle and powerful factor in shaping our public opinion, that it rivals the press in directing public thought, because the average citizen is much more responsive to what he hears than to what he reads.

As a newspaper man writing daily signed and unsigned editorials during the nine years in which I have also broadcast from one to four times a week on news topics, I have had unusual opportunity to compare the effect of the spoken and of the written word. There can be no question about the superior persuasive power of speech.

Radio listeners are in a more pliable and responsive mood than newspaper readers. Listening becomes a social function shared by several members of the family. Listeners chat about the things said with neighbors and business associates, who have heard the same speech. Thousands of radio friends have written me that they always ask people in to hear my talk and to discuss it afterward. Few newspaper editorials are read aloud, but speeches that come in over the radio stir debate at home and abroad. Controversial radio material receives an emphasis which deepens its effect.

The radio audience loves vigorous expressions of opinion on public questions. My own broadcasts on current events have gained steadily in popularity largely because they present a personal point of view on such live issues as prohibi-

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tion and foreign relations. No day passes in which I do not receive letters of vigorous condemnation or hearty approval. Up to a few years ago many of the condemnatory letters were addressed to the broadcasting station with the suggestion that a speaker who voiced such views be left off the air. The writers expressed personal resentment against a voice which penetrated the privacy of their homes to contradict their beliefs. Since the 1928 campaign, in which radio was widely used for political controversy, there has been steady growth in the tolerance of the radio audience and in the courage of the broadcasters. Opinion and propaganda find their way over the air more easily with every passing year.

As a factor in public education and in moulding public opinion, radio has now assumed large importance. Routine musical programmes are giving way to spoken features. Radio dramas, interviews, news summaries occupy an increasing number of hours. In the New York City area radio now provides some forty distinct daily "information" features. Many of the new programmes sponsored by advertisers feature talks instead of music.

The distribution of spot news via radio has become so universal that some newspapers have abandoned election and sporting extras. Street crowds get results through the loud speakers, and the press is no longer "first with the news." We hear the latest long before we read it. Editorial writers in many States have learned to depend on radio to give them first information on important news developments.

The London Naval Conference of 1930 was effectively "covered" by American radio reporters. Both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System, the two corporations which monopolize coast-to-coast hookups, sent special representatives to the London meeting to talk across the Atlantic to American listeners about what was going on. These two American radio chains were in keen competition in London to secure radio addresses from leading delegates. Secretary of State Stimson gave no interviews to the press during the negotiations, but delivered several frank, explanatory talks over the air, which led the gentlemen of the press to file vigorous protests against this new way of appealing to America. But our delegates rejoiced. They still maintain that radio defeated press pessimism.

At future international meetings radio will rival the press even more effectively. This year important addresses at the League of Nations meetings in Geneva and big events in the European world will be routine features of American radio programmes. Already we receive regularly several weekly international programmes from Europe.

The competition for political material between our leading radio chains, which was evident in London, is always apparent in Washington. Both the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System have established elaborate studios in the Capital to which they lure men and women in the public eye. By getting the right people before the microphone they impress radio listeners, radio advertisers, and the Radio Commission. Radio forums, international hours, farm hours, public holidays, and all sorts of special occasions are utilized to obtain speakers whose names will add prestige to radio programmes. All politicians, from the President down, welcome the opportunity to "sell themselves" to the radio public. Some even refuse to speak at banquets unless assured that the occasion will be broadcast. After you have talked to millions "on the air" a roomful of food-stuffed celebrants means nothing.

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From the public point of view this competition between leading radio systems is most important in preserving "freedom of the air." Monopoly would be disastrous. Yet the danger of monopoly is ever present. It could come through a secret understanding or open alliance between the two dominant radio chains. It already exists in patent control, as any one who enters the broadcasting field will soon learn.

The Radio Corporation of America, which already controls 3,800 separate patents, is now engaged in the following activities, directly or through related corporations:

Broadcasting.
Ship to shore communications.
Motion-picture and talking-picture production, distribution, and exhibition.
Manufacture and marketing of phonographs and phonograph supplies.
Vaudeville entertainment.
Manufacture of vacuum tubes (for which 173 separate uses have already been developed).
Manufacture of broadcasting equipment for sending and receiving.
Telegraph, cable, and telephone services.

Such varied activities, many of them involving an almost monopolistic control, make possible a highly centralized and powerful pressure on public opinion. It does not mean that such pressure can be exercised too directly or without discrimination. It does mean that the policies and purposes of those who control this corporation are reflected in many radio programmes.

A group of important newspapers recently entered the field of news transmission via radio under the name of Press Wireless, Inc. The purpose of this new public-service corporation, which is backed by the Chicago *Daily News,* Los Angeles *Times, Christian Science Monitor,* and the San Francisco *Chronicle,* is to "accept for reception or transmission press despatches filed by any correspondent or newspaper, provided the subject matter of the despatch is intended for publication in the press." It seeks to eliminate the wire costs, which are such a large factor in editorial expense.

After a vigorous fight before the Radio Commission this new corporation was awarded twenty short-wave bands for its special purposes; but when the company sought to purchase transmitting equipment from the Radio Corporation it found itself in conflict with the powerful "radio trust." According to the president of the Press Wireless, the license agreement, which the Radio Corporation sought to exact, involved severe restrictions. Press Wireless was not to be permitted to operate as a non-profit-making enterprise. Its communications were to be restricted to points within the United States. It was asked to agree to route all traffic to and from foreign countries over the Radio Corporation of America's circuits, at regular rates. The Radio Corporation also insisted on the right to examine books and accounts and required the surrender of all patents owned or claimed by Press Wireless.

The attempt of the Radio Corporation to impose such conditions has led to the charge that it is operating as a monopoly, in defiance of the laws of the United States. Various radio manufacturers have brought suit on this ground. The Federal Government has also proceeded against the corporation and haled it into court charging that it is "an unlawful combination and conspiracy in restraint of trade and commerce among the several States and with foreign nations in radio communications and apparatus." The outcome of this suit will be of great importance to the future of radio.

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In foreign countries the danger of monopoly assumes a different form. Almost everywhere outside of the United States governmental supervision of broadcasting is rigid and complete. Advertising over the air is barred or much restricted. Controversial material is avoided, and until recently political broadcasts were rare. Because there is no need to guarantee returns to advertisers by appealing to the lowest common denominator of public taste, foreign programmes have a higher average of cultural appeal.

The chief reproach against American broadcasting as against the American press is that its dominant purpose is commercial. Just as most newspapers are published to make money for those who buy and sell advertising, most radio stations are operated to bring financial returns to those who buy and sell time. Radio stations do those things which help them to make money and leave undone whatever interferes with immediate business success. Practically all the more important stations are trying to find out what the public wants and to satisfy that want whenever this can be done with profit. Raising the standard of public taste or catering to more discriminating listeners is no part of a broadcaster's function.

Favorable public reaction to an advertiser's programme is his test of merit. If a speaker brings in shoals of mail he is a good programme feature. He can talk about his preference in neckties, the love life of the Eskimo, the way he licked the Germans, or the home life of prize fighters—it is all the same to the station and to the advertising sponsor. What they demand is that the sales talk which follows bring in enough leads from listeners to produce profits. It is sad but true that the very radio features which are sneered at by most of those who read these lines bring in the best results for those advertisers who use them. Radio response proves once again that in the United States money and good taste are associated in only the best—and the fewest—families. I have been called a missionary to the radio morons because I broadcast regularly on important problems of current history. But it is disillusioning to inquire too closely why people tune me in. Often the answer is: "I love the way you talk," "Your voice sounds so nice," "I adore your accent; you are English, aren't you?" "I am a stenographer and need practice," "You save me the trouble of reading the newspapers."

Directors of radio stations have learned their lesson from the tabloid press. Educational features are necessary for publicity purposes, to impress members of the Radio Commission, or as a talking point with so-called advisory committees. But they are rarely heard on the air during the popular evening hours when they might conflict with the sock seller, who sponsors Dick & Mick, the Wear Forever Duo.

President Merlin H. Aylesworth, of the Radio Corporation, is a veritable Merlin in this publicity game. He is a past master in the subtle art of public relations. Before assuming his present position he helped persuade the American public that government ownership and control of public utilities was of the devil, and that all virtue and advantage lay with unchecked private exploitation. The Senate Investigating Committee has exposed the lengths to which this propaganda was carried. The work he did for these privately owned public-service corporations was direct and valuable preparation for his present job.

The publicity connected with the creation of the so-called Radio City in the heart of New York City is an excellent illustration of Aylesworth skill. This is a huge construction enterprise, involving

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a total expenditure of $250,000,000, undertaken for a commercial purpose. The idea of including an opera house was a later development. The plan contemplates a conglomerate of buildings occupying three long blocks—from 48th to 51st Streets, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues—suited to the diverse functions of the various entertainment and communication enterprises related to the Radio Corporation.

These plots had been assembled for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a possible location for the new opera house which directors of New York's Metropolitan have long contemplated. When that project fell through, Mr. Rockefeller found himself carrying a lot of valuable real estate for which he had no particular use. It was then that the persuasive Mr. Aylesworth and his able associates stepped into the situation. They pictured the Radio City project to the public-spirited Mr. Rockefeller in the same public-service light in which it was later announced through the press. Here is the eight-column streamer headline over the full-page story carried by the New York *Times* on June 22, 1930:

> "Science brings to us a unique Radio City. . . . Great broadcasting centre to be built in New York by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and associates promises to open a new era in the fields of amusement and education, and by television to carry throughout the country glimpses of the stirring events of the day."

To any one who read the story that followed with some knowledge of the facts, it seemed that there was a shrewd use of the Rockefeller name to give public-service glamour to the establishment of a high-grade amusement centre which would house and unify the varied commercial undertakings of the Radio Corporation. I wrote to Mr. Rockefeller and voiced my disappointment that his first important contribution to radio should be made through such a purely commercial undertaking. I expressed the hope that the Aylesworth publicity had not given a true or complete picture of his contribution to radio.

Mr. Rockefeller was about to leave for the West and asked his associate, Mr. Thomas M. Debevoise, to reply to my letter. Here is what he wrote me under date of June 24: "The publicity was unfortunate. Mr. Rockefeller is not making any contribution to Radio. The company which he caused to be incorporated for the purpose of taking over the lease of the Columbia tract (Columbia University owns most of the land) is only subletting portions of the tract to the Radio Corporation of America and affiliated companies. The transaction is purely a commercial one, made necessary because of the failure of the Opera House plan, on the basis of which Mr. Rockefeller was drawn into the lease. Something must be done with the property and it was fortunate to find a group of such desirable tenants willing to take over so large and important a part of it."

Mr. Rockefeller's denial will never catch up with the original story. As late as October 16 the New York *Times* began an article on the project as follows:

"The $250,000,000 radio and amusement centre to be built by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the three blocks bounded by Fifth and Sixth Avenues, Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets will start about January 1, it was learned yesterday at the offices of Todd, Robertson and Todd, general contractors for the Rockefeller development." This story also indicated that part of the site might after all be reserved for a new opera house. In any case, Mr. Rockefeller will not be permitted to escape from the project. Calling one of the auditoriums Rockefeller Hall and other means of

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flattery may serve their special purpose, even if "the publicity was unfortunate."

Mr. Aylesworth is similarly skilful in making it appear that radical speakers are not barred by the National Broadcasting Company. His organization is extremely conservative. Yet every now and then he takes particular care to allot radio time to some well-behaved liberal or radical speaker like Norman Thomas, and then advertises this concession widely and vigorously. The National Broadcasting Company has practically no more time for sale during the valuable evening hours, which run from eight to eleven. This provides a convenient excuse for excluding undesired or undesirable features.

As a business radio has become such a huge success that it can now afford to show some independence. Broadcasting is becoming more and more profitable as the number of listeners increases and each existing station can claim a larger circulation. The Columbia System in 1930 showed 58 per cent increase over 1929 in gross sales. For three years the number of stations in this country has not increased. The Federal Radio Commission feels that in the present state of technical development not more than 650 broadcasting stations can serve the "public interest, necessity, and convenience." Only 89 wave lengths or channels are available. Of these, 40 are cleared channels used by only one station, while the other 49 are shared by several stations operating at different hours or on different days. Technical limitations make it impossible to permit any one to establish a broadcasting station anywhere. Control of a good wave length in an important population centre has a high money value. One minor New York City station recently on the market valued its government-granted license at more than $1,000,000.

Until recently the Federal Radio Commission favored commercial broadcasters at the expense of all others. Almost every decision went against special groups seeking to serve some part of the listening public. "There is no place for a station catering to any group," the Commission declared in denying a license to the Chicago Federation of Labor. "All stations should cater to the general public."

Applied to the newspaper field such a decision would rule out everything except the tabloids, and this was the practical effect of the Radio Commission's attitude. But since certain groups were already in the field and had developed a public following, certain additional special licenses to particular groups had to be granted to avoid the charge of unfairness. Organized minorities in a position to exert political pressure in Washington occasionally break through the commission's general rule. Important newspapers which can stir up the political animals also win an occasional favorable decision. In Buffalo, N. Y., the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation secured a monopoly by the simple expedient of buying up all the local broadcasting stations. The Buffalo *Evening News,* which had long vainly sought to obtain a broadcasting license, successfully exploited the monopoly charge and thus won the right to establish its own station.

Newspapers are supposed to be very much alive to the significance of new developments, but many of them have been lamentably slow in realizing the close relation between the informing, entertainment, and commercial aspects of radio and the press. Half the newspapers that began operating stations when radio was still a toy closed them up or sold them because of the expense. Today several newspapers are making more money out of broadcasting than out of publishing, and scores of publishers rue

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the day when they missed their radio opportunity. The conviction is growing that a newspaper and a broadcasting station are both more profitable and more effective when they unite their efforts under the same management.

Educational institutions do not have the power of the press when they appeal to the Radio Commission for a license, for high power, or for a more favorable position on the wave band. Believing that "the entire listening public within the service area of a station is entitled to service from that station," the commission does not look with a kindly or tolerant eye upon stations that eschew entertainment for a more serious purpose. The Payne Fund, after a thorough investigation of the use of radio by educational institutions, reported as follows: "Colleges and universities that own and operate broadcasting stations devoted primarily to education find it difficult and sometimes impossible to secure from the Federal Radio Commission licenses permitting them to operate during the evening hours, or with power enough to cover their territory or on desirable wave lengths. These restrictions limit their possible audience to a minimum."

The Advisory Committee on Education by Radio, appointed by Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, presents in its 1930 report detailed information about the unhappy experiences of educational institutions with our commercial broadcasters. The authorities of Columbia University reported to the Advisory Committee that their early experience "began to be more and more unsatisfactory chiefly because the items which were wanted for broadcasting were more sensational in character and had little regard for sound educational presentation. It was a great disappointment to those at Columbia who were interested in developing the possibilities of radio to find out that they could not carry out what they regarded as a significant development in the general field of education."

Columbia University's experiment was made over Station WEAF, one of the two New York City key stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

The Massachusetts Department of Education had a similar experience. James J. Moyer, Director of the Division of University Extension, reports as follows: "The broadcasting stations on the national chains have always agreed to co-operate, but in many cases when time on the air for educational broadcasting was requested in consecutive weeks for educators of national reputation, having subject matter of unusual interest, the reply has been that the national broadcasting companies have contracted for all the available time and that, therefore, the educational broadcasting must be set for some time in the day, which is not commercially useful."

Dean R. B. Smith, of the Extension Department of New York University, which started its experiment with high hopes, reported in June, 1929, that the period given the university for broadcasting had been so reduced in duration and value (finally to fifteen minutes during the Thursday lunch hour, and fifteen minutes of the Friday dinner hour) that the department dismissed the radio director and expected to abandon broadcasting. "Commercialism is pushing educational broadcasting to the wall," was his significant comment.

Apart from a government-controlled system of license fees imposed on set owners, private endowment of radio education seems to be the only remedy for this difficulty. Radio stations have become more liberal in accepting certain kinds of information material. But their first response will always be to the paid-programme sponsor and to the taste of the average listener. Only an endowed

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station can or will meet the high standards of the trained educator.

Occasionally a first-class educational feature like the Damrosch concerts has an opportunity to win a popular following, which can then be sold to some national advertiser. Or a well-known figure like Heywood Broun is permitted to express radical or unconventional opinions. An individual who has a national reputation and who is thoroughly established with the radio audience is allowed to go pretty far in the expression of personal views. Will Rogers has said things over the air that would not have been tolerated coming from almost any one else.

Restriction went much further in the early days of radio. In 1924 Station WEAF, in New York City, ruled me off the air because of my expression of liberal opinions. This station was then owned and operated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Each time I criticised a federal judge (who might have to pass on telephone rates), a labor leader (who supervised the company's labor contracts), or a Washington official (whose influence counted in the issue of a broadcasting license), one of the vice-presidents became frightened and protested. Finally the much-harassed vice-president in charge of broadcasting decided that he would be happier without my spoken editorials, even though the radio audience continued to enjoy them. The policy adopted at that time was to bar all controversial material. This is still the rule at many minor stations. Station WHEC, at Rochester, N. Y., recently barred a "wet speech" by ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth on this ground.

Since 1924 there has been steady development in "freedom of the air." New York City officials once brought indirect pressure to bear on Station WOR, over which I was speaking, in an effort to modify my adverse comments on Mayor Walker's frequent vacations. The method used was to suggest that the municipality might be willing to co-operate more freely in granting Station WOR broadcast facilities on important public occasions if I were more charitable toward the Mayor. The station took no steps beyond transmitting the suggestion and I paid no attention to it.

During the Wall Street panic of 1929, when I described conditions in the market without mincing words, there was a good deal of protest by brokers who felt that in a time of crisis such comments should not be allowed. The officers of the Columbia Broadcasting System were appealed to and asked me to submit the text of my speech, to see just what I had said. This was impossible, since all my news talks are extemporaneous, and the matter was dropped without further comment. A few months ago Claudius Huston, ex-chairman of the Republican National Committee, got very angry when I cited some of his activities as revealed before the Senate Investigation Committee. He instructed his lawyer to take the matter up, and it looked like a libel suit. Good judgment or sound legal advice seems to have intervened, since no further steps have been taken. Perhaps the threat of legal intervention was intended to forestall further comment. If so, it failed in its purpose.

Except for speakers with known radical opinions or for discussion of a highly controversial topic, the old rule about submitting copy in advance has been abandoned by some stations. The well-known astrologer, whose nightly reading of the stars stimulates the sale of a certain toothpaste, must submit her copy to three separate censorships. But since the stars are more reckless in predicting unhappy events than advertisers or radio stations, this precaution is only natural. One astrologer told me that she

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was not permitted to broadcast President Hoover's horoscope because of the dire events which it foretold.

Various religious sects whose doctrines are offensive to some people have obtained control of radio stations or have managed to purchase radio time to disseminate their doctrines. Medical quacks are using the radio to such an extent that Doctor Shirley Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, made a vigorous effort, only partly successful, to eliminate that type of advertising from the air. Many small stations persistently violate the rule against direct advertising and constantly offend good taste in their programme material. Even when there is loud protest from the listening public the Radio Commission assumes a tolerant attitude in all these cases. So many troubles are deposited upon its doorstep that its representatives take good care not to raise difficulties on their own account. "We have no authority to exercise any censorship" is the Commission's established reply to all protestants.

If political quackery produced cash with the same speed and ease as the sale of cure-alls, radio would be more generally used to reach gullible voters. Entertainment and propaganda could be mixed so judiciously that the interest of the listener would not flag. Thus far no religious or political group has spent enough money on mechanical equipment or programmes, or has displayed sufficient showmanship to develop a really popular station. Yet the recent gubernatorial campaign in Kansas demonstrated what a first-class ballyhoo artist can accomplish in the way of vote-getting with radio's aid.

When the Socialist Party station, WEVD, was established in New York City some years ago as a memorial to Eugene V. Debs, great things were expected from it. Yet the average New York listener does not even know that such a station exists. Probably not one set owner in a thousand ever tuned it in. It missed its opportunity so completely that the liberal press remained almost indifferent when the Radio Commission revoked its license. It resembled New York's municipally owned station, WNYC, in filling the bulk of its time with third-rate material.

The one political group that has taken full advantage of radio for propaganda purposes is the Communist Party in Russia. Millions of Russian peasants, unable to read or write, listen to the radio newspaper which is published on the air between six and seven o'clock each evening. Each time a Red leader delivers an important address the loud speakers in peasant reading-rooms and village squares all over the land blare forth his words. Each one of the many Communist organizations has its hour on the day's programme. Every musical or dramatic feature, every bulletin, every educational talk, carries its Communist message.

The powerful Comintern (Communist International) station in Moscow sends out these programmes so that all the world may hear. In order that the world may also understand, many of them are repeated in French, German, Swedish, Polish, Rumanian, and Esperanto. The Comintern station has a range of 1,250 miles and is frequently heard all over Europe. Rumania bars this Red propaganda by actuating a disturbance transmitter whenever Moscow puts a Rumanian programme on the air. Germany filed a formal protest with the Moscow government against the German programme. There are 4,560,000 Communist voters in Germany, many of them eager to keep in touch with the Moscow headquarters of the Third International, to which they also belong. The German Government charged that the Moscow speeches incited German

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soldiers and police to revolution, and that they concluded with the words: "Long live the German Soviet Republic." The Russian reply ignored the specific German charges and declared that the speeches were only intended to reach German minorities in Russia, such as those in the German Republic on the Volga.

Obviously the time is coming when international radio conventions must deal with this issue. Propaganda carried across frontiers can be just as powerful a weapon in time of peace as it was in time of war. Sentinel lines, barbed wire, and anti-aircraft guns provide no defense against vocal persuasion which wings its way over oceans and continents on invisible ether waves.

Before long our Senate chamber and House of Representatives, our State legislative halls, and even our aldermanic chambers will be wired so that selected proceedings can be carried to the radio audience. Thanks to the microphone and loud speaker, interest in government is growing among millions of citizens. Radio has done more than any other agency to make women realize what it means to have the vote. Intelligent women voters are often shocked to hear the uncultivated voices, the bad grammar, and the poor logic of the men they have chosen to represent them in public office. Many thousands of women voted against Al Smith in 1928 because they "did not like the way he sounded over the radio."

The prospect of broadcasting legislative debates would make the competition for speaking time much keener. Speeches would be shorter and more meaty. Legislators who do not now take the trouble to participate in debates would be more inclined to do so. One can well imagine hearing from the Senate chamber in Washington a series of compact, well-delivered fifteen-minute addresses on both sides of some important public question. The daily radio hour might easily become the most stimulating and valuable feature of Senate proceedings.

It is evident from all this that radio, which Edmund Burke might call the Fifth Estate, is just beginning to exercise its all-persuasive influence. Already broadcasts from mountain tops, from ocean depths, from polar regions, from planes and dirigibles spanning oceans and continents, have become a matter of daily routine. Through radio we participate personally and instantly in man's great adventures. Space has disappeared and all mankind speaks and listens in unison.

Radio is a magic instrument of unity and power destined to link nations, to enlarge knowledge, to remove misunderstanding, and to promote truth. But it will not achieve these things unless we keep a more watchful eye on those who use it and those who control it. We must stir in them a greater sense of their responsibility for the proper employment of this modern miracle.

To-day radio's chief purpose is to make money for those who control and use its mechanical devices. It threatens to prove as great a disappointment as the moving-picture for those who sense radio's undeveloped power as an agency of education, culture, and international good-will. There is a great opportunity through endowment to divorce a few first-class stations from commercial control. Federal supervision must also receive a different emphasis. The public is entitled to a more ideal interpretation of that "public interest, necessity, and convenience" which broadcasting is supposed to serve under the Radio Law. We can and should avoid the crippling restrictions of complete government control and the unhappy alternative of abject subservience to the profit motive.

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The Forest

A GLANCE INTO THE CULTURAL PROBLEMS OF BRAZIL

By WALDO FRANK

An important background article which enables the reader to interpret the recent disturbances in Brazil, and indirectly in the other South American countries. Mr. Frank's recent trip to the Latin American countries was of utmost importance and he was widely heralded in the press south of the Rio Grande as interpreter of the Americas.

I

The tropic sun in its course around the middle of the world strikes mostly water. Only two great parts of *tierra firme*—Africa and America Hispana—lie largely in its way. The preponderance of lands (Asia, Asia Minor, North Africa, Europe, North America) is above the northern reach of the sun's vertical rays. And from these lands has come the preponderance of culture.

Not all that lies within the tropics is tropical. The real tropics have two traits: one is the even length of days, the other is the even climate brought by the straight impact of the sun; and to have them both a land must lie *low* as well as within the tropics. The thin air of great altitudes deletes the power of the sun even when it strikes straight down, and the cold of the heights may turn a rainy season into a time of snow. Thus, Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia, Paraguay, Peru, with their vast mesetas, are not predominantly tropical countries; and even the Peruvian and north Chilean coast is tempered by cold Antarctic waters (the Humboldt Current) so that its climate is like that of coastal California. If one except certain regions of Central America, the one true tropical country of the American mainlands is Brazil.

When a tropic sun beats down on a dry land, there is death like the Sahara; when it falls on well-watered loam, there is life like the Brazilian forest. And Brazil, unlike Africa, is all life. There is no waste in this alluvial soil whose spread is greater than the whole United States. Moreover, almost all this life is tropical. The plateaux and mountains even of the south below the tropic proper are not so high as to defeat the typical tropic union of even days and heat. A teeming world is Brazil, overflowed by titanic rivers, overshadowed by great trees.

All South America faces the Atlantic.

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The Andes Mountains pour their waters away from the Pacific. This continental movement toward the eastward sea is Brazil. North Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia, South Venezuela, have Brazil as their frontier toward the Atlantic. And all these lands, moving down from their mountains, as they become Brazil are forest. Brazil is the prodigious, fertile moving of the whole South American world down toward the Atlantic.

Across the Atlantic from Brazil is Africa—nine million square miles of tropics. The men who dwell in them are black, and the Negro is the archetypical tropic dweller. Four centuries ago, he crossed the Atlantic, coming to Brazil as a slave. Nowhere is his presence so culturally important. The pure white in Brazil is a bare third of the population; the red man is an insignificant scattering beneath the moss of the forest. Brazil, which is the tropic heart of the new world, and fertile beyond man's dream, has black Africa within it, quite as essentially as the temperate Americas have white Europe. The moving of the dark jungle toward the Atlantic which leads to North America and Europe is the symbol of Brazil's cultural future. Here, for the first time in history, modern technic and science may be employed to master the Torrid Forest, and for the first time there may arise a new-world tropic culture.

II

All the wealth of earth, below or above the loam, crowds the material promise of Brazil. The Devonian leaves have rotted and packed into coal, deliquesced into oil. There are manganese, gold, perhaps a fourth of all the iron of the world. Every drug known to medicine is here, or can be grown—even the rare Indian nut whose oil cures leprosy. On the high plains to the south are cattle plenteous as those of Argentina. And there is water power enough to electrify the continent, manufacture ice in Amazonas, and push the freight trains over the Andes. But the essential wealth of Brazil is none of these; it is the tree, the evergreen hardwood of the Amazon, the Paraná pine of the south. For the forest is the tonality and symbol of Brazilian human nature.

Great trees, billions of acres, thousands of species of trees, make the world seem solid. The dunes of a desert constantly shift, they are like the flesh of man which waxes and wanes. The waves of the sea wash away the reality of earthly forms, their eternity drowns time and all that dwells in time. Even the pampa, sweeping life into its goalless and beginningless surge, drains the solidity, belies the truth, of mortal effort. The great trees all about him make man sure of himself. They shut out the mountains which dwarf him and the stars which make him transcendental. They are immense yet near. Their roots are strong in the soil, they clasp the rocks and bind the bowels of the earth together. Their tender upmost branches glisten with the sun, cool it and bring it down, through myriad leaves—all the life gamut of the air—in a perpetual fugue through the heavy bole. A tree is a mellow creature, balanced between sun and earth, chording them both. And billions of trees marshalled together, evergreen, on the plains, on the hills, along the rivers, breathe their nature into the lungs of men.

There are races of men, of course, whom the great trees stunt. For man, to be himself, must transcend his nature. And the tropic forest is so strong that it can indefinitely persevere, merely continuing the forest. Then all that lives within it merely rots into its dominant rhythm; like the insects, the plants, man becomes entextured in the looming trees

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and his life is a shallow emanation swiftly returning to the forest. Good soil to bring forth fruit must lodge a seed that can master it, transfigure its chemic virtues into leaf and flower. Forest, to bring forth human culture, must lodge a race that will dominion its depths and distil its darkness into human light. Until now, the tropic forest has been too much for man, and man has lacked tools to conquer it. This perhaps is the reason why the one historic old-world culture of the torrid forest—the Hindu—became the most perfect rationale of escape from life itself, as from an intolerable jungle.

The Indians of Brazil were mere passive elements beneath their trees. Like all the other innumerable exhalations of the sun and water, wingéd or crawling, they moved through their brief arc beneath the branches, and sank, perpetually, whence they came. The tropic wood kept the aborigine alive, and the price it asked was the right to overwhelm him. Man had only to go on submitting; to have no will and no idea which veered him from the rhythm of the wood; then the forest kept him, as it kept all its fauna. But if man swerved from this consonance of simple sharing, the forest was at once his foe. Each tree was a monster to cut down, and on its stump, while the sap still flowed, the virulent sun and air grew another monster. Each foot of the forest was a delirium of obstruction: swamp, underbrush, poisonous insect, snake, the invading ant, the invisible fever and the indefeasible swamp heat—made man's mastery as remote as his subservience was easy. Thus the explorers of Spain, the settlers of Portugal, found the aborigine of Brazil: sunk in his jungle, and stirring no more against its tumultuous reign than the insect or the fish. He was a part of the dark wood, to be pushed back, to be cut down.

III

The Portuguese settlers were very different from the Spaniards, and more like those whom Britain sent to the north coasts. There were many convicts; there were burghers fleeing from the Inquisition, and the fortune-hunters were more eager to earn money than salvation. Moreover, unlike the colonies of Spain, the Portuguese settlements on the eastern shore admitted foreigners. Jews settled in Pernambuco in the sixteenth century. French and Dutch bartered up and down the coast. Both the fanatical crusader and the shiftless pícaro of Spain were lacking.

The Portuguese is more European than the Spaniard; the Semitic strain is weaker, the Gothic is stronger. Situate beside his more numerous, more mystic and more violent brother, the Portuguese by the mechanism of defense has denied those traits in himself which are akin to Spain, and has turned toward the people northeast of his shore: the English. As a defense against Spain, Portugal has ever courted England, even as England has cultivated friendship with the Portuguese. With Britain's economic and political influence there appears in Portugal, from earliest times, a subtle psychologic infiltration. Portugal, striving to be anti-Spanish, seeks to accentuate its European kinships. Thus, from the very outset, the colony of Brazil had a more mercantile, a more liberal, and a more practical trend than the other colonies of America Hispana.

The presence of the Dutch, the French and the Jews in North Brazil strengthened the European trend of its commercial life. Already in the eighteenth century Brazil evinced many of the features of the British colonies on the North Atlantic. Its parts were economically and geographically related. They were not made separate by desert and mountain,

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like the colonies of Spain nor kept separate by a jealous metropolis in Europe which forbade all intercourse between them. Its people were naturally adhesive (unlike the Spaniards and to a degree as a defense against them). And they were aggressive, for purposes of commerce. (Not so Spain. The Spaniard, aggressive when he is called by God or honor or immediate lust, lapses into a ruminant disease when God or flesh is silent.) The Portuguese, like the French and the English, performs no miracle of exploration, but methodically displaces the crusading Spaniard when he can, and consolidates his gains along sober commercial lines. The expanding of Brazil was a sound and gradual unfolding into the forest from sure bases on the Ocean. And the Ocean was the Atlantic, the natural western boundary of modern Europe.

IV

Forward crept the settler of Brazil, until *three-sevenths* of the Southern Continent was his. Meantime, his colonies on the coast have become large cities—Pará, Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro. The Brazilians who rule these towns are predominantly white. They are not the ethnic base of Brazil, nor its spiritual and æsthetic essence; but they are the country's *forming* factor, the indispensable agent to create the nation. The white Brazilian is sober, unimaginative, ambitious. Against the virulence of the tropic heat, even as against the virulence of his Spanish-American neighbors in politics and religion he compensates with *matter-of-factness.* When the hour of emancipation comes and the Spanish colonies lurch from the idealistic right of a Catholic theocracy to the idealistic left of a romantic republic, Brazil trudges along its middle way. It creates no heroes: no Bolívar, no San Martín, no Miranda, no Sucre. It has no dashing captains, like Artigas, Paez, Santander. In a businesslike way, it lets Napoleon in Europe effect its independence. The Royal house of the Braganzas flee to Rio, exiled from their throne in Lisbon. This is in 1808. Seven years later, Brazil is an independent kingdom, ruled jointly with Portugal by a single monarch. A republican revolt in the north, kindled from the brands of Bolívar, is suppressed. Five more years, and the King goes back to Lisbon, leaving a Regent in Rio. And only then, when the Cortes of Lisbon attempts to reduce Brazil to a colonial status which it has already long outgrown, comes the *Grito de Ypirango,* a most sober and unassuming independence with a Portuguese Braganza on the Brazilian throne.

Dom Pedro I is the instrument of transition of a canny people. He easily drives the half-hearted troops of Portugal into the sea (a matter of a year's campaign). He breaks the dissolving republicanism of the north which would have split Brazil, like Spanish America, into many states. He is too Portuguese, however. So the Brazilians courteously obtain his abdication, and set on the throne his five-year-old son, Dom Pedro II, who has the double virtue of being a Braganza and a Brazilian. In the years of unrest which follow, the populous southern provinces of the coast—Minas Geraes, Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Santa Catharina, Rio Grande do Sul—profiting by their centuries of co-operation, hold the empire together. Dom Pedro rules forty years. Slavery is abolished, gradually and without a battle. And in 1889 the inevitable American process turns Brazil to a republic.

While the Spanish republics (with the exception of Chile) divide or lose ground, Brazil goes on expanding. Northward, its sober settlers make good their claim on land of Venezuela (1859, 1905); eastward, they peaceably win

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portions of the Andes from Bolivia (1867, 1903), from Ecuador (1904) and Colombia (1907). To the south, they consolidate their hold on the sources of La Plata with cessions from Uruguay (1851), Paraguay (1872) and Argentina (1895). With the shrewd diplomats work propagandists for immigration. Brazil goes into the European market, bidding for settlers of her immense domains. And they pour in: Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Portuguese, Slovaks, Poles, even Japanese, to enrich the ferment of the southern states and double the population of Brazil since 1900.

These Aryan southern states, less than a sixth of Brazil in size but nearly a half in population, have absolute political control. And from them goes forth the regnant national programme: "the aryanization of the country." But Brazil is predominantly tropic forest; the race that rules it, whatever the ingredients of its blood, must rise from the nature of that world or remain forever alien and subaltern. The white man, living the white man's life, is not happy in the torrid zone. The tropic lowers his capacity to do the kind of work which he most values, and it lowers his health. He has built up civilizations whose standards are of the kind that flourish in temperate zones, climates where the days and seasons sharply change. To aryanize Brazil would mean to force the country into social forms, into emotional rhythms, into spiritual patterns that are alien to its substance and its air. It would mean the denaturing of one of the most original and potential parts of earth, and its perpetuation as an inferior white man's "colony" without history of its own. The dark folk that have grown in Brazil must create the authentic Brazilian culture. This folk does not bother about republics, and has not yet learned to direct one. Its potency is at a deeper level. It is already forming the voice, the vision and the art of its world. It is the living plasm of Brazil, whence must rise its spirit.

V

This Brazilian race is not Negro, but the African element is one of the clearest reasons for faith in its great future. The Negro is a man wondrously adjusted to the tropic forest: he may be called its human genius. His body is hued like the wood, and strong like it; his mind, like the leaves of the tree, catches the sun and air and suffuses them through all his being. He is evergreen, for the running sap of a perpetual spring is in him. The Indians of Mexico and Peru were old peoples when the Spaniard came; to find an analogy for their stratified psychologic and æsthetic forms one must go to India, China, and decadent Egypt. But although the Nilotic and Congo Negro had matured the farm, smelted iron, wired copper, while Egypt was still in the Stone Age, like his forest the black man has remained young. He is flexible, suggestionable, culturally eager, emotionally recreative, industrious when his interest is aroused—and his soul is always crowded with fresh young shoots of melody and fancy.

In his African stage, his marvellous adjustment caused those characteristic limitations which have made thoughtless people speak of his "inferiority." The tropic tree stands sober and deep-rooted in its soil. The day, the night, the heat are even all year round. There are few stars; the misted sun and the black nights blanket the earth forever. Such heat is a terrific excitant to man, such evenness of days is a great nervous drain. The Negro accommodated himself by weeding out the violences of mind and will which the too constant stimulation of the heat would have made fatal. The white man, used to extremes, is normally adjusted to neither,

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so that great heat unhinges him, and sustained heat saps him. The Negro became simple and sober; his life, like the tree's, an almost static dance within the almost static measure of his world.

Like the Negro, the Brazilian *must* live his twelve-hour day unromantic, solid, lest he be undone by his world. And having the Negro in him, he does so live. But his white heritage gives him at once another will and the way to achieve it. He is heir to instruments whose lack made his forebears subservient to the jungle. He has *technique* to dominate his tropic. He can combat its fevers, drain its marshes, cut highways and urban clearings through the impenetrable wood or leap it in his airplane. He can build warehouses, manufacture ice to guard his goods from vermin or fermentation; and he can artificially refresh his dwellings. He need not, like the aboriginal African or Amazonian, be overwhelmed by his world to the point of cultural abolition. Unlike the ancient Hindu, he need not form his values by the measure of escape from a nature he lacks tools to control. Nor, like the wholly white man, need he overcome the biological predisposition of many generations, before he is fit to live within the measured heat of the tropic. He is heir to the advantages of Europe, and to those of Africa, for the creating in Brazil of a culture that shall be both tropical and American.

Of course, before such a dawn, Brazil must move far from where she is to-day. But there is no reason to doubt that she is moving. The history of past amalgamations of old races, in Egypt, India, Mesopotamia, Greece, makes the four centuries which have elapsed since the first forging of new races in America Hispana seem very brief indeed, and the progress toward integration amazingly swift. And in the light of history and science, all talk to-day about the "inferiority" of mestizo or mulatto is mere illiterate gossip. Nevertheless, Brazil is still abandoned to illiteracy, devastated by tropical pests: hookworm, malaria, Chagas' disease, Leishmaniasis. Two-thirds of the land is still *sertão*—wild. The Amazonian valley, greatest basin in the world, is still untouched save for straggling towns along the rivers, many of which, instead of growing, disappear into the hardwood forest. Six-sevenths of the inhabitants have as yet made no impress on the nation's conscious life, either by democratic action or by the rise of an aristocracy that ethnically represents them. Brazil is still submerged; and the men in power, with their sense of the land as a dead wealth to be possessed and sold to the highest bidder, are doing what they can to destroy it.

VI

Rio de Janeiro is the synthesis of present-day Brazil. The black north, the submerged east, the progressive south meet in its hundred hills. Tree-garbed with gracious complexity of curve, the hills round down to the Atlantic, and the Atlantic presses against Rio.

All Rio curves. Even the loftiest hills are sharpened by no angle. The hills are humanized by some element within the city; and the streets, rising into hills, bring down a stir of trees from the far woods, upon their stone and their dwellers.

The bay is a pause, deep blue, where sun and hills and sea have come together. It is a rounded bay, almost entirely closed; and from inside, to lock it totally with land, rises the Pão de Assucar—a radiant thrust of earth from the radiant water. The city is a mere gradual transforming of the mellow earth into houses and into men. An inconspicuous transforming, so that nought seems really changed. Air, land circling and bil-

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lowing into heights, and bay, form a continuum with the city and with the city dwellers. Rio is a body deeply breathing: every hill is a breath, and every man and woman unconsciously breathes with the hills.

The bay is a loveliness that overwhelms. Like a resistless wave, its beauty sweeps through the brain into the heart of a man. But the resistless beauty is not terrible; it is a tenderness, soft and pervasive as the air. For here is a conch of mountain melting into sea; and here is a sea, caught within the frond of hills and compressed into a single sapphire stone. Yet the sun softens the bay: for all its vast expanse and its heights, it is compact, exquisitely modelled, warm. It touches the sense like a loved woman's breast. It overwhelms as the touch of a breast may be overwhelming.

The town rises from the bay upon this intricately swelling earth. It bears within itself the same tender ecstasy of hill and water. The streets are soft and mellow. The houses, mostly of one story, lack distinction. And when they rise into Italian palaces, high hotels, factories, shops, they are hideous and shoddy. But the town agglutinates them all to its own atmosphere. Stone and cement turn liquid. Even the brashness of the motors is absorbed. The vernal city drinks this multiple life, at its feast of sun and hill and ocean.

Very different is Rio from the city of the men who founded it: steep Lisbon above the Tagus. The tragic fate of Portugal, pressed between Spain and England, is not here: neither the fear of Spain nor the alien blight of Britain. In Rio, which is closer to Africa than to Europe, maternal Lisbon blooms at last, transfigured.

The folk are continuous with the streets they walk. They have a playful energy, a fervor like the unassertive fervor of a bud. With all their animal spirits, they are quiet. And a brooding shadow from the forest is within them. It is the Negro who tinges the whole town —Negro ease and Negro sweetness, and the sober tingling imagery of the Negro mind. The black man has been enslaved in Brazil, tortured and abandoned to the lusts of the tropic. But he has not been overworked; the tropic work-day is short and the Catholic prayer is long. He lacks the intensity of the northern Negro, whipping his own fires up against the perpetual Protestant cold weather. He is at ease in this world: he is the presence and savor of the hinterland in Rio.

The folk of the Rio streets are more resilient than the Negro who is but an element inextricably merged with others. The vitality of this folk is subtler in sensuous and conceptual response. There is a strength here, relaxed like the black race, nervous and expectant like the white. One is reminded of the intellectual Russian who, even in Moscow, remains naïve and sly and clumsy as a moujik. Here, however, there is no such mental hardness as one finds in Russia. The students who crowd a street with the Latin sense of intellectual privilege have graceful, slender minds—like the Latin, but attuned to vast prospects like the Russian; for the forest is even greater than the steppe. There is a reticence, wanting in both Slav and Latin: yet unlike the reticence of Spain which is born of balanced wills. This reticence of Rio is, rather, of shadowed glades—the arboreal reticence of the Negro. The music that unfurls from the cafés into the streets is reticent—as a beginning. The flavor of the food is gentle; sauces and mixtures reticently conceal the elemental tangs. There is no violence of taste: the bitter coffee is overcome by sweetness.

Strength is everywhere—only in prospect. The paintings of the Brazilian art-

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ists, the verse of the journals, like the streets of Rio, express the sensibility of budding power—not power itself.

But the vastness that is Brazil upon its city, the gravid forest hinterland, infuses every street and individuates the dwellers. The whole town is like a tree spreading with vast branches: as one comes close within its murmurous shade one feels the tree itself alive in every leaf.

The central avenues, expressive of the country's "Aryan" will are nothing. Their pretentious nullity is gone, as Rio widens with low varicolored houses to the hills. Here, with the poor, dwells the real spirit of Rio. Mud roads with central gutters of stone for sewers, rise between hovels of mud or 'dobe. The folk are very poor; but they do not beg. The women walk with dignity through the slime. The children sport with dogs and pigs. And big dark men tenderly pick their way between the children. In the houses live, also, the vermin of the tropics: parasites that wreak hideous havoc with mind and body. They are scouts of the ruthless forest, invading the city. But Rio goes on, spawning its laughter, merging its human play and misery with the hills. Rio goes on . . . waiting the will that must emerge from the forest, to create Brazil.

VII

South of Rio, at the very edge of the tropic and on the high red land which grows the world's supply of coffee, stands the real capital of Brazil—São Paulo. The town is a ganglion, rising to the peak of a narrow crowded hill. It is a perpendicular city, swift as the sudden height to which it rises; and it looks down on leisurely, horizontal Rio.

Streets on the hill undercut each other; viaducts with high buildings rising above them from lower levels span plethoric squares of tenements and parks whose palms face modern steel. German and Italian are common on the streets, and color is rare. There is much in São Paulo to recall Chicago: the same virulence of industry, the same upwhirling of coal and iron from the loam into a human vortex—in Chicago, the "Loop," in São Paulo the "Triangle." It is a Chicago twisted and compressed into a vertical form, more dramatic and more intensely styled, as befits the city of a Latin people. But below the Triangle that is coruscant at night with electric signs, sprawl the industrial districts—Braz, Moóca, and their crude gray is very like the inland hells of the Lake City; and beneath their rust and grime is a similar hint of loam.

The undertone of Chicago is the prairie, the open prairie of the pioneer. That of São Paulo is the Forest. The town's industrial clangor is less solid; warm and silent depths are nearer; the houses of the slums are low and pied; with their varicolored fronts, they jet a gaiety and ease into the traffic that is quite gone from Chicago. The forest is stronger than the prairie. . . .

It is these barrack streets, of course, these miserable shops with tinted doors, these mills beside palms, that sustain the Triangle. The streets turn into ruddy earth, and the coffee bushes spread to the horizon. These trim plants also sustain the Triangle of São Paulo. And at the foot of the Serro do Mar, nearly three thousand feet below, lies Santos, the coffee port. Here, in huge rat-proof sheds of stone sit thousands of dusky women. Their eyes are bright in the aromatic shadows; and their bandannas sing. Beside them, in baskets on the floor, are their babes. The women work at long tables; with brown hands they assort the coffee berries—the good from the bad. From time to time, while their fingers thresh, they sing in unison.

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Then they lean over, lift their babes, and place them at the breast. They are cool and unhurried under the high roof; and the pungent air of the coffee waves with their words into the glare of the doorway—into the sunblazed street. These too, of course, are sustainers of the Triangle of São Paulo.

In the Triangle are marble office buildings, stolid as those of Liverpool. Here sit the bankers and brokers of coffee, the promoters of cotton and of cattle, the owners of the spreading factories of textiles, leather, metal. These men, from São Paulo, Santa Catharina, Rio Grande do Sul or from the rich mining State a little to the north, Minas Geraes, have since the Republic controlled Brazil. Parliaments and presidents of states and nation have done their bidding. In their hands, at present, are the destinies of a country vast in wealth as the United States, vast in human promise as Russia.

The office of the big coffee man is fitted up to be as much like a New York office as he can make it. But the big man is really a dapper little fellow. On his latest visit to New York, a Fifth Avenue tailor fitted his suit of cool gray worsted, and his boots are English. His body is getting a bit too plump for his suit; the chin bulges out upon the sumptuous cravat. The eyes are hard and quick, like the eyes of a rat. But the lips have a sensual swell, that might make one think the coffee man had a drop of colored blood—if he did not deny it. The hands, indeed, are not related to the hands of a Negro: they are delicate, plump, nervously aggressive—the hands of a shrewd taker, not the hands of a lover.

The coffee man will tell you, rather vociferously if you question him, that São Paulo and all the south is white, and that North Brazil, which has fewer Negroes (he assures you) than southern United States, is perfectly under control. Nonetheless, in order to guard against Mendelian surprises, the magnate has gone to Paris for his wife. And his bosom swells the sleek linen of his shirt when he thinks of the Parisian tone which she has brought into his glittering marble mansion, just beyond the city, shaded by royal palms.

The coffee man has a definite philosophy: he believes in Progress, and if you ask him he will tell you how Brazil must progress. Everything he says implies that Brazil is racially, intrinsically, the antithesis of progress: but you must not point this out to him, for it may fluster him. He has in his hands the destiny of a nation and of many millions of human beings: yet he is easily flustered. What he means by Progress is that Brazil—to get ahead in the capitalistic world—must deny itself so far as possible. Everything native to Brazil must be exploited: everything alien to Brazil must be introduced and developed. The hope of Brazil is the south: for here the country and the climate are really more like Argentina—or even the United States! White immigrants must be imported from Europe. Towns must be put up that may rival Paterson or Kansas City. Money, and more money, must be borrowed for factories and mills. The vast north and east and centre of Brazil, where the weather is "too hot" and the Negro "too plentiful" for progress must be held strictly subject. This Brazilian population is simply one of the land's natural resources—like the hardwood trees and the rubber and the diamonds. It is there to be exploited. By selling labor and produce to high bidders, the progressive element of the South may obtain capital of their own; and the time may come when they can develop the industrial centres from Minas Geraes to Porto Alegre without so much help from outside bankers! This is the destiny of the southern,

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"true," and "Aryan" Brazil: to grow so great that it can turn the rest of the land into an "India" or "Africa" or even "Nicaragua" of its own! The coffee man understands, with a wise man's sympathy, the colonial problems of Paris and London—the behavior of Washington in the Caribbean. He has dreams, also.

But the "go-getter" of Brazil will never be as shrewd nor as mobile as the model in Birmingham, Berlin or Chicago. Climate will work against him, even though he study the technic of aggression in the best law schools of the United States and the best chancelleries of Europe. And if Brazil becomes finally keyed to the civilization of the "go-getter," she will always be a hinterland for alien powers.

The coffee man of São Paulo, the cattle and cotton man still farther south, the mining man of Minas Geraes, are the tail wagging the huge body of Brazil. But the trouble is that they distrust each other, and they are not above stratagems and even battles, to outstrip each other. Even when they agree, there is instability in the land: no mystery, when one considers the vast preponderance of the Brazil which is submerged and exploited. All these southern governments are precarious; and revolutionary movements are almost as frequent as elections. One gang is always likely to be thrown out by another, since none has the support of the nation.

The recent overturn marks the fall of "king coffee"—a natural consequence of overproduction, low prices, and depression of the world coffee market. It may mean coffee's final fall from dominance and the rise, as the next stage in Brazilian evolution, of the more varied industrial and agricultural interests which coffee overbalanced. The time has probably come when Brazil will no longer face the world as a "one-crop" country. But the time is still far off, when the real country—the dark unbounded hinterland of the tropic—will emerge and articulate its ethos in a native political and economic system.

When that hour comes and Brazil ceases to be a "market" and is a veritable nation, there will be something new—something wondrously deep and beautiful—in the world.

Within the Skull

By Angela Cypher

No days are tranquil,
None are dull,
For drama lies
Within the skull.

The mind grows shapely
Starved, or fat
Dreaming of *this*
Or pondering *that*.

Behind the brow
Life battles death,
No audible cry,
No panting breath

Betray how courage
Fights despair
Beneath a roof
Of quiet hair.

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Ozark People

By WAYMAN HOGUE

The terrible drought conditions have recently brought the people of the Ozarks vividly into the public consciousness. This group of three stories is therefore particularly timely. The author left his mountain home some years ago. Recently he returned and found conditions little changed. Although he had never written before, he constructed these narratives which give the real flavor of that part of America.

In writing these stories, I have kept but one thing in view—that is, to confine myself to facts. I have made no attempt to hold the mountain people up to ridicule, neither have I made any effort toward defending them for any of their shortcomings.

I have described conditions, not as I imagined them to be, nor as I have read about them; but I have attempted to picture conditions as I actually saw and lived them.

Wherever I have used dialect I have quoted the conversation as spoken, to the very best of my memory.

In writing the dialect, I have made no attempt to conform to any of the rules governing mountain vernacular, but I have quoted each word exactly as I heard it spoken and as I was taught to speak it.

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE OZARKS

On the 3d of July there was great activity in our settlement. The women were all at home baking pound-cakes and pies. The men were at the picnic grounds, the grounds surrounding the meetin'-house. Several of the men had brought animals—sheep, hogs, goats, and yearlings,—for the barbecue. They erected a platform of undressed lumber for dancing, with a lemonade-stand on one end. Bill Brown brought a swing, a twenty-four-passenger swing, propelled by hand with a lever. Two other lemonade-stands went up. Some of the men dug barbecue pits about twenty feet long, and built fires in them of hickory and oak wood. The carcasses of the animals hung over the poles stretched across the pits.

Old man Adams, who lived up on Possum Trot, had a reputation of being an expert in barbecuing. He came and stayed all night on the grounds.

On the morning of the Fourth we were up before day. Hot water was prepared, and we all had to take all-over baths.

We were only two miles from the picnic grounds, so we walked. People were coming from every direction. Some of them came from fifteen or twenty miles away, and must have started long

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before daylight. Some came in two-horse wagons with boards stretched across for seats. Some came in ox-carts, seated with cowhide-bottom chairs. Some came horseback, some riding two on a horse. Some rode mules and some rode donkeys. They came from Greasy Valley, from Bear Creek, from Round Mountain, from Wild Cat Slew, and from Possum Trot.

Old man Mulligan stepped upon the dance platform with a fiddle buttoned up under his coat, with the neck protruding. Behind him came Jim Sawyers, holding in his hand two small sticks about the size of soda straws. Mr. Mulligan sat down and began thumping the strings and twisting the screws of his fiddle, and spitting on the screws to make them hold. When the fiddle was tuned to his liking, he drew his bow across his fiddle a time or two, and struck up the tune "Sallie Gooden."

As there was no second fiddler to assist, Jim Sawyers, with his two little straws, beat furiously on the bass strings. This is called "beatin' straws."

"Pardners fer the first set," cried Everet Green. "Honor yore pardner. Lady on the left. Eight hands up and circle to the left."

The dance was on, and as they danced, the fiddlers played "Rye Straw," "Billy in the Low Ground," "Black Eyed Susan" and "Eighth of January." There was a charge of five cents a set for each couple, and this went into a fund which paid the fiddler and Jim Sawyers. When a set was finished, the men turned to the refreshment-stand to treat their partners.

The other two stands were off to the left of the platform, with Bill Brown's swing between them. A fiddler was playing "Cotton Eyed Joe" in one of the stands, and in the other stand, with much writhing of the body, another fiddler was playing "Old Molly Blair," while a man with an accordion, occupying a seat in one of the swings, played "Shortnin' Bread."

From one of the stands came the cry: "Ice-cold lemonade, fresh and fine. One glass fer a nickle an' two fer a dime."

Then came a cry from the other stand: "Right this away to git yer lemonade, made in the shade, stirred with a spade, an' the best lemonade that ever wuz made."

Since only the "sinners" could dance, the young people who had joined the church had to find their amusements in games.

The game they played was "Hawg Drovers." Two chairs were placed in the middle of a circle of young people. A boy escorted a girl to a chair and sat beside her. The young people held hands and marched around the couple singing:

"Hawg drovers, hawg drovers, hawg drovers we air,
A courtin' uv yore daughter, so neat an' so fair;
Can we git largin' here, O here,
Can we git largin' here."

Then the boy sang:

"This is my daughter that sets by my knee,
An' no hawg drover can take her from me,
An' you cain't git largin' here, O here,
An' you cain't git largin' here."

Then came the response:

"Kyear nothin' fer yer daughter, murch less fer yourself,
I'll go to Kaintucky an' better myself,
An' I don't want largin' here, O here,
An' I don't want largin' here."

After a whisper from the girl, the boy sang:

"This is my daughter that sits by my side,
An' Mr. Bob Jones kin make her his bride,
By brangin' another one here, O here,
By brangin' another one here."

Mr. Bob Jones chose an escort and

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took the chairs, while the first couple joined the others in the march.

When dinner was ready, one of the men stood on a stump and announced the dinner, calling in a loud voice: "Everbody come to dinner. Come one, come all. Any uv youens that didn't brang no dinner, come right on anyhow, fer they's plenty here fer all—come on everbody."

The people gathered around the rude table that had been made by scaffolding lumber until it was the right height. They ate until they couldn't eat any more. When everybody was through, the women gathered up the dishes, taking a part of the cooked food home with them. We had enough to last two or three days afterward.

It is the custom to have speeches at the Fourth of July picnics. Doctor Creacy, who lived in another section of the county, was the speaker of the occasion. A small platform had been erected far enough away from the noise of the dance and refreshment stands. Doctor Creacy mounted the platform, and for some time talked about the Fourth of July, and why we should celebrate it. He read from a book the Declaration of Independence, but the whereases and resolutions were unintelligible to his hearers. It did not in the least interest them what a few people were doing a century back. Though I suppose every one there was descended from participators in the Revolutionary War. Everybody seemed glad when the doctor's lengthy speech was ended, as there were some candidates to be heard.

In nearly all of the counties of Arkansas, the Democratic nomination is equivalent to the election. But there had developed in the Democratic party an opposing faction, and the members of this faction were stoutly bidding for the nomination at the coming primary. A part of the members of this faction were at our picnic, to speak on behalf of their candidacy.

The first candidate to take the platform was a man who lived on the edge of Greasy Valley, who was running for the office of sheriff. He scratched his head all the time he was talking, and urged his election, his principal qualification for the office being that he lived in our part of the county.

The next speaker was a one-armed man who lived in the southern part of the county. He wanted to be tax assessor, and it seemed that his only claim was that he was a poor man and needed the job. He wanted the people to vote for him and help him out.

The best was saved for the last. This last speaker was Newt Shafer, a candidate for the legislature. Newt was about forty years old, about six feet tall, with coarse black hair. He could not read or write, but his natural abilities were creditable, to say the least. He opened by saying:

"Feller citizens an' gentlemen: as youens all know, I'm runnin' fer repzentive, an' these my two frien's that youens has jist hyeard is runnin' fer sheriff an' assessor, an' you'll be makin' no mistake when you vote fer 'em.

"Before goin' any furder, I want to say a word about the Fourth uv July. I've jist been listenin' to Doctor Creacy's speech on this great an' glorious day, an' the doc is right. Hit is a great day. An' when I wuz listenin' at the doc, I wuz thankin' thar is three reasons why we orter preserve this great day: Firs', hits about the turnin' pint from sprang to summer; secon', hits ginly a clear day an' a warm day, an' about the best day in the year to give our barbecue; an' last but not least, hits the day that orter find us with our craps laid by an' a hook an' line in our hands an' tellin' the feesh to look out."

Mr. Shafer paused here to take a

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drink of water. His audience looked as if they were pleased at this explanation of why they should celebrate the Fourth of July. Some one standing near me said that he could stand and listen to Newt Shafer talk all day.

After drinking a gourdful of water, and wiping the perspiration from his brow and his hands with a red bandanna handkerchief, he proceeded:

"Now, feller citizens an' gentlemen, as I have done told you, I am candidate fer the legislater, an' as most uv youens know, Cal Johnson, the man thats got the job now, is runnin' agin me. Now, who is this man Johnson? Why, he's a upstart uv a lawyer that lives in town an' never done a honest day's work in his life.

"He wuz sent to the legislater the last term an' what did he do? Why, nothin' cep' drank whiskey an' play kyards an' galavate aroun' with furriners.

"Now, gentlemen, here is a few thangs he wants to do: He wants to enlargen the free schools. Listen here, fellers, the devil has never quit laffin' yet at these free schools in Arkansas. He wants to build a new court house. That ar ole court house is a better house than I'm livin' in. Hits better'n you air livin' in, an' hits good enough fer many a year yit.

"He wants to build a ar'n bridge acrost Devil's Fork. Now I've swum that ar creek on my hoss a many a time. My father swum it afore I wuz born, an' my grandfather swum it, an' I guess my boy kin swim it arter I'm gone.

"Now, fellers, all these thangs that Johnson wants to do means spendin' more money. Hit means more taxes an' bigger taxes fer you to pay. If you send this man to the legislater, hit wont be long till this county will be dreened uv ever loose dime in it." Here the speaker paused for more water.

Shafer's reputation as an orator had preceded him, and he was not in the least disappointing. His listeners were standing with their mouths open, drinking in every word he said, grinning and nodding approvingly. Here and there, out through the crowd, could be heard: "Raw fer Shafer! Raw fer Shafer!"

The speaker continued: "Now, gentlemen an' fellers, if I am elected, an' I'm sure to be elected, thar haint nothin' that can keep me frum it, here is a few uv the thangs I am goin' to do. I'm goin' to lessen all the taxes in the county."

There were a few shouts of "Raw fer Shafer!" and the speaker went on: "Men, listen to me. The corn that you work an' raise is yourn, haint it? If you take that corn an' grind it into meal an' make bread outen the meal, an' eat it, hits yourn, haint it? If you feed that corn to your hawg an' kill an' eat the hawg, hits yourn, haint it? If you feed that corn to your hoss, an' plow the hoss, hits yourn, haint it? If you make lye hominy outen that corn, an' eat the hominy, hits yourn, haint it? Now listen, fellers, hear what I've got to say. If you take that corn an' make a gallon uv whiskey outen it, and drank the whiskey, why in the name uv God haint it yourn?"

At this there was a great demonstration. Whoops, yells, and cries of "Raw fer Shafer!" could be heard from many of the bystanders. It was some time before order was restored.

Shafer continued: "I'm a goin' to have a act passed makin' it agin' the law fer any revenuer to set foot any whar in Arkansas."

Again there was great applause, and the speaker concluded: "Now, men, I hope everbody here is my frien'. If you vote fer me, I know you air my frien', an' if you don't vote fer me, I still want you fer my frien'. I haint got no grudge agin nobody. I haint got no book larnin'. I don't know how to cipher, I don't know how to spell, an' I don't know how

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to read or write. But I do know what is right an' what is wrong, an' youens can be shore that when I am elected, I'm goin' to do what is right."

By this time, the two other candidates had placed three gallon-sized jugs on the platform, and the speaker said: "Now, men, me an' these other two candidates has got a little mountain dew here, an' we want all uv youens to come up an' taste it. Hit dont make no difference whether you 'ten to vote fer us or not. We want ever' one uv youens to come right up, and drank an' be merry."

The women, long since tired of the speaking, had all gone back to the picnic grounds, and the men did not have to be asked a second time to take the jugs.

Every man seemed to get his share of the mountain dew, and judging from the way they acted, some of them got more than their share. The crowd was dismissed with great shouts, yells, screams and whoops, all for Shafer.

A COURTING

One day Jim took a turn of corn to the mill to have ground, and saw Sam Dent there. Sam told him that he was coming to see us the following Saturday night. It was the custom, when a young man went a-courting, he spent Saturday night with the girl's family, and returned home the following afternoon. When Jim came home with the news, it occasioned something for my father and mother to speculate upon.

Sam was fairly good-looking, red-haired, and six feet tall. He lived with his parents, and was known to be industrious, and inclined to accumulate and save. He was acceptable to my father and mother as a prospective husband for Lelia, and it was noticeable that his attentions were not displeasing to Lelia.

Saturday morning, Lelia and Nora cleaned off the yard by sweeping it with a brash broom, that is a broom made of switches tied in a bundle. They scrubbed the floor of the big house with a mop made of cornshucks, using sand and water for cleansing it. They made a scarf for the mantel out of some wrapping-paper that they had been saving, and baked some peach pies and sweet cakes.

Along about sundown, Sam came riding up. We were looking for him, and my father met him at the gate, and invited him to get down. We went down to the lot, and Sam unsaddled his horse. I turned our mule out of the stable, and Sam put his horse in. Jim brought ten ears of corn, and a bunch of fodder, and we fed Sam's horse. We all walked back to the yard and entered the big house, where Sam was greeted by my mother and two sisters, who, after a little, went to the kitchen and busied themselves with supper. My father entertained Sam; they talked on such subjects as killing deer, trapping beavers, and farming.

In preparing for the supper, my mother went to the trunk and got out a red table-cloth that was used only in case of company. She had me climb up to a joist in the kitchen and get a small cloth bag that contained coarse brown sugar. She emptied some of the sugar in a teacup and set it on the table.

When supper was announced, we gathered at the table, and my father asked the blessing. On the table was a plate of fried chicken and a dish containing slices of fried ham floating in brown gravy; also a plate of large hot biscuits. My mother asked Sam if he took sugar in his coffee, and when informed that he did, she put a spoonful of sugar in Sam's cup and poured the coffee in it, and after stirring it, tasted it. It was not sweet enough, and she put another spoonful of sugar in and passed the cup to Sam without the spoon. There was no need for a spoon, as the custom was to pour out the coffee into the

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saucer, set the cup on the table, take up the saucer and blow until it was cool enough to drink.

Our big house was one large room, built of scalped logs, and floored with puncheons of split logs, with the flat side up. The overhead joists were made of unbarked poles, five or six inches in diameter. Long boards were placed across these joists and there is where we stored our apples and dried pumpkins. There were no doors or windows in the house, and all light and ventilation came from the front and back doors and the unsealed cracks in the wall between the logs. The huge fireplace was made from stone quarried from a near-by hillside, and held together with a mortar made of clay.

The kitchen was a smaller house of one room, which sat out in the yard facing the back door of the big house. My mother did her cooking over a big fireplace in the kitchen. There was a long dining-table with a bench leaning against the wall.

When supper was over, my father, Sam, Jim and I went back into the big house, while my mother and two sisters washed the dishes. Later they joined us, and we sat around the fire for a while, my father, mother and Sam doing nearly all the talking. Lelia joined in occasionally, and Nora would laugh when anything came up that was funny.

Along after a while my father got his hat and said something about going out to separate the cows and calves. Sam and Jim followed him, and when they went out Ma and the girls fixed the beds. Lelia drew out the trundle-bed and told me to sleep on it, as Sam would sleep in the big bed by the fireplace with Jim. There was only a straw mattress on the trundle-bed, and every time I moved, the straw would rattle. Lelia scolded me and my mother threatened to whip me if I didn't lie still. They didn't want Sam to know it was a straw bed. When the menfolks came back, my mother, Nora, and I were in bed, and Lelia was sitting near the fire. My father told Sam that he was tired and would have to lie down, and that whenever Sam felt like lying down, he could sleep there with Jim. Sam took a seat by the fire opposite Lelia, and Jim lay across the bed with his clothes on. For a couple of hours Sam and Lelia had the pleasure of talking with each other without being interrupted by others of the family. They talked on such subjects as the latest socials and gatherings, the prospects of marriage of certain young couples, and matters concerning the immediate neighborhood.

Now these young people were really courting. Sam poured out his love to Lelia in the most glowing terms, yet he never spoke a word on the subject. His love-making was well understood by Lelia, and she quickly responded with favor that Sam was able to understand, yet there was nothing spoken to indicate it.

When Lelia thought they had sat up long enough, she awoke Jim and told him to get off his clothes and go to bed right. Sam said something about going out to see about his horse, and Jim went with him. When they got back, Lelia was in bed, and Jim covered up the fire to make the room dark, and he and Sam went to bed.

The next morning my father called Jim and told him it was time to get up and make the fires. Sam got up with Jim, and after the fires were made, they went out into the lot and fed the stock. When they got back, we were all up, the beds were made, the house swept, and my mother and sisters were in the kitchen cooking breakfast.

In the afternoon, when the dinner was over, Nora suggested that we go and gather some chinkapins. Jim got the axe, and we all walked about two miles to

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Half-Way Hill, where there were several chinkapin trees. We selected one that was well loaded with nuts that seemed to be ripe, and Sam cut it down. The forest was so vast and the chinkapin trees so numerous that it was not considered a waste to cut down one of them.

After a while we had enough chinkapins and started back. It was late in the afternoon and Sam saddled his horse and rode for home.

About a month later, at the close of the singing school, there was an all-day singing. Lelia wanted to go, and I had to go along for company. People came from miles around and brought their dinners. We used a very old song-book with four notes instead of seven. We sang such songs as "In the Sweet By and By," "There Is a Happy Land," and "Pull for the Shore."

When we were getting ready to go home, I came out into the yard and saw Sam Dent with his little brother Wayland, who seemed to have been passing by and stopped. Sam was driving his horse Ceilum to a buckboard.

"Git in and ride, Charles," Sam said to me, "I am goin' right by yore house. Git in the back thar with Wayland."

Sam seemed to be in no hurry about driving off, and when Lelia came across the yard, Sam said: "Mout as well git in an' ride, Miss Lelia; hit's a right fur piece to walk an' taint none outer the way fer me to go right by yore house."

Lelia stopped and stammered, indicating that she would accept, and Sam leaped from the buggy and assisted her to the seat, saying: "The chilluns is in the back an' I guess you will have to ride up thar with ugly me."

After discussing the singing class a while as Ceilum trotted along, Sam remarked: "Jist been gittin' out boards to kiver my new house, an' hit shore has been hot to-day."

"You buildin' a house?" asked Lelia. "You must be goin' to git married."

"It takes two to make a contract lak that, Miss Lelia," rejoined Sam. "Haint never found no purty gal what'd wanter be starved to death yit."

"Oh," said Lelia, "mebbe she wouldn't haff to starve. She could bake bread and you could pack water."

"Yes, an' I know a mighty purty gal not fur frum me right now," said Sam, "that I'd lak to git to bake that bread, too."

Lelia blushed, reached out and stripped some leaves from a protruding twig, and said: " 'Pears lak it mout rain." There was not a cloud in sight.

"We shore do need a rain," said Sam. "That late corn uv mine is turnin' plum yaller, hits been so dry."

In about a week, Sam came to see Lelia, and on taking his leave, he asked to speak to my father and mother. He asked them if he could have Lelia. They told him that they had confidence in Lelia's judgment in selecting a husband, and that they were willing for Lelia and him to marry. The wedding was set for a month off. That night my mother and father sat up late and talked in a low voice. The next day my mother and sisters earnestly talked a great deal about which Jim and I could not learn much.

Lelia was to get married, but it was to be kept a profound secret. Jim and I were cautioned not to tell a soul. It was the custom not to announce an engagement. On the contrary, it was denied and kept a secret by the contracting parties until about two days before the wedding. But it was not long before everybody knew it, and it was talked about freely by all except the participants and their families.

The wedding was to be at our house, and as the time set drew near, great preparations were under way. My mother put up a dozen chickens, and fed them

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corn to fatten them. My father put in a pen a year-old pig that he fattened. My mother and sisters occupied the week before the wedding in cleaning up and cooking. They baked a lot of pies, cakes, custards, and light bread.

The second day before the wedding, my father and Jim got on a horse and rode over the settlement, asking people to come to the wedding. Where it was difficult to reach families, they would send them word. The people invited were not in the least surprised. They knew when it was going to be, and they knew they were expected to attend. However, two days were enough to prepare them for the wedding, as they were not expected to give any presents. There was no such thing as a wedding-present except from the parents of the bride and groom.

On the morning of the wedding, Jim and I hitched Red and Star to the wagon and went to Uncle Charley Brady's and Cousin Stark Henry's to borrow their tables, chairs, and dishes. When we got back, my father and Uncle Ben had moved all of the furniture out of the big house and had made temporary benches all around the room, against the wall.

They took the two tables that we brought, and our table, and put the ends together, which made one table about sixteen feet long. It was long enough to seat twenty people. There was not room in the kitchen for the table, so it was placed in the yard between the kitchen and the big house. It was well shaded by two large oaks.

Aunt Smanthey and Aunt Lou helped get the dinner ready. The chairs were placed around the table as far as they went, and benches were used for the other seats. There were not enough china plates to go around, and they had to substitute with tin plates. Tin cups with handles were used to serve milk and water. My father did not feel able to buy the coffee needed for the dinner, so we had sassafras tea.

There were plates of fried chicken, dishes of chicken pie, boiled back-bones and spare ribs, gooseberry and huckleberry pie, fried pies and baked cakes, custard and light bread. Prominently displayed on each of the three sections of the table was a boiled ham with the skin taken off, decorated with large round spots made with black pepper. On each end of the table was a pound-cake.

When the table was fully set, somebody said that it was time for the wedding to take place. I went into the big house and took a seat by my mother and father on one of the benches. The other benches were occupied by women and girls, and a few men were standing up in the room. Squire Nix came in, followed by Sam and Newt McGill. Sam went to Lelia and took her hands, and she went with him to the middle of the room. Newt and Alice Smith followed them, Alice taking a place by the side of Lelia, and Newt standing by the side of Sam. Squire Nix stood in front of them.

Sam and Newt were dressed alike. They did not have on any coats, but wore vests. They had on shirts made of sealiland domestic, with store-bought false shirt-bosoms of a pinkish color. They wore bought black jean pants that came down over the tops of their Sunday boots.

Lelia and Alice were dressed alike. Each had on a calico dress off the same bolt of goods. Each had her hair parted in the middle, plaited and hanging down behind, tied with a pink ribbon. Each had a red rose pinned on her left shoulder; their lips and cheeks well rouged from the effect of fresh air and sunshine, and plenty of physical exercise.

Lelia was wearing on her index-finger

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a silver ring made from a dime. Ned McGee had a blacksmith-shop, and had a reputation for making rings out of dimes. This was Sam's wedding-ring for Lelia. Alice was also wearing a ring on her third finger that some young man had given her. It was made out of a black rubber coat-button, and was called a gutta-percha ring.

Squire Nix, a newly elected justice of the peace, performed the ceremony. He mumbled something; I do not think he knew himself what he was saying, as he seemed greatly agitated. He wound up by saying: "I pernounce you man an' wife."

John Parker was in the house with his fiddle, and at the finish of the ceremony he struck up the tune "Billy in the Low Ground." Some of the wicked boys began to kick around a little, and Bob Naylor cried out: "Chose yore pardners fer the firs' set." Newt McGill went over to Bob and touched him on the shoulder. There was a whispered conversation for a few minutes, and the music stopped. The church members were not allowed to dance, or to have dancing in the home.

My father said something to Parson Yates, and the parson announced in a loud voice: "Everybody come to dinner."

Sam and Lelia took seats at the middle of the table, and opposite them were Alice and Newt. The other seats were filled by older and more prominent people that were there, and Brother Yates asked the blessing. The younger folks waited, and ate at the second table. When the dinner was all finished, the guests went home.

Sam's house was finished. My mother gave Lelia a feather bed, two feather pillows, and some quilts. My father gave her a cow and a calf. Sam's parents gave him some needed things. Sam and Lelia got into their buckboard and drove home.

A MOUNTAIN DIVORCE

Old man Everet Howard first met Sal Saucer when he was out hunting his hogs. He rode by Bud Lipscomb's back field, where he saw Sal cutting cornstalks. Sal told him that she came from up in Greasy Valley, and was working for Mr. Lipscomb for her board. Old Everet expressed a sympathy for her and promised to find her a better home. Every day for a week he went off to hunt his hogs, and always made it his business to ride by the Lipscomb place where Sal was at work.

Sal was a homely, dull-appearing woman, but she was thirty years younger than Lou, old Everet's wife. The old man had become infatuated with her. He wanted to marry her, but Lou was in the way. After several clandestine meetings with Sal, he finally arrived at a plan whereby he could get free from Lou. He became melancholy, had nothing to say, answered questions in monosyllables only. He took no interest in the affairs about the place, and began sleeping off in the kitchen with some of the children.

Lou noticed his strange behavior, and asked him to explain it. He said that something had taken place that was bothering him, and that it concerned her as well as himself. Lou's curiosity was aroused and she demanded that he tell her all about it. He said that it would break his heart to have to tell her, but as much as he hated to he would have to do it.

He told her that the Lord had appeared to him and told him that they were unlawfully married, that they were, in the eyes of the Lord, living in adultery, and the Lord demanded that he send her away and go and marry another woman. This shocking disclosure took Lou off her feet. She went to the boys and told them what their father

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had said. The boys talked with the old man, but he was firm in his story, and told them that their mother would have to leave. The boys assured the old man that if any one did the leaving, he was to be the one.

Old Everet's melancholy grew worse. Occasionally he refused to eat, and sometimes sat up all night.

News travels with great rapidity among the mountain folk. It was only a few days that everybody in the entire neighborhood knew about the strange revelations that had come to old Everet Howard. It was discussed at length in every household, and on every occasion where people met. Some few believed in the truth of old Everet's story, and began searching the Scriptures to learn whether or not it was biblical. Others argued that the old man only wanted to get rid of Lou and marry a younger woman, and said it was downright meanness. Others thought the old man had lost his mind.

When Everet and Lou were married, there was no such thing as a marriage license in the Ozarks. It would be hard for the courts to prove this couple had been legally married. Hence it was thought that the matter could best be straightened out by the church. Parson Yates, the local preacher, called a special meeting. People came from every direction. Many came from neighboring vicinities. The house was full and the yard was full.

After the reading of a few verses, a song and a prayer, Parson Yates rose and said: "My dear brethern and sisteren an' frien's, we come here to-day on a powerful strange mission. I'm gettin' mighty old, an' I've been servin' the Lord a purty long time, but I have never yit been to a meetin' sich as this. Brother Howard says that the Lord has visited him and tole him to send away his wife, Sister Lou, an' marry him a nother wife. Now the business of this meetin' is to determine whether or not Brother Howard shall be allowed to divorce his wife Lou, an' marry a nother. I'll pint Brother Ed Battenfield to argy fer him, an' Brother Jim Hardin to argy agin him. These two brethern will please come forward."

The two men came up, Mr. Battenfield seating himself on the right, while Mr. Hardin took a seat on the left.

"Now, Brother Everet, you come forward," said the moderator.

Old Everet arose, took a large chew of tobacco out of his mouth and threw it out through a crack in the wall. He went to the water-bucket and took a sip of water, washed out his mouth, and spit out at the door. He came on down the aisle with his home-made straw hat in his hand. He was full six feet tall, wearing home-woven cotton pants that were cut plenty long, but had drawn up until the bottom of his pants barely met the tops of his wool socks. He wore a cotton shirt that had once been white. Across his shoulders were a pair of bed-ticking suspenders. His hair was shocky and uncombed, and his long beard would have been gray had it not been stained with tobacco-juice. He was directed to take a seat near the moderator, and facing the congregation.

"Now, Brother Howard," said the moderator, "jist tell what all you know about this here case of yourn."

"Wal," said Everet, "one night four week ago come nex' Thursday, when all of my fambly wuz up on Possum Trot, tendin' the big meetin', I wuz asleep at home, an' I hyeard a voice callin' my name, 'Everet, Everet, Everet,' jist lak that. I thought hit wuz somebody a callin' me outside, an' I got up, I did, an' looked outside through the crack, an' they warn't nobody out thar. I knowed they couldn't be nobody in the house, caze the door wuz shet an' propped

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tight. I laid back down, an' jist as I got good an' sound asleep, I hyeard the same voice again, a callin' my name three times, jist lak before. I riz up in my bed, easy lak, an' I seed somethin' that looked lak a womarn in white, an' had wings.

"I knowed hit wuz an eengel, an' I said: 'Speak, Lord, an' don't be afeared, fer hits me.'

"I got up, I did, an' I lit a piece uv pine, an' thar warn't nobody in the house, an' the door wuz still shet an' propped tight. I wuz skeared, an' went back to bed. Hit wuz a long time afore I went back to sleep, an' jist as I wuz sound asleep, I hyeared the same voice a callin': 'Everet, Everet, Everet.' I says, says I: 'Speak, Lord, an' don't be afeared, fer hits me.'

"Then the eengel said, hit says: 'Everet, that womarn that callest they wife is not they lawful wife, an' thou hast been livin' in adultery fer thirty year in the sight an' bomination uv the Lord. Git ye up an' turn this womarn Lou away, an' go out in the worl', up an' down hit, an' find thee a nother wife, an' marry accordin' the law. Thus sayeth the Lord.' Then the eengel hit jist vanished, an' I haint never seed hit no more."

Ed Battenfield arose and said: "Friends an' Brother Moderator, I b'lieve ever word this good man says. I know Brother Howard to be a truthful man caze he wunst tole me whar they wuz a flock uv turkeys. I tuck my gun an' went whar he said, an' they wuz the biggest flock uv turkeys I ever seed. An' I know him to be a honest man, caze I wunst lent him a jug uv lassas, an' he paid me back; an' he paid me back in as good a lassas as ever went down yer throat. I thank we would be doin' our duty to 'low this good ole brother to git this yere divorce uv hisn." Battenfield then took his seat.

Jim Hardin then arose and said: "Brother Moderator an' feller church members, I don't b'lieve a word ole man Everet Howard said. I thank he is either stone crazy or hits jist pure downright meanness in 'im. I don't b'lieve no eengel never came to him nohow. Why didn't the eengel come to Sister Lou? Jist think uv it! This good womarn has lived an' starved with ole Everet fer thirty year. She's raised a big fambly fer him. She's done all his washin', cookin', an' sewin'. She kyarded the cotton, spun the thread, weaved the cloth, an' made them britches he's got on. She made that ar shirt he's got on. Yes, sot up way in the night to knit them socks he's got on, while ole Everet wuz asleep, a dreemin' mebbe, how to git red uv her. An' send her away? No, not by my say so he wont! I say we ought to take him back to his fambly an' make him stay thar an' behave hisself, an' if he don't behave hisself, take him out an' give him a good whuppin'."

It was noticeable that Hardin's speech had made an impression. But Battenfield was a foe not to be reckoned with too lightly. He rose, and with a very pious and solemn look, said, "Friends, brethern an' sisteren, an' Brother Moderator, we mus' be mighty keerful how we flout the Lord. If the Lord tole Everet Howard to git this here divorce, then we mustn't keep him from it. Yes, I say we mus' be mighty keerful how we meddle with the business uv the Lord. I move, Brother Moderator, that we give Brother Howard this divorce."

"I second the motion," said Zack Griffin.

"Hits been moved an' seconded that we give Brother Howard his divorce," said the moderator. "All in favor uv it, stand on yore feet."

Five or six people stood up, fearing that there was a possibility of incurring disfavor with the Lord. Others seeing them, stood also, and so on until nearly

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everybody stood. The motion was carried, and old Everet Howard was free from any matrimonial bonds.

The next morning, old Everet saddled his gray mule, put a side saddle on the sorrel nag, and rode to Bud Lipscomb's place, where Sal Saucer joined him. They went on up to Bear Creek, to a justice of the peace, and were married. He took his bride home, and they had to make room for them.

Now this hasty action on the part of Everet and Sal set the people to talking and asking questions. Bud Lipscomb came over to Gravel Hill and told some of the people that Sal had confided to his wife that she and old Everet had conspired to get rid of Lou, and that the angel story was originated for that purpose. This little spark soon flamed into a blaze, then into a conflagration. People dropped their work and began gathering at each other's houses and talked. A meeting was called at the church. This was attended at night, and by men only. The result was that fifty armed men rode to Everet Howard's house. They were met by a pack of savage dogs.

"Call off yore dawgs," said Bill Ward, "fer we air comin' in."

There was no response, and a rifle-ball through the head stopped the advance of one of the dogs. The others ran under the house. The men dismounted, and while about ten men held the horses, the others advanced upon the door.

"Open the door, or we'll break in," said Ward.

"If you do, you'll git shot," said an excited voice inside.

Six men seized a large log and drove it, end forward, against the door. The door was thrown clear of its fastenings, and struck old Everet, who stood with his gun in his hands. The gun was knocked upward, discharging, the shot going through the roof. Don Phillips wrenched the gun from the old man's hand, and struck him a blow with it over the head that felled him to the floor.

Lou was on her knees, crying, praying, and begging the men to spare them.

"We ain't a goin' to hurt you, Sister Lou, not a hair on yore head, nuther you nor the boys," said Ward, "but we air a goin' to whup that ole man o' yorn, an' that womarn. Whar is she?"

"Look under the bed," said Jim Sawyers, at the same time seizing Sal by the foot, and dragging her out from under the bed. Three or four men lifted her to her feet.

"Stan up thar," said Ward. "We'll larn you to go aroun' marryin' other people's husbands."

Sal fought, bit, kicked, and screamed. Two men held her by the arms while Bill Ward whipped her back and shoulders with a hickory switch. He whipped her for some time, when Lou ran up to Bill and said: "Don't whup her no more, you'll kill the womarn."

"She needs killin'," said Bill.

"Yes, she's whupped enough," said Jim Sawyers.

Bill stayed his switch and the men let go of Sal. She fell crumpling to the floor in a faint.

"An' now fer the ole man," said one of them.

But old Everet was sprawled on the floor, either unconscious, or he thought it was a good time to possum. The men decided to leave him alone.

"Now, Sister Lou," said Ward, "you tell this womarn not to let the sun set on her in these diggin's tomorror night. You tell her to git out an' stay out."

The next day old Everet threw some plunder in a wagon, and he and Sal drove out of the community. They went on about fifty miles farther north. In about a year, Lou and all the boys followed them, and they all lived together as one family.

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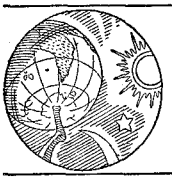
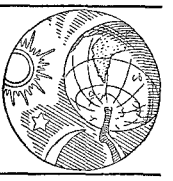


STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in American life to-day



The Prospect of Violent Revolution in the United States

By FRANK TANNENBAUM

THE word "revolution" is something with which to conjure American public opinion at the moment. The Reds base their strategy on the certainty of revolution, and the ultra-conservatives represented by the National Security League and the Congressional Committee headed by Representative Hamilton Fish are actively concerned with its possibility. American business, watching the working out of the Soviet's Five-Year Plan, has qualms and apprehensions of its own.

But the prospect of revolution is not a new phenomenon in America. It was vocal before the Great War, when the I. W. W. and the Socialist Party had a publicity value unknown even to present-day Reds. The hysterical fears that gripped such public officials as Attorney-General Palmer, after the Bolsheviks came to power, made the revolution seem imminent indeed.

If it did not take place in those days it was not due to any lack of advertising. The mere whisper of discontent was pounced upon as evidence of deep-hidden conspiracy. It did not occur then and it seemed for a while that the terror or hope, depending upon the point of view, had ceased to be real. But now, with the depression on hand, with unemployment on the increase and with the middle class discontented due to the break in the stock market, it seems to many earnest people that the revolution is here, is on its way, will happen tomorrow.

But such a revolution has not taken place and a social revolution has not occurred in any industrial country—not in the United States, not in England, not in Germany, not in any place where modern industry absorbs a large proportion of the energies and the interests of men.

We have had revolutions in France, and then the series that followed in their wake all over Europe. More recently we have had revolutions in Mexico, in Russia, in Turkey, in China, in Italy (if that be a revolution), in Bulgaria, in Hungary, in Bavaria (the short-lived Bolshevik revolution there); but we have had no revolution—no serious attempt at a revolution—in any industrial nation.

That is a strange phenomenon—even stranger when it is remembered that the doctrine of social revolution was evolved within an industrial environment and promulgated for the abolition of capitalism and the social evils it generates. In the face of this promised revolt against capitalism and in spite of the harassing fears of those most addicted to witch and heresy hunting, to the searching out of agitators and their more or less gentle crucifixion, nothing of the sort has taken place. In the face of such a fact we must look for the reason for the comparative peace and quiet that industrial nations, including the United States, have enjoyed in a century of social upheaval and catastrophe in agricultural countries.

It may be true, and I think it is, that the theory of a class struggle is rooted in animistic theology. This theory, around which such mighty intellectual battles have been fought, has as its background the universally accepted antithesis between absolute good and absolute evil, dramatized for all believers as a mighty battle between God and the devil. Their repudiation of theology and theological constructs did not enable the theorists of the social revolution from Marx down to escape the impact of this common underlying assumption. It was so deeply rooted that thinking outside of the limits of this antithesis was impossible. It may be an irony of fate that the socialists and the revolutionists repudiated the drama

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but unconsciously retained the motive about which the drama was postulated. God and the devil were denied; but uncompromising conflict between absolute good and absolute evil was retained. The theological drama was shifted from heaven to earth—but the motive was the same, God and the devil, good and evil had become Labor and Capital. The actors were now human beings, whereas they had been "spiritual" ones.

No theory of the class struggle could have been conceived in a world where the older theory of the theological struggle had not existed for centuries, and had not absorbed the "spiritual energies" of hundreds of generations. It was possible only because people believed in a demon, and the transfer of fear and hate, of hope and adoration, from the next world to the present, was a comparatively simple matter and helps to explain the rapid spread of socialistic doctrines, of feelings of despair and hope over so wide an area in so short a time. This, too, may account for the "religious" atmosphere of revolutions—the hymns, the songs, the prayers, the slogans: "You have nothing to lose but your chains, and a world to gain." All of this is not said in derision. It is said in admiration of the simple, childlike faith that has inspired thousands of men and women in the last fifty years to give the best in them to save the world from evil—the all-embracing evil, "capitalism"—and to establish "heaven upon earth."

The taking over of the absolute separation between good and evil made it inevitable theoretically that the outcome should end in cataclysm. No compromise is possible between God and the devil on any issue, and the division of society into two forces completely separated and divided, and representative of two different absolutes, made the acceptance of a sudden and violent revolution the only way out in theory—and if you grant the premises, in fact.

In an agricultural country the evil largely arises from the concentration of land in the hands of a few. The "Latifundista" of Mexico was a visible, immediate and present source of evil. The destruction of the one implied the destruction of the other. The death or disappearance of the lord of the manor made the division of the land a possibility—a possibility that could be envisaged, that could be seen. The revolution was over in Russia when the Maujie took over the land of the land-owner, or in Mexico when the *peon* divided the large estate.

First you killed the owner, then you took his land, then you took his cattle, and the revolution was over. So it happened in France, in Russia, in Mexico. There was a simple objective, a simple remedy—all people could understand the evil, all people could visualize the remedy. Not only that, but the evil was immediate in the sense that it lived by direct physical exploitation. The relation between wages and income for the master was direct. The owner lived in a non-competitive world. "Unit cost" was beside the point. He was not concerned with efficiencies, he had no machinery, he knew nothing about stimulants except the whip—whether in Russia or in Mexico. That was where the class struggle did apply, or seemed to; that was where personal exploitation was visible and felt; that was where immediate hate was directed against an immediate object and the hate could be quenched by blood.

A revolution is possible in an agricultural country and is apparently not possible in an industrial one. I mean a violent social revolution. That does not mean that violence, sporadic violence for immediate ends, is not possible or even sometimes essential. It does not mean that we may not have and may not need the tragic lesson of despair and folly, of heroism and faith, of martyrdom. But such violence is something different from a social upheaval that moves a whole nation—millions of people at one time—for one objective in a great cataclysmatic urge that seems to have no bounds.

A profound social revolution needs a scapegoat—some one who embodies the evil, embodies it and symbolizes it. In Russia it was the Czar; in Mexico, General Diaz. In each little place it was the Czar's representative; in Mexico the *Jefe Politico*. That scapegoat serves many ends—emotional and practical. All evils derive from him—all power is concentrated in him—all good will follow his downfall. Such a scapegoat is non-existent in an industrial community. Political and economic supremacy are not synonymous. True enough, they frequently seem to coincide, but they are not synonymous at all times. And in a democracy, and all industrial nations are democratic, political and economic powers may overlap, but they are not embodied in one person at one time sufficiently long to make possible a concentration of hate to an extent which makes blood the only means of removing him. Instead of having one scapegoat for all evils and at all times, an industrial community tends to have many scapegoats, each at a different time and if at the same time, serving different and frequently opposing ends.

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The point is, I think, clear enough. There is not one evil in democracy, but many. There is not one master in industrialism, but many, and they do not impinge everywhere at the same time, upon all classes and in the same degree. Industrialism is so decentralized in form and surely in fact, that political concentration to the extent that was possible under an older feudal agricultural aristocracy is non-existent. That in itself changes the complexity of the social situation. That alone would make a social revolution in the United States—a violent revolution—difficult.

But this fact does not stand alone. Industrial experience makes for many classes, and not for a class. It would be absurd to deny the existence of profound struggles between different social groups, or, if you will, classes, in the United States. But that is not a class struggle in the older sense, against the background of which the older theory of revolution is postulated. We have our struggles between big and little capitalists, between industries, between the lower middle class and the upper middle class, between one industrial group and another, between the country and the city, between farmers and workers, between workers themselves.

One needs to know the more or less primitive agricultural community that has provided the battle-ground for the social revolutions of the last century to realize how homogeneous its experience is, as compared to ours. The *peon,* the *moujik,* the French peasant—each in his place—lived a life that had a rhythm between himself and that of his fellows. Not only was there a common relationship between master and *peon,* but a common physical and emotional rhythm, a common set of tools, a common relationship to the seasons, a common relationship to the soil, all of which bred a basis of psychological and emotional structure that could be welded into one force, that could be forged into a unit of activity in the face of a common enemy.

No such experience unites our people, not merely in the different social groups, not even in the same industry. If you doubt this, think of the difference between the railroad engineer and the track laborer. It is not merely a difference in income, it is a psychological difference bred from different experience, a different relationship to the social, economic, and, perhaps most important of all, to the technological world in which these two men are working. They become different people because they do essentially different things.

People have often described the fatalism of "primitive" life—and one might add of agricultural life. One who has watched the relationship between a master and a *peon*—absolute command, and absolute obedience—a fatalism that arose of a class difference that had no bridge—a difference as in Mexico which was of race, of culture, of clothes, of food, of habitation, of social aspirations—any one who has seen that will understand what I mean by saying that it was essentially a fatalistic world where change could be envisaged only in terms of a cataclysm because it involved a total change—the very foundations of the world had to topple before the slightest improvement could be made. The existing social structure was encrusted hard and could only be broken. It could not be mended and it could not be bent. It is from that hard setting that the theory of social cataclysm is derived.

But ours is essentially a world of compromise. The very divergence of experience makes compromise inevitable. The struggle for compromise is frequently bitter and bloody, and the attempt to compromise is often defeated. But from the mere fact that in an industrial society differences are graded and groups are varied, changes and compromises are effected in parts and patches, in groups and places, in specific details without at one swoop changing the whole world. That perhaps is as significant a fact in shaping the social psychology of industrial society as anything that one can pick on.

But a world of compromise is a world of converging values—of valuations—of individualism. There is no individualism in the Mexican village. There was apparently none in the Russian Mir—that is illustrated by the ease with which commands are obeyed and orders executed, even to-day, in the remotest village in Russia, and why even in Mexico the very phrase *Supremo Gobierno* carries a flavor which is totally unintelligible to one bred in an industrial world. It isn't fear, it is custom, it is habit, it is the conditioned obedience to command. Industrial experience does not provide such a basis for common obedience, for common faith, for common idealism.

Ours is an individualistic world. Good or bad, right or wrong, such it is. We work, not for our city, for our block, for our community, not even for our family. Increasingly we work for ourselves. One needs only to be conscious of the people about him to realize how lonely our life has become, how isolated, how self-centred, how "unsocial." It is not the basis upon which to construct a universal ideal in some utopia. There may be occasional agree-

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ment upon some specific object, but that is never unanimous as it is in the Mir, or in the Pueblo. Agreement in general has become impossible. A Mexican Indian in trying to convey the public opinion of the village upon some matter in dispute remarked: "Say the children, say the women, say the men, says the whole village." He left no one out. Such general agreement has become impossible among ourselves.

Social revolutions have presupposed a community—people living together for a long time, having common interests that are permanent, common attitudes that are inbred, common ideals that arise from a common experience and the possibility of a universal rage. We drift from city to city, from industry to industry, from East to West, from North to South, from job to job. Our friends change, our neighbors change, our stimuli change, and the "Elks," the "Masons" do not provide an adequate substitute. We will continue to move. That is in the nature of industrialism: new industries, new raw materials, new tools, new power. We have no community and cannot have any. And without it a revolution seems impossible, or at least extremely unlikely.

But this constant movement has a peculiar effect upon the faith of the mass. It stimulates on the one hand "individualism" and on the other hand "cynicism." If you wish for an explanation of the practicality of American life, here it is. The struggle for adjustment is so great that compromise with the world about you is essentially an instrument of survival. But you cannot compromise over and over again without losing the pure faith in the ideal. We are "cynical" because we are so practical, we are so practical because our environment keeps shifting under our feet, and the effort to keep a foot-hold in the world makes cynics of us. The phrase "What is your racket?" has wider acceptability as an attitude toward people and their motives than one ordinarily assumes. To promise the utopia to people in that state of mind is a rather futile gesture, and only the innocent indulge in the exercise. The peculiar floating character of our world has changed the social set and with it the psychological make-up of our people. Their very life of compromise makes them incredulous. It makes them selective. The general credulity of an agricultural community is an ideal sounding-board for any doctrine. But an industrial community is rather different, as the churches have discovered. The people are selective. They pick and choose. They have to live in this world of ours. But they pick and choose not only jobs and professions, but books and magazines, they pick out their special favorites on the radio, and in the movie, and in the newspaper.

Universal education has strengthened and fostered this selectiveness, this individualism, this "cynicism." There is no "instinct of the herd" in an industrial society. There may not even be herds. And we have long suspected that there are no instincts. Education is a good thing, of course; at least so we all believe. But whether it is a good thing or not it is as essential to industrialism as are letters to the alphabet, and eyes to see the light with. Reading, writing, and arithmetic may not be the rock upon which capitalism is built, but they are so essential that they are increasing everywhere with the machine. The information, ideas, suggestions poured in upon one are so numerous, conflicting, and varied, that cynicism is a natural and perhaps a healthy by-product, perhaps their most important by-product. After all the "I'm from Missouri" attitude is but a popular version of the scientific attitude of mind. The general result of all of this is simple enough. It makes for a competition of loyalties, ideals, plans, cures, promises. The divergence of experience in the physical and social world is made still greater by the divergence in the intellectual by-product that it brings forth. The world ceases to have unity, uniformity, faith, so essential for the establishment of heaven upon earth, or the reaching of it in the beyond.

A common faith becomes impossible, differences of opinion inevitable, and in a democracy desirable. Not only does incredulity increase but volubility as well. Where we used to have one prophet we have a thousand, where we used to have one faith we have hundreds. It is, perhaps, no accident that in the United States, where experience is most divergent, where common-school education is so widespread and individualism is so rampant, we should have so many religions. We will follow no man's creed but our own, and go to no heaven but the one we build. But that is not a good ground for a profound social upheaval. And it should be remembered that all profound social upheavals have occurred in countries where the mass of the people were not only agriculturists, not only confined and rooted in communities, not only followers of some common faith, but credulous because they were illiterate. There has been no social revolution in any country where the mass of the people could read and write, and one of the

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reasons is that reading and writing make people vocal and voluble. They acquire opinions, and still more, they acquire a desire to express them. The quiet patience of the agricultural community which harbors its pain, sorrow, and rage for a final outburst in some sudden upheaval is here taken out in talk; the more schooling, the more talk; and the more talk the less likelihood of a revolution.

The individualizing process of industrialism has generated in addition to cynicism a peculiar sense of social consciousness. This is certainly clear from the many and varied purposes that animate men and women in modern society. The impact of industrialism has destroyed uniformity of experience, but it has not destroyed a sense of responsibility for the outcome of individual experience. The very disappearance of a universal panacea has increased interest in the immediate difficulty. In part this is due to the spread of individual responsibility. The individualizing process has torn woman from her traditional rôle and given her a share in the industrial process. It has done for her what it has done for men—made her self-sufficient, purposeful, resourceful, cynical, selective. But a combination of physical and traditional circumstances—family, responsibility, children, greater leisure, greater interest in the humanities—has made women the bearers of the public conscience to an even greater extent than men. The activities of women in social organizations give increasing evidence of that fact.

Whatever traditional reasons have made them conservative, industrial culture has made them aggressive and purposeful, and the right to be counted politically has made them effective in helping shape public policy and public opinion. The full weight of the participation of women in public life is difficult to measure. But it is increasingly effective. No revolution is possible in the United States against the will of American women, and one would be gloriously optimistic who believed that such support would be available. It would be less available than that of the men in each particular instance, and for that reason more effective in the shaping of the changes in particulars by which our whole society seems to shift from position to position. The power of women to reform the world in little ways is the source of their power to make a revolution difficult. No revolution has ever taken place in any country where the women of the land had an equal voice and more time than the men to determine the range of public policy.

But this whole process of individualization is but one way of describing the "democratization" of industrial society. What is important about democracy is the fact that it provides channels for a grievance. That is its basic contribution to political technic. The channels need not be direct, they need not be immediately effective—they need only to exist. Their mere existence guarantees that they will ultimately prove effective when public pressure makes the groove deep enough. So long as the individual feels reasonably certain that he is counted in the final judgment, so long does the grievance lack the poignancy that makes blood the essential element in the solution of a problem.

As a by-product of the democratic process comes a certain sense of give and take, of "sportsmanship," that would have been and was impossible in a crustified and hardened feudal world. The congratulation of the successful candidate by the unsuccessful one is but the repetition of the passing of the silver cup to the winning team, for a year. The psychological process involved is not essentially different in each of these cases, and is possible only because no issue involves all of life, no battle is eternally lost, no cause ever hopelessly defeated, no promise absolutely unkept. This is, after all, part of the give and take, part of the "compromise," part of the "cynicism," of valuation—you to-day and I to-morrow—that is true in business, in politics, in sportsmanship. We have therefore a mobile world, literary, vocal, cynical, compromising, aggressive, and individualistic, with shifting values—and changing group loyalties, with political play (like the football game), a source of method as well as a source of power and hope. In such a world, a social revolution is not conceivable.

Material from SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *does not appear in condensed form in any of the reprint magazines. A great deal of work and planning goes into the preparation and selection of the editorial contents of* SCRIBNER'S. *We believe that condensation to what oftentimes is one-fifth or less of the original length of the article tends to obscure the real meaning of the article and neither does justice to the author nor benefits the reader. When ideas can be expressed in brief space, they appear in "Straws in the Wind."*

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The Spot-Light—Does Woman Deserve It?

By EDNA YOST

I HAVE been a fascinated reader in recent years of what the magazines for Intellectuals have had to say on the subject of woman. Any one who has followed these periodicals with some degree of regularity realizes that the revelation of woman's mind and soul has been played upon by certain magazines for a fifty-cent audience just as definitely as physical nudity has been played upon by others for a fifteen-cent one. The editorial psychology is fundamentally identical; the aim in either case is to increase sales.

As a member of the frequently exposed sex, I am forced to admit that I do not believe that, as a human being separate and apart from man, woman is worth the paper and printer's ink recently devoted to her. But it is satisfying to the feminine ego to consult the *Readers' Guide* for recent years and compare the amount of material listed under Woman, as a genus *per se,* with that listed under Man. For the comparison seems to indicate that we women really are far the more important and interesting of the two. Such a conclusion, however, is rooted more in the shallow printed page than in life itself. For to one who attempts to live as well as to read, any discussion about human beings which is based upon their physical separation into two sexes and then treats of one of them as an entity separate and apart from the rest of the race is seen to be an evasion of one sort or another.

Yet it would be a simple matter to name a lengthy list of presumably serious articles bought and published by editors of our better magazines in the past few years which treat woman as a distinct and separate species with laws peculiar to herself—articles which discuss her problems as if they are apart from, rather than an inseparable part of, the problems of the whole race. Let me recall a few of them: "Can Intellectual Women Live Happily?" "Are Women Pikers?" "Logic and the Ladies," "Can a Woman Drive a Car?" "Do Women Lose Their Power to Think Earlier Than Men?" "Ladies and Lawlessness," "Are Brains a Handicap to a Woman?" "Are Women Inferior or Are They Trying to Side-Track Nature?" "Do Women Really Like Each Other?" "Are Women More Irritable Than Men?" "Things I Can't Understand About Women," and "Some Masculine Thoughts About Women." Though why this last title seemed necessary I scarcely know, since practically all the above articles record masculine thoughts on women.

Examination of these articles and of innumerable others easily reveals the lop-sided point of view on life which brought them into existence. Discussions about the unmarried woman are indulged in, for example, instead of discussions about unmarried people. Whether or not the intellectual woman can be happy is written about in these modern days as if intellectual development in woman is some feminine abnormality instead of an inevitable part of the intellectual progress of the race. And certainly the insertion of the feminine, or protective, point of view (that is, that the human race is more important than the cash profits from the work it does) into the highly efficient capitalistic system which the masculine half of the race alone has created in the world of business and industry, will be accomplished as much through man's readjustment as through woman's adjustment. Yet when or where do we see the matter discussed from some fundamental standpoint which recognizes the need for the feminine contribution here before the system will be completely human instead of just masculine? From reading the magazines one would think that the economic world is some perfect creation into which woman fits imperfectly, and that the fault lies in her rather than in both.

It seems to me that this extensive focussing of the spot-light on woman alone is the result of somebody's failure to recognize the essential unity of all human life; and that in these modern days such a failure is becoming more and more deliberate and stupid. For any intelligent person knows that a spot-light not only shows up the chosen object, but that its glare casts shadows over surrounding objects. Since it is impossible to view human beings fairly except in their setting in the rest of the world, this constant focussing of a spot-light on woman alone looks suspiciously at times like somebody's clever attempts to keep the other half of the race away from the Kleigs. Of course it turns out to be a compliment to woman. It gives the feminine half of the race

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a tremendous confidence in itself—a confidence which is bound to get it somewhere. But it does not help any of us, male or female, to see ourselves in the proper perspective.

Intellectuals of either sex are funny. And never are they funnier than when they write from their own deep-seated prejudices. They make one think of Vesuvius trying to be gentle. When they erupt it's always white-hot lava. Whatever else an Intellectual may be, he (or she) often seems to be an individual who transfers to the opposite sex all those not quite admirable traits which his mind knows all about but which emotionally he has never accepted in himself or in members of his own sex. Thus, men Intellectuals are able to write scathingly about selfishness or a lack of logic, et cetera, et cetera, as if they are predominantly the traits of women rather than of many, many human beings regardless of sex.

Lest I seem to be betraying my own prejudices in the next few pages in naming men rather than women as examples of funny Intellectuals, I refer again to the *Readers' Guide* for recent years as proof of the fact that articles about Man as a biological and psychological specimen are not being indulged in by the best magazines. This does not mean that Intellectuals of the feminine persuasion are above writing them, but merely that editors are not publishing them. Women are as blind and prejudiced about men as men are about women—though most of them do not believe it. Virginia Woolf has recently attributed the lack of books written by women about men (in the British Museum) to the fact that women do not write them, a judgment which I accept. I think it is true, however, that plenty of women Intellectuals have written magazine-length articles about man as blindly prejudiced as a John Macy or an Ernest Boyd could ever be about woman. But as long as men are the final judges of what is to be published in our high-class magazines, the public may depend upon it that articles which are distinctly unfair to men in a derogatory way will have little opportunity of appearing in print. This does not mean that they are deliberately tabooed because they tramp on an editor's masculine toes. But when an editor judges an article for publication (this is not true of fiction) he not only wants it to have sales value, but he usually wants to believe that its underlying thought is sound. It need not be deep always, but it should be sound. And show me the man who is able to believe a woman is thinking soundly about men when she does it from a reverse Ernest Boyd-John Macy slant, and I'll show you a flying rhinoceros with six delicate gossamer wings.

Back in the middle of the eighteenth century when Lord Chesterfield was trying by correspondence to instruct his illegitimate son in the art of being a gentleman, he wrote him: "Your conversation with women should always be respectful, but at the same time *enjoué*, and always addressed to their vanity. Everything you say or do should convince them of the regard you have (whether you have it or not) for their beauty, their wit, or their merit. . . ." And later, "The penetration of princes seldom goes deeper than the surface. It is the exterior which always engages their hearts, and I would never advise you to give yourself much trouble about their understanding. Princes in general (I mean those who are born and bred to the purple) are about the pitch of women; bred up like them, and to be addressed and gained in the same manner."

Now our modern Intellectuals have little in common with Chesterfield in their approach to women. Much of what they write is an attempt to convince us that they have no regard whatsoever for our wit or merit (whether they have it or not!) and their conversation is quite as likely to be persimmony as *enjoué*. But like Chesterfield they have never given themselves "much trouble about their understanding." Like that old gallant, too, they possess an ego-protecting blindness which enables them to see that it is the other fellow only who is not penetrating beneath the surface. They have created their own two-dimensional canvases, one of man and another of woman, to suit their own intellectual and physical needs, and because woman does not stay framed nicely within hers they blame her for spoiling the picture rather than themselves for putting on the frame.

For example: James Truslow Adams wrote in a recent article, "I think it cannot be denied that woman in America has failed in her age-long duty of civilizing her man. . . . Woman having failed to socialize and humanize her man, it may yet be his job to civilize *her*." This is a point of view which antedates even Chesterfield—this canvas which paints woman as with an "age-long duty of civilizing her man." The modern idea is that here we are, male and female, each with a contribution to make toward humanizing (not masculinizing or femininizing) the world we live in, and each achieving our own salvation through

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learning to make that contribution. Adult growth comes through doing, not in being done to. If Mr. Adams is right in his contention that the American man is not yet civilized, it merely means that man has not yet made his rightful contribution. When he does, he will be civilized. And all that woman would ever be able to do *to* him is highly unimportant. The only function either sex has in the life of the other is that of honest, unthwarting co-operation. Any other idea is far too antiquated for modern life. And I blush with shame for those published males and unpublished females who still think of their own sex as capable of acting as God for the rest of us, and of the opposite sex as responsible for the lack of human perfection in the world.

Frankly, the point of view which the Intellectual so often has on the opposite sex fascinates me. When John Macy, who humbly admits that "it is from women that I try to learn about women," says bluntly that "the reason women are more subject to hysteria than men, in the proportion of twenty to one, is in plain terms that their brains are weaker," I marvel in all sincerity at his ability to discard other explanations in favor of this one. It is the "why" of the ability of people of recognized intellectual capacity to be utterly stupid when it comes to an attempted understanding of the opposite sex which intrigues me. Why, for instance, did Mr. Macy not say that the reason might be that women are capable of much greater emotional heights than men, that they are, hence, more capable of all forms of emotional enjoyment, including sex, and that with external conditions made favorable, this force (controlled) will doubtless lead them to eclipse man in many forms of artistic creativeness. Not that I believe it! But from the coldly logical standpoint (and Mr. Macy was talking about logic and the ladies) one explanation is just as rational as the other. The trouble is that both are somewhat removed from life.

Then there is D. H. Lawrence who frankly studied the barnyard to learn about women before writing his "Cocksure Women and Hensure Men," and devoted, I hasten to add, but five lines of type to hensure men. Observing that when an airplane swoops over the chickenyard it is always the cock who flaps his wings and calls the hens to shelter (though why they need shelter from something harmless and interesting he does not discuss), he somehow arrives at the conclusion that the tragedy of the modern woman is that having lived her life with so much cocksureness, the hensureness which is the real bliss of every female (chicken or human, obviously) has been denied her, so she has missed life altogether. Poignantly he summarizes this awful woman tragedy with one word. "Nothingness!" says he! Which aptly summarizes much of the drivel being written by the Intellectuals about women, it seems to me.

Men and women are different—no question about that. But not so different as this spotlight on women is tending to suggest. There is more of the man in civilized woman and more of the woman in civilized man than most of us are willing to admit. Somehow the feeling still clings that it unsexes either sex to cultivate, or even admit, its similarities with each other. Strong-minded women are still loath to be called intellectual, and tender-hearted men still cringe at being called emotional. The significance of "human" has not yet gripped us; because mental and emotional adolescence must be put behind us before we are able to understand where qualities that are merely male and female leave off and those which are truly human begin. Until both men and women realize that the acceptance and development of their human qualities will make them greater rather than feebler male and female men and women, the antagonisms which arise from sex fears will crowd out the co-operation which would arise from genuine sex understanding—which is love. Let's learn to be chickens as well as mere, though excellent, cocks and hens.

I suppose from the strictly logical standpoint the one thing which would counterbalance easiest the unfair effects of all the spot-light which has been played upon woman would be a similar spot-light on man as a species separate and apart from the rest of the race. Stick him on a pin, too, and watch him wriggle. But two stupidities rarely bring forth wisdom, even in print. Rather we need to hear more from both men and women who have achieved the state of being human beings instead of that of only maleness or femaleness.

I think we have been hearing far too little from women of this caliber. The policies of our high-grade magazines have been interesting in recent years not only for what has been said in them about woman but for what they have permitted women to say in their valuable pages. I have talked considerably with editors who help to create magazines and infinitely more with the public which reads them. The idea seems to be prevalent that, in comparison with the other sex, women who really think are few; and that this accounts for the dearth of thought material which has been published

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over women's names, and for the fact that when you find an article by a woman on a subject which would allow for personal thought, it is almost always either cleverly amusing or merely reportorial. There may be truth in their explanation of this—that women who think are few—but life has not convinced me of it. Too many women have the experience of being told, "You think exactly like a man" (it is supposed to be a compliment), and then, when they arrive at some conclusion which seems simple and inevitable to them, of being told paternally, "But no; I don't follow you there. I'm afraid you're being emotional (or illogical)." It is not likely to happen in a discussion on some impersonal subject like mathematics. (It is surprising how well we get along with men on mathematics!) But once let us get into a discussion on some phase of what we call "life," and what appears to be legitimate thought to us is too often held to be the sheerest emotionalism, or lack of logic, by men—including editors. I am willing to admit that men may be right. But then again, they may not be. I submit as a fact that nobody yet knows. And until women who believe they are thinking break into print and think further on those very topics where men find them illogical, the whole subject of thought which is completely human is being kept much darker than is good for us. The field of thought, like the business and industrial world, may be more purely masculine and, hence, less human, than we suspect.

Woman, I think, needs not so much to be talked about as to be permitted a natural light and a natural setting. Until the spot-light is removed from her, she cannot be seen for what she really is. For, as long as she must face the glare, she is bound to keep her make-up on. Which is a silly performance both for her and for the spot-light tenders. Woman alone, as a species separate and apart from man, actually is not worth a hill of beans, for the simple reason that she does not exist that way. Only the Intellectuals see life like that—the Intellectuals and those-to-be-pitied others whose inner disunion with reality prevents them from recognizing the essential oneness of all life.

Will the Church Sell Out to the Rich?

By TERTIUS VAN DYKE

With each mature man acting as his own priest and looking to his fellow men (including ministers) only for example and counsel in seeking this goal, it follows that in our Protestant churches democracy is fundamental. In order to be a real Protestant a man must believe in brotherhood, even among unequals, and in providing a fair chance for every man to attain the highest development of which he is capable. For democracy is only secondarily a theory of government—even though this is the aspect of it that most people talk about to-day. Primarily it is a belief in the right and duty of each man to live up to his capacity.

The genius of Protestantism lies in the phrase, "The universal priesthood of believers." In its essence the phrase means that a man's relation with God must be direct, without human intermediary; and consequently that a man's relation with his fellow men is that of helping others and of being helped by others to gain this direct relation with God. This is the ideal which expresses the positive contribution of Protestantism to human life and welfare.

But Protestantism, at least in America, has to-day forgotten its essential genius. Large sections of the Protestant population have become mere audiences for orators or assemblages of spectators at public ceremonies. And these orations and ceremonies—whatever the intention behind their exercise—entertain people and occupy their attention momentarily instead of affecting their inner thoughts and feelings. Great numbers of ministers have become so separated from the inner life of plain people that they have almost reduced their ministerial work to *panem et circenses*—or at least to social service and public ceremonies. The vested

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interests of the churches as incorporated institutions exert an undue influence in shaping their policies. In both these ways the Protestant churches are becoming separated from the people and are consequently dwindling in influence—whatever they may be doing in terms of things that can be statistically reported. The Protestant churches seem to find their chief *raison d'être* either in being a governmental agency for law and order, or a distributing agency for the benevolently inclined rich people, or occasionally an exclusive club. The independent American who wishes to stand on his own feet and live as a friendly neighbor among his fellow men is left out of the picture. So he endeavors to express his religion as best he can through social institutions other than the church.

Now with the prevailing habits and customs—one can hardly call them policies—of the Protestant churches, such as they are, one is driven to stand with the rebels. And yet I cannot see any justification for the common proposal to scrap organized religion of the Protestant type. If a ship is proving unseaworthy because of carrying a cargo for which she was not built and because of the bad seamanship of officers and crew, may not the best policy be to jettison the unwieldy cargo, load and man her properly and start out again?

Just this reform seems to be the need of the Protestant churches. First of all, let us stand by our colors as Protestants, *i. e.*, let us really accept the proposition of the universal priesthood of believers. Let us begin by seeing to it that each community has a genuine religious leader in order that it may learn with his help rightfully to express the religion of its believers in word and deed. Here we are at the heart of the trouble. For, owing to the lack of this policy in the Protestant churches, ministers tend to flock to the cities where they attempt to regiment and control crowds instead of developing individuals. If Protestants really believed in Protestantism sufficiently to formulate a policy on it, we would soon put an end to this business of concentrating ministers in cities while neglecting the smaller towns and villages and especially the country areas. I say it will require the formulation of a policy to effect the change, because so long as the living salaries are chiefly offered in the big cities, the ministers—most of whom are men of very limited means—must necessarily go there or see their wives and children join them in paying the price. Nothing in all our Protestant lack of strategy compares in ugliness with this single item, for it means that many ministers are compelled to choose their field of work on grounds inconsistent with their ideals, interests, and qualifications. When to this is added the well-known fact that our big city populations are constantly renewed from the neglected village and country areas, the situation is revealed as a positive menace. Having allowed boys and girls to grow up with the weakest of religious leadership—sometimes with none at all—we then attempt to reach them when they come to the cities by "great preaching" combined with institutionalized pastoral work!

Protestantism, in neglecting the outlying areas and concentrating its efforts on the crowded centres, is both running contrary to democratic justice and denying its own genius. We call ourselves a democratic nation and yet in no other country in the world are the men of natural capacities and special training so concentrated in the big cities as in the United States. Much could be said against this huddle habit of our able men, a habit which too easily produces "high-brows" and other superior persons, all of whom are far less democratic than the old world aristocrats who at least have some feeling for the land and know the meaning of *noblesse oblige*. The argument for stronger leadership in the village and country communities is first based on a demand for democratic justice; and secondly on the fact, apparent to all who know the people of these districts, that great potentialities are going to waste among them for lack of encouragement and direction. The Protestant ecclesiastical leaders are guilty of poor statesmanship because their procedures are contrary to Protestant principles. Despite all their pleas for recruiting the ministry they are themselves the main obstacles in the way of making the best of the men who are already in the ministry and of attracting others to enter it.

But all the blame does not belong to the ecclesiastical leaders. Much of it belongs to us who are ministers. Many of us also have been left high and dry by the falling tide of belief in democracy. We no longer wish to live familiarly with the people. We crave "positions of influence" where we can make careers for ourselves. We wish to be at the hub, the centre of life. And, like the vast majority of people, we think the hub means some particular place —usually a city—instead of any place where there is observation, thought, and friendship. For some men of course the city is the place for such work. Who can quarrel with the right man in the right place? But others, although they belong in the country, find themselves un-

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able to stem the popular cityward tide or unwilling to accept the handicaps along with the privileges which the country affords. There is no doubt that the Protestant ministry as a whole is trading its democratic leadership for a mess of pseudo-influential positions. Perhaps this is why so many ministers drift at last out of their churches and become sublimated public-relations counsels. They believe more in publicity than in pastoral work.

The Protestant ministers and ecclesiastical leaders need a policy that will make the church neither the instrument of domineering majorities nor the agency of benevolent masters, but the home of all sorts of men of faith and good-will. The ministers need to get out of the distorting spot-light of personal publicity and live in the lights and fires of human hearts.

If Protestantism will begin by taking the false emphasis off cities and crowds and will place it on the religious development of all people, the first step will be taken toward getting out of our present dilemma. There will be fewer pseudo-cathedrals struggling to think up ways of using their costly equipment to justify their maintenance. There will be fewer broken-down little churches dominated by a few dogmatic members who control the church policies by well-timed financial threats. And the pitiful sight of ministers harassed by fears or personal ambitions will be largely done away with. Not that these things can happen all at once. Not that these first two difficult steps are the whole story. But I submit that unless the ministerial and ecclesiastical policies of the Protestant churches become Protestant in these respects at least, there is no hope for Protestantism. For men to-day are in no mood to be trifled with concerning the affairs of religion. Either religion is the most important thing in the world, or it is utterly insignificant.

II

The first requirement, then, for a truly Protestant policy is a change of heart and, in some instances, a change of personnel at ecclesiastical headquarters. The few lonely souls on boards and in administrative offices who have long seen this and have been quietly working for it ought now to speak out plainly. There must be a revival of religion in the administration of the churches if the churches are to have any part in a revival of religion in the world.

The financial prosperity of the Protestant churches to-day is like that of our nation. It is a concentrated, unsocial prosperity which floods certain portions and leaves other districts parched and dry. Prosperity is distributed (if you can use that word about it at all) not according to a deliberate policy, but more or less according to temporary decisions and not seldom according to the former opinions of good (but fallible) men long since dead. How can there be a feeling of union and solidarity within the denominations or among them when money that might be used to release spiritual power in one place is used in another for ecclesiastical display? Does this make for the credit of religion? No—I am not an iconoclast, only an angry idealist. There are differing scales of living. Beauty I agree is a real part of regular worship for most people. But is there no limit to the spending of church money for æsthetic purposes? Are there no claims among the brotherhood? Our ecclesiastical statesmen ought to strengthen their influence against establishing religion as a mere endowed ceremony or social-service station in any particular place regardless of population changes, and against attempting to make Protestantism impressive by architectural and other displays while there are people in the direst need. I neither say nor imply that the church's business is the equable distribution of wealth; but I do say that a luxurious religion lacks the essence of the Protestant view of religion. Surely, we are not so fearful about the immortal nature of religion or so sceptical of the rising generation that we must financially guarantee religion's continuance after *we* are gone!

Perhaps the denominational officers could assemble funds from all the churches (without all sorts of strings attached) which could be administered not to maintain fixed types of theology or worship in perpetuity, but to supplement the means of needy churches on a basis of mutual respect. Many practical suggestions along this line have been made by men of long and wide experience. I am not now concerned with the details. I wish only to show that the charge of the lack of a truly Protestant policy among the Protestant churches is founded on positive grounds—*i. e.*, there is a way to provide a policy if the ecclesiastical statesmen will recognize the need and exercise courage and faith.

The ministers too in their churches have much blame to bear. Many of them have surrendered their primary functions of preaching and pastoral work in exchange for executive and administrative functions. Let any minister own up to the amount of time he spends on committee work and promotional plans! There

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is much talk to-day about the futility of preaching because so much of the preaching one hears is hastily prepared and devoted to secondary topics. There is much complaint among the people in the churches because they feel that they are being regimented for ulterior ends instead of being instructed and led toward a spiritual experience.

Among impatient idealists this has resulted either in a revolt from organized religion, or in an acceptance of the secularization of the church and a consequent surrender of ideals. As a matter of fact, God in many Protestant churches has become only a sanction for the majority opinion. And the churches' most notable achievements lie in the field of enforcing those opinions on the minority. The unabashed political activities of large sections of Protestantism within their own assemblies and even in State legislatures and Congress are illustrations. The Protestant ministry (with blessed exceptions) is not composed of religious leaders but of clever guessers of popular fashions. In saying this I am not forgetting the great rank and file of good and faithful men who work hard in their churches but who, deprived of the support of a sustained policy and harassed by all sorts of promotional schemes, are well aware that their work only occasionally touches the heart of religion in their communities. For the most part they are men sinking into subdued hope, publicly urging the people to come to church and manfully endeavoring to "magnify their office" but privately living with a sense of frustration. Some of them have been very inadequately trained for the stern realities of what the Protestant ministry must be to-day. The scholarship of many of them is weak due to the lowering of standards for the pastorate and to the diffuse elective system of many theological seminaries—not to mention the superficiality of the much-travelled short-cuts to the ministry. The Honorable George W. Wickersham has accurately pointed out that the ministry is no longer a learned profession and is not properly qualified to lead the people. He might have added that it is in imminent danger of becoming ridiculous.

Furthermore, because of the all but universal trend toward the cities in which our American people are still involved it is usual to regard village and country churches either as training-grounds for inexperienced ministers who, if they are successful, "advance" to the city churches, or as retiring-grounds for "lame ducks." I am aware that this situation has somewhat changed since the establishment of departments of country life, and the notable work in the rural field of certain universities and colleges and theological seminaries and since the launching of the community church and the larger parish idea. But too many ministers one meets in the country are either on their way to the city (at least in their own minds) or else are settling back into mediocrity. The bad effect on the rural churches and ministers involved cannot be overestimated; and the result for the whole church constituency is subtly corrupting because of the hypocrisy it reveals.

Now I do not doubt that there is a third element, in addition to the conditions among the ministers and at ecclesiastical headquarters, which bears a share in the blame for this situation in the Protestant churches. That is the attitude of the church members themselves. Doubtless one reason why churches do not get strong religious leaders is because they do not want them. They would rather "keep" a minister for purposes of law and order and for occasions of public ceremony and private consolation than live and work with one who believes in such a disturbing thing as the kingdom of God. The question may be fairly asked whether the Protestant churches by and large include the positively religious people of their communities. In some instances they certainly do. But there are lots of strong religious men and women who have no relation with the churches, and many more whose relation is a sentimental attachment with most of their religious activities and experiences outside of the churches.

For these reasons I claim that the reform of the Protestant churches on which their return to their rightful influence depends ought to begin with the ecclesiastical statesmen and ministers. Otherwise, lacking a vigorous policy and leadership, the local churches may drift into such a state that they cannot be revived.

Protestantism has a genuine contribution to make to our common life to-day. I even venture to suggest that, as it becomes more tolerant under our constitutional provisions for religious freedom, and as the fad for imitating ceremonies foreign to its spirit passes, Protestantism may be found to contain the germ of imperishable religion for men of emotional stability and power of thought.

But before these things can be realized the Protestant churches must develop a Protestant policy both in ecclesiastical headquarters and in the ministry.

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Wives by Mail

By GREGORY MASON

If you are the average American, you may be surprised to learn of the picturesque but semi-secret procedure by which scores of your fellow citizens—if you live in an average city—have secured offers of matrimony via first-class mail. That is to say, in the United States to-day thousands of honest, respectable people get married every year with the help of professional marriage brokers after a postal courtship during which they do not see each other. And apparently the percentage of such marriages which fail is smaller than the percentage of unions which dissolve in the divorce court after the conventional "romantic courtship."

As a matter of fact, the marriage broker is a very old institution. And marriage by bargain or barter is a very old thing—being virtually coeval with the dawn of human culture. It was common among ancient peoples for a would-be husband to buy his mate from her father with an attractive offer of cattle, horseflesh, furs or food. And many "uncivilized" tribes in several continents keep alive variations of this matrimonial procedure to the present day. Among the very civilized Jews of Europe and the United States the *Shadchan,* or Go-Between, makes thousands of marriages annually and enjoys the healthiest social standing and the complete respect of religious and lay leaders of the Jewry.

Nevertheless, the fact that a great many Protestant and Catholic citizens of our country are annually induced to assume the bonds of matrimony by the representations of Gentile marriage bureaus will surprise many readers of this article, as it surprised me when I discovered this fact a few years ago. The thing is more astounding in that a certain air of questionable morality still surrounds this method of getting a spouse even among those Gentiles who in desperation resort to it.

I was hunting in the north woods, and late one afternoon accepted the invitation of an old trapper to make use of the overnight shelter of his little shack. After a meal of raccoon-stew and applesauce he offered me for diversion some thumb-marked copies of "Police Gazette" and "Hunter-Trader-Trapper." In the advertising columns of each of these journals were set forth the claims of marriage brokers that for a small fee they could find the reader a spouse to make him happy for life. When my skeptical chuckles drew the attention of the old trapper, he observed that he heartily endorsed this form of matrimony, and that he himself had got a wife that way who had proved almost perfect in every respect except that she had died too early. Still skeptical, I made a note of the addresses of three or four of the agents of Cupid, and on my return to civilization wrote to them for their "literature."

The response made my mail heavy for several days. There came the *Correspondence Bulletin* of the New Ideas Correspondence Club, 1138 South 7th Street, Camden, N. J.; the *Romance Magazine* of Wichita, Kansas; *Cupid's Directory,* from the Knox Company, Denver, Colo.; long lists of possible wives from the Marriage Bells Club, of Cleveland, Ohio; from the Sincere Corresponding Club, of Valley, Neb., and from many others, including the Universal Correspondence Club, of 16 Cambridge Street, London, S. W. 1, England, which was very earnestly engaged in attempting to unload some of Britain's surplus of females on the lonely ranches and mines of Alberta, Alaska, and Arizona.

Each of these "bulletins" or "magazines" contained the advertisements—often accompanied by photographs—of men and women who invited correspondents of the opposite sex to write to them for "amusement and what may follow," "correspondence and results," or, more frankly, "object, matrimony." A great many more women than men advertise, but the majority of both sexes stress their more solid qualities such as "good provider," "faithful to the one I love," "loyal little pal," etc.

Comparatively few of the feminine advertisements emphasize the possession of physical allurements as much as the following:

> 1349 Springfield, Ill. Classy little brunette of the flapper type; have received many compliments on my shapely figure and exquisitely modeled ankles; have wonderful skin and beautiful long eye lashes. Am 18 years of age, height 5–2, weight 117; dark hair, blue eyes; American, Christian; well educated; am a classy dresser, play piano and have had some experience in housework and cooking. Wish to marry and would be willing to live anywhere. Write and learn more.

The number used is merely the agency's

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catalogue number. In order to heed the warm request to "write and learn more," the wife-hunting male must "register" with the agency, *i. e.,* pay a fee of from two to five dollars. (Women pay a somewhat smaller fee.) In return he receives the addresses of the maids whose come-on literature has aroused his interest, or, in some cases, the addresses of all the women in the catalogue. Such notices as the one just quoted are far less numerous than more sober appeals like the following:

No. 835. I am a true 100% American and want to join your club for the reason that this life is too lonely to live all alone, so will ask for some gentleman, home-loving with home or financially able to care for a good No. 1 woman, aged over 60, but taken for 45 or 50, more often. Strong and healthy, dark hair, slightly gray, dark eyes, height 5 feet 8 in., weight somewhere near 200 lbs. Am a widow by death. Any gent answering this must be a true and clean and good disposition. No grouch need apply.

Loneliness is the note which rings through eighty per cent of these appeals. Consider this:

65.—I am a lonely little widow of 32 years and am looking for a life partner into whose life I can bring some sunshine, and he in mine. I am light complected, 5 ft. 1 in., 129 pounds. Considered plain looking. I am looking for a gentleman older than myself, one that is kind and loving, of a good disposition, and that does not gamble or drink. Do not object to tobacco. Am a home loving little widow and hope I can find some man that is the same. I will inherit some money.

This sounds like just what she wants:

46817, Ottumwa, Iowa. I am a bachelor, 40 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches, 175 pounds, black hair and brown eyes, American on all sides from away back. Do not drink or gamble or indulge in the races. Have no bad habits but smoking. Am not a society man, but a Christian who loves home and all clean amusements. Good worker. Want a loving wife from 25 to 35, one that can appreciate and retaliate the affection I would bestow upon the woman of my choice. I try to live right in the sight of God. Own my farm and would like to hear from a farm girl or woman.

Pathos predominates the appeals of many of these lonely hearts;

1354. Want to correspond with some nice woman. I am an old, lonely man, 55 years of age, 5 feet 2 in. tall, weigh 171 pounds. Brown hair, brown eyes, white, American, Christian. Own my home, no debts. Make a fine home for the right woman.

8818—Young widower by death, hardshell Baptist, live "Golden Rule," two fine boys, 5 and 7, don't drink nor smoke nor chew for the past eight years and think I can forever more. Remember I don't drink smoke or chew. Own very valuable farm, practically with city conveniences, gas well on farm, Bell telephone. Now I am very lonely and sad and desirous of becoming acquainted with sensible, loving, noble-hearted little woman, one with a mild sweet disposition and one that has control of the same. Prefer brown eyes, or a brunette type (others not barred), small to medium, refined and of high ideals.

Occasionally one runs across an advertisement which expresses apologies for using this method of making acquaintances. Such is the case of No. 841, who announces: "I am thrusting all old biased conventions aside and attempting to secure the mate I desire by advertising for him. I am very lonely, my heart craves for the love and companionship of a real lonely lovable pal as I am myself. Isn't love and home worth seeking?"

The agencies themselves devote some part of their preliminary appeal to breaking down the wide-spread prejudice which undoubtedly exists against arranging a marriage by mail. The manager of one bureau seeks to allay the qualms of possible male clients as follows:

"The question may occur to you why so many ladies of good taste, wealth, culture and refinement join our club with marriage as their object; there are many reasons, among them are the facts that in some sections of the country one sex greatly outnumbers the other. Then there are those whose acquaintance is limited to their own immediate neighborhoods and want to circulate outside their own little sphere before making so serious a venture as marriage."

Another agency earns an appearance of safeguarding the interests of its gentlemen clients with this printed warning:

"Never send money, jewelry or valuable presents to any lady that you meet through this club. While I believe that all of my lady members are honest and truthful, and mean only to do that which is right, still one never knows when a black sheep may creep into our flock, therefore, if at any time you should receive a letter from any of our lady members asking you to send her money for carfare, clothing or anything else, I would advise you to go very slow with that lady and find out from some responsible party in her town or city just what her character and standing is and if it is not good, notify me at once in order that I can cancel her name from our books."

This rings true enough. And I can testify that among the scores of women whose addresses were given me by marriage agencies I found not one whose honesty seemed questionable, and only two who had enrolled like myself, merely for the fun of the thing. The others were quite desperately sincere in their search for a mate. The caution, which I observed at first in fear of breach of promise suits or other complications, proved entirely unnecessary, for although many of them were semi-illiterate these women were as fair as they were sincere.

There is no question then, that there is a genuine need for assistance in matrimonial negotiations existing on the part of hundreds

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of thousands of Americans. Perhaps millions, for I am convinced that a great many persons who do not appeal to matrimonial bureaus would do so the minute the social stigma attached to such procedure were removed.

Nor is it only persons of the illiterate type who patronize or are sorely tempted to patronize the matrimonial bureau. More than a year ago a magazine of small but national circulation published an article in which I reported some of the personal preferences revealed by my study of marriage agencies. I told how women eschew "lounge lizards" and how men prefer plumpness, long hair, and—contrary to Anita Loos—brunettes. Although this magazine has a circulation well under 100,000 that article brought me more letters than have ever come to me as the result of any article in magazines whose circulations run into millions. Ninety-eight per cent of these letters were entirely literate, their authors obviously intelligent, and, in many cases, persons of means and social position.

Practically all of these correspondents asked to be given the name of a reputable marriage agency. One well-to-do business man of Illinois wrote:

"If it isn't against the law would you mind sending me the addresses of some of those Matrimonial Bureaus? I have looked through all the risque-looking magazines and am unable to find any trace of such things. Why they keep such necessary and legitimate enterprises a secret is another thing I suppose I will never understand."

There is no law against giving such information, so far as I know, but one or two States do have laws which seem to prohibit the arrangement of marriages by brokers for a financial consideration. In the main, however, it is custom, rather than law, which forces the marriage bureaus to operate in a sub-rosa manner. Even to get anything printed about it is difficult. I approached the editor of practically every magazine in the United States which has a circulation of more than a million, and while without exception these editors were intensely interested in the subject themselves they declared they dared not print anything about it. The taboo which still surrounds any serious discussion of sex relations in this country was too powerful for them. And one editor added, "Why, if I published anything on that subject I'd find this whole magazine had been turned into a marriage bureau!" (A frank admission that the subject is of vital importance to a large element of the public!)

As indicated already, the interest is even keener among women than among men. The women's plight is the harder. The attainment of economic independence by many women has apparently reduced their chances of matrimony. The girl who leaves the farm to work in an office or factory in the city has far fewer chances of meeting eligible young men than had her grandmother who stayed at home. In those days the young men also hugged the hearth and were available for church suppers and Sunday evening conversations on the old horse-hair sofa. Strangely enough, the youths who migrate to the city do not seem to meet the girls of their own class, although they are not so lonely as the latter because of their opportunities to "pick up" girls of another class.

It is nothing new for leaders of Church and State to be concerned with the tendency of the more educated class to postpone matrimony and limit offspring. But an apparent decrease of the chances of the cultivated but impecunious city woman of the middle class to marry at all has been given little attention by social reformers. Women of this type have, however, begun to utter quite articulate protests and laments.

The following excerpt from the letter of a celibate young woman who works in a large industrial town describes the predicament of thousands of young women in this country far better than I could describe it:

"What I want is not sympathy or charity. I want a husband and children, the simple satisfactions of a normal home which God intended every woman to have. They say I am not bad looking, and I am considered intelligent and companionable by my women friends. I have a good job, am energetic, and am capable of doing more than my share to make a home run smoothly. But though I have reached the age of 34 no man yet has asked me to marry him. Nor, so far as I know, even considered asking me. Nor, at this moment, do I see any prospect that one is ever going to ask me.

"I would think it my fault if I had ever had a man interested in me and then lost him. But my complaint is that in this migratory, kitchenette-apartment-house civilization of ours I cannot even get acquainted with attractive unmarried men sufficiently for them to notice my good points. I do not live at home. I have had to leave the village of my parents to work for my living in an industrial town. I certainly believe that this experience—very common among American women, God knows!—makes it harder than ever for a girl to meet the right sort of men.

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"I was brought up in a sober, Christian home. I have always led the life which my parents taught me was the good life, the decent life. But I confess my own experience has made me begin to wonder, begin to question certain things which I have always taken for granted. For instance, the other day I read an article by a clergyman glorifying Christianity as against some other religions because it guaranteed that a wife should have a whole husband and not a fraction of one, as under polygamy. Yet, when I had finished that article I found myself asking,

" 'Wouldn't it be better for a woman to have even a fraction of a husband than to have no husband at all?'

"A lot of us are about ready to try anything which offers even the slightest hope of improving our lot. A friend of mine, a refined schoolteacher whose brother investigated marriage agencies as a lark and found to his surprise that a good many tolerably happy unions seem to be brought about by these institutions, has just enrolled with a matrimonial bureau and is beginning to be swamped by mail from lonely men. For there seem to be lots of lonely men, too, which makes my own predicament appear the more bewildering.

"One thing I am sure of. I should like to scratch the eyes out of that man or woman (I'll bet it was an unhappily married woman) who invented that expression *sublimate*. Sublimate, forget love and maternity, the old fossils tell you. And another thing is certain. The way many of us Americans who are past thirty were brought up to consider sex a dirty business and marriage a consummation to be reached by some mysterious beautiful process called Romance is about the most effective way I can imagine of reducing one's chances of securing a happy mating. Mating is a matter of vital importance to the State, and where a country develops disjointed unnatural conditions such as we have in the United States to-day practical measures should be encouraged by the State to encourage and foster healthy matrimony."

Is not the establishment of reliable matrimonial and social clearing-houses under reputable auspices an obvious remedy for conditions affecting millions of Americans which this young woman so movingly laments? We are faced by a condition, not a theory, just as those who discuss reforms in the Prohibition laws to-day are faced by conditions, not theories. "Bootleg" matrimonial agencies already exist in scores, and are increasing. We may approve, we may disapprove, but certainly we ought to face the facts and make up our minds what we want to have done about the conditions which enable such agencies to thrive despite wide-spread social prejudice against them.

Recently "clubs" which are virtually marriage agencies under chaperonage of a sort have been conducted by two newspapers, the old, established *Journal de Genevre* abroad and the new and enterprising New York *Daily Mirror* in this country. The wide-spread response met by this effort is one more item to strengthen the contention that reputable marriage agencies are needed. Certainly, here is a matter not to be lightly dismissed by our churches, our sociologists, or by any American who believes that a nation's home life is as important as its foreign policies or its armaments.

Grass

By Bernice Kenyon

Deep waves of grass curve downward in the sun,
Heavy with timothy and blooming clover. . . .
We are not there to lie in them, my lover,
Nor count the birds that vanish one by one
Into the curve of sky above our head,
Nor hear the lonely notes of the quail and plover
Calling to silence, as the sun goes over,
Bringing the night too soon. I know this dead
And sandy stubble, pricking at our knees,
Straggling across the blackened stumps of trees,
Is grass of a sort—the poor stuff of the south,
That dries and breaks and never learns to bend. . . .
Lean close beside me in this time of drouth,
And let us hope the day is soon to end.

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Behind the Swamp There Was a Village

By NAHUM SABSAY

Most unusual of the winners in the $5,000 Prize Contest is this complete story by a native of Russia who came to America and learned all his English after he was twenty-eight years old. He fought in both the Russian and Belgian armies during the war and in America he worked in various shops and mines until he saved enough money to go to Harvard, from which he graduated in 1923. Idyllic in its quiet beauty and singularly effective in its presentation, "Behind the Swamp" is the story of a soldier who finds a centre of life and love in a ruined village.

My captain and I were well-proved friends. Our understanding had begun nearly two years before the war, when I, as a private, was serving my obligatory term in a company of which he was the sergeant-major. Even then, when the distinctions of rank were especially pronounced, we had found many ways of being useful to each other; but now, at the front, our mutual dependence was greatly increased. However, it was not these tangible advantages which tied us together, but a restrained affection resembling that between a father and his son.

One morning, after I had returned from an all-night watch, I gathered my clothes together and went to the rear in search of a place to do my washing. I did not have to go far: the last line of our trenches bordered a swamp, the water of which had soaked into many passes and approaches and made clean pools of water which our soldiers had turned into laundries. I chose one of them, rolled up my sleeves and went to work. Having finished, I climbed to the surface, spread the clothes on the grass and stretched myself near by, waiting for my things to dry.

September had just begun. Here, in Galicia, it marked the opening of the Indian, or, as we say, "woman's" summer. I was well acquainted with the charm of its nights, having spent many of them on watches in the open, but now, for the first time, I noticed the sobriety of its calm days; the clean sky overhead; the bustle and flutter of insects.

At the front it was quiet.

I lay on the ground gazing at the swamp before me. This was a large and perilous tract. In the middle, like an island, lay a piece of dry land, upon which stood a few strong, squatty trees. And behind the swamp there was a vil-

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lage, half-burned and half-ruined. Of that village I could see only the north end, the rest being hidden by a small green hill. Green fields and orchards lay on both sides of that hill, and from behind it plunged a white road which, winding and turning, ran south parallel to the battle lines and disappeared behind another hill. Beyond the road were more fields; orchards farther east; then more hills, all covered with green and yellow vegetation; all motionless and all serene.

I rested my head on my elbow, closed my eyes and fell asleep.

When I awakened, I saw our captain and the sergeant-major standing in front of me. I rose and saluted.

"I think you may go," the captain addressed the sergeant. "I'll return alone."

The sergeant left us. The captain sat on the ground, put his elbows on his knees and invited me to sit down also.

"I'll have to ask you," he said, after a brief silence, "to fix up some more of these maps for me. And then there is a letter I want you to write. Come at four o'clock."

Making maps, writing letters, and checking the company's accounts were among my regular duties, for the captain himself had had little schooling. He had been on a farm till the age of twenty-one and then twenty-five years in military barracks.

The captain wished me good day, entered the passage, and disappeared behind the first bend. I picked up my clothes which had somewhat dried and returned to my squad. Here I heard talk among the soldiers that we were to be relieved that night.

And, indeed, when I was in the captain's dugout working, before I was through with his letter, an order came from the staff to get ready for relief.

This order was welcome. Many were the weeks that we had spent in this uncomfortable and dangerous position and we needed a rest. Even the captain himself could not conceal his joy. He collected the sketches of the company's diggings, put them in his leather case, and said:

"Well, we won't need them now. I'll pass them on just as they are. Do you need anything?"

"No, thank you," I said, rising and saluting, "there is nothing special."

"Why don't you leave the trenches now? You would enjoy a walk by yourself. We are going to stay in Verbovze, which is only twenty-five kilometers back. You'll be there by midnight. Write a pass and I'll sign it."

An hour later, I was in the midst of the swamp, cheerfully leaping from one tuft to another, and whistling a lively air. There was food in my knapsack, which I had induced our not-too-scrupulous mess sergeant to give me, and which I planned to prepare and eat in some quiet place on the road and then sleep all night near the coals of my fire. At first, I advanced rapidly, intending to reach the solid ground before complete darkness, but, fascinated by the delicate atmosphere of nightfall, I slowed down and, finally, on the island which I had seen that morning, I stopped altogether, threw my knapsack and rifle on the ground and sat beside them.

The evening was warm and quiet. The sky above the hills in the east was already dark, while in the west there still remained a broad light band. The early stars began to appear. A bat wheeled above my head. More stars appeared. They were especially bright in the east above the forest.

I thought of the country beyond that forest which we had come through in our spring advance. A convent, which we had somewhere passed, came to my mind, and the good-natured mother,

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who had given me a pitcher of milk....

"Bang! bang!" two shots sounded at a distance.

"Bang! bang! bang!" others answered much nearer.

I jumped to my feet and, wondering, looked around. It was already dark about me. At the front, again all was still.

"A false alarm," I concluded, picked up my knapsack and rifle, and went on.

From now I could advance only very slowly, being obliged all the time to feel the way ahead with my feet; but not even this precaution always saved me from getting into water. Fortunately, I stumbled upon a sort of pontoon laid over a part of the swamp, and, walking along the line of undulating planks, arrived at solid ground.

"Now for the road," I thought, marching across the field with doubled pace. Instead of the road, however, I came to a fence. Puzzled, I slowly walked alongside of it, then turned a corner, then another, and found myself before a small house.

"This must be the ruined village I saw this morning from the other side of the swamp," occurred to me, and, indeed, straining my sight, I distinguished a few more houses which stretched to my right and left. "That's what it is," I decided, following what once had been the street but which was now a mess of shell pits, rubbish, broken furniture, farm equipment, and dishes.

"I might just as well stop over night here," I thought. "I'll look for a house with a bed in it. That would be fine." The idea of a bed made me forget my intention to camp in the open and sleep beside a fire.

I passed from house to house. But none had even so much as a roof. However, at the moment when I was ready to give up the search and had made up my mind to sleep on the first porch I should find, I caught a glimpse of a narrow band of light. I stopped but could see the light no more. Curious, I went back a few paces, then returned, walking in the same line as before. And again I saw the light. This time I managed not to lose it. It was coming from a shaded window.

"Who might be in the house?" I wondered, standing in front of the window. "Soldiers? Or some Austrian family who could not or would not leave their home at our approach?"

Piles of waste close by indicated that this house, too, had not escaped damage. Yet, from the little I could see in the darkness, it appeared somewhat better preserved than the others and looked larger and more prosperous. I walked up the few steps, found a door, opened it, and entered a dark anteroom. Here I stood, not knowing which way to go. My indecision, however, did not last long, for I discovered another band of light emerging at the level of the floor. I went forward, found a door knob by groping about, turned it, and entered a dimly lit room.

A tall, middle-aged man barred my way; a stately lady with a crown of white hair peeped over his shoulder; in a corner of the room, closely pressing against each other, stood three girls. All seemed greatly frightened.

The hostile silence with which I was met was abruptly broken by a loud laugh from the youngest of the girls. Evidently, there was nothing terrifying in my guilty smile, in the haste with which I took off my cap, and in the general aspect of my indecision and astonishment, for the two other girls laughed also. The lady glanced at them reproachfully, still preserving the expression of anxiety which I had noticed at first. The man, the tension in his face already relaxed, stood with his arms crossed on his chest, watching me.

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The girls' laugh had muddled me up. "They are laughing at me," I thought. "Well, I'll show them that there is nothing funny about me."

I placed my rifle in a corner, took off my knapsack, put it on the floor, and sat on it, making myself comfortable and showing all the signs of intending to remain there. Some time elapsed before the occupants of the room retook their seats at the round table. The man, who was the last to take his place, turned his back toward me. The others took up their sewing, and the youngest of them, a girl of about thirteen, her drawing, which she was doing on the margin of an old magazine page. None of them looked at me openly, but from time to time I felt their sidelong glances.

The situation became very embarrassing and I did not know how to get out of it without losing my self-respect.

"What a wonderful family they make!" I thought. "All three girls are pretty. They look much alike and yet there is so much difference between them. The girl on the other side must be the oldest. She is comely, strong, domineering. Her younger sister is not so pretty but her features are finer and more aristocratic. She must have a noble heart."

While I was thinking of the younger sister, our eyes met. I turned my face away. There was hatred and disdain in her expression. Yet I liked her. I was certain that her deep, black eyes could smile gaily and I wished they would smile at me. I was twenty-three at that time.

"No, she is prettier than her older sister. I would even call her beautiful." I kept on comparing them. "They are both graceful, both extremely womanly, and both tall. But the younger sister's beauty is more quiet and not so striking at the first glance, but it is deeper."

I passed my eyes toward the child and decided that she, too, like her sisters, would grow to be tall, pretty, and graceful.

"Well," I asked myself, "how in the world am I going to get out of this house without being ridiculous?" But all my wits could do was to whisper to me: "You big fool, better try to contrive to remain here without being too much of an intruder." And I tried to find a plan, but without success.

"They must be Ruthenians," I continued to muse, "and they probably speak Russian. But why did they stay behind?"

An old gray cat approached me and rubbed his back against my boot. I put him on my knees where he curled down and fell asleep, purring loudly. With this sound something warm invaded my soul. It had been a long time since I had heard the purr of a cat. A long, very long time indeed. I rubbed his fur with my hand. The poor animal was thin and light. No doubt, he had lived lately through many a hungry day. "They, too, must be hungry," occurred to me. I turned my eyes again toward the lady and her daughters and saw in their faces that piteous look which comes from slow starvation. My first impulse was to jump to my feet, to throw open my knapsack, and give them the food which was there. But I restrained myself. I knew this would not do. They were proud; they hated me.

"But how shall I do it?"

The man left his seat and began to pace the room. His wife followed him with her eyes, throwing occasional glances at me.

"Soll ich das Schwein fragen, ob er etwas Brot hat?" (Shall I ask the swine if he has some bread?) she hesitatingly inquired of her husband in a low voice.

Her German was perfect although there was a slight Ruthenian accent in it. The man only looked at her. The youngest girl turned from her drawing and

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glanced at my knapsack. And I, carefully putting the cat on the floor, rose deliberately and began to open up the sack. A causeless joy and mischievous spirit, untimely as they were, took possession of me.

"Auntie," I asked the lady, in Russian, imitating the talk of our soldiers, "have you a pot?"

"What kind of a pot? What do you want it for?" She spoke Ruthenian with a southern accent. She was Ruthenian. My guess was right.

"Any kind will do. I want to cook supper."

"But we have no wood," she replied in a weary voice.

"I'll get the wood. I'll get everything. You just give me the pot."

"Anna," she said to the child, "go and get one."

The child left the table and went to the adjacent room. A rattle of dishes came from that direction. In the darkness, Anna was searching for the dish.

She could not find what she was looking for. Her mother went after her and soon returned carrying a small pot.

"Larger," I said, "the largest you have."

Already, in my mind, I saw them smiling at the food. I knew by experience that food makes hungry people happy.

The lady brought another dish, much larger, put it on the floor by my side and, without looking at me, returned to her seat and took up her work. Anna, too, retook her seat. Neither they nor the rest of the family seemed to pay any attention to me. I emptied my knapsack. Of provisions there were three pounds of bread, a pound can of meat, one herring, two onions, some lumps of sugar and a handful of tea—plenty for one but far from sufficient for six hungry persons. Besides, I doubted much that the ladies could eat my hard black bread. This discovery spoiled my enthusiasm. But a happy idea came to my mind. I turned to the lady and asked her, still using the soldiers' dialect, "Say, auntie, have you got any potatoes in the house?"

"No," she answered with dignity.

Her husband, at the word "auntie" turned his face toward me, glanced at me disdainfully, but said nothing. I felt abashed, yet I continued in the same tone.

"Is there any place not far from the house where I could dig some of them?"

"Yes, there is a potato field between the village and the swamp," answered the oldest girl, in Ruthenian. Then added in German as if talking to herself: "I hope he'll get drowned in the swamp."

Anna chuckled. I opened my mouth to thank the girl for her wish but changed my mind. In my head I formed a plan for revenge. After they had eaten my supper I would talk German to them. I smiled, anticipating their embarrassment.

"Will you give me a pail or a basket to carry potatoes in?" I ask Anna.

With the bearing of a little princess, Anna left her place and brought me a pail. I took off my ammunition belt, pulled out the trench shovel, picked up the pail, and went toward the door. Here, however, I stopped for a second, wondering if I ought to leave my rifle in the house. My hesitation was not the result of mistrust for these people. I would readily have trusted them with my life, yet so strongly the requirements of the "regulations" were impressed upon me that I could not help worrying. "Oh, well, I think I can leave it," I finally decided, and opened the door.

It took me some time to find the field, but I lost no time in digging the potatoes and filling the pail. On my way back, and this from sheer habit, I gathered all the wood I could carry and, as a result,

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had to struggle a little to get back through the door of the house.

"Don't mess up the room," said the lady quietly. "Take the wood into the kitchen." She lit a small kerosene lamp, showed me the way, and left me alone.

The Ruthenians' behavior, the glances they threw at me and exchanged among themselves, perturbed me no longer. I moved around the kitchen laying out the food, making the fire, and looking for dishes.

There was no water in the kitchen. The pail was empty. "Auntie," I called to the lady, "where do you get your water?"

Without turning her head, she stretched her arm, saying: "Go this way. In the back yard of the sixth house you will find a well."

"Is there any pump?"

"No, you will have to draw water with a pail."

"Then give me a rope."

The lady looked at Anna. The girl got me the rope.

I was about to leave the room when the oldest girl stopped me in a rather commanding manner. "Wait a minute," she said. She then went into the kitchen, emptied the pail in which I had the potatoes and, handing it to me, added: "Bring two."

Her mother and the younger sister who watched her wonderingly, ejaculated simultaneously, "Elena!" But the girl only looked at them as if saying, "Why not make him useful?"

Leaving the room I warned them gravely, "Don't touch my rifle. It is loaded." But it was not loaded.

Water, too, I found and brought in no time; then I started the cooking. The art of it I had learned very well in the service, and besides there was not much to it. The peeled potatoes are boiled, and when they are almost done, the water is decanted, and canned meat—if there is any—bacon, onions, salt, and pepper are added. Then the mixture is cooked till it is very soft. If there are other eatables, they are also put into the pot. The more varied the ingredients, the better the dish, the soldiers claim.

When the potatoes began to boil, I began to wonder whether they would like my cooking. Then another consideration presented itself. I thought of the bad fame which the soldiers had for cleanliness. Here my thoughts were stopped by an earthenware dish which slipped out of my hands, fell to the floor, and broke into many pieces.

"Don't break the dishes, it is impossible to replace them," said the lady, appearing on the threshold of the kitchen.

"Aun—," I began, but immediately corrected myself. "Madame, please do the cooking, will you? I don't know how to cook on a stove. A campfire is different, you know."

She smiled, put on her apron and cleaned up the mess I had made on the table.

"What shall I cook?"

"Everything."

I returned to my corner and sat on my knapsack.

It was nine o'clock by my watch. The cat again came to me. I wondered at his amazing thinness. I looked up at the Ruthenians. They still sat around the table, silently as before. The man was turning the pages of the magazine on which his daughter had been drawing her pictures. The black-eyed girl, her face hidden in her hands and her elbows resting on the table, was reading a book. Though seemingly absorbed in what she read, she never turned a page. Once or twice she lifted her head; then our eyes met again. I was crushed by the expression of hatred which she still showed toward me. Her sisters—by that time I had no doubt that they were sisters—seemed not to mind me so much, or rather, they

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seemed not to notice my presence at all. The eldest, leaning against the back of her chair, her hands clasped behind her head, was looking at the light of the suspended kerosene lamp, which swayed slightly back and forth. The youngest continued the sewing which her mother had left on the table.

"What made them stay in the village when the others all left?" I asked myself again.

The odor of cooked meat which began to spread through the room, feeble as it was at first, woke up the cat, which jumped to the floor and with a loud mewing, his tail up, went straight to the kitchen. Thence, however, immediately he reappeared, and the door banged behind him. The pose of indignation which the cat assumed was so amusing that I could not help bursting into laughter. Anna, who also had noticed the cat, laughed aloud. Of the others, no one even smiled.

At last, the door of the kitchen opened and the lady appeared, carrying in one hand a dish of prepared herring and in the other a dish of steaming potatoes and meat. The faces of all turned toward the food. The lady put everything on a chair by my side and returned to the kitchen, telling Anna to give me a plate, fork and knife. When the girl brought these, I rose from my seat and, helping myself, returned to my corner, putting the rest on the table and offering it to my hosts.

No one answered. No one moved. Only Elena, the oldest girl, kept her eyes on me, watching my struggle with the loaf of black bread. It was dry and hard, and there was not a single spot which the knife could penetrate. Finally, by using my knee as an anvil, I broke off a piece and placed the loaf beside the food on the table.

The lady brought a pile of plates and silver which the girls distributed around the table quickly and noiselessly. Then, placing another chair between hers and Anna's, she invited me to sit with them. I took the offered seat, put my plate on the table, and waited for her to finish with serving.

Meanwhile, Elena was trying without success to cut the bread. Nor was her sister more fortunate. She passed the loaf to her father asking him to divide it. Soon he, too, gave up. Then all three looked at me.

"Sir," I said, "there is but one way to break this bread. Let me show you."

I took the bread from him, spread a napkin on my knee, and, lifting the loaf with my two hands, brought it down forcibly. It broke in two. All smiled. In the same manner, I divided each half into smaller pieces. The rest was easy.

For the next few minutes I forgot everything but food. It was good. I was not aware at all that I was helping my fork with my fingers, that I was licking them, and that there was gathering around my plate a heavy halo of crumbs. Stealthily I glanced at my hosts—or were they my guests? They ate silently, their heads lowered. The black-eyed girl's fingers trembled as she broke her bread. But the silence was no longer unfriendly. And, indeed, Anna began a conversation.

"Are you an officer or a soldier?" she asked, looking me all over.

"A soldier," I replied.

"Funny," she remarked, continuing to scrutinize me.

"What is funny?"

Her parents looked up in surprise, but the girl continued the conversation: "Once one of your soldiers broke into our house the same way you did, and made tea, and drank it with such a noise that Mariana left the room. And he . . ."

"Anna," the lady stopped her.

Her father glanced at my shoulder-straps. They were bordered with the tri-

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color cord, a sign of my privileged standing. It is worn by student-soldiers who serve on special terms and eventually gain a commission. This class of soldier existed also in the German and Austrian armies (Einjahriger-Freiwilliger) and it had a similar distinctive sign. He inquired if I was one of them.

"Yes, sir," I said.

This started a general conversation. They asked me a few questions on conditions in the outside world. I told them the little I knew. After a pause, the lady began to talk. Much grief and unhappiness had accumulated in her heart.

She told me that her husband, M. Moravsky, was the principal of the school, and that Elena and Mariana, before the war, had been students at the University in Vienna. I learned that their failure to leave the village at our approach was on account of Anna, who had suddenly disappeared in the excitement of the general flight: while they were looking for her, the village was cut off. And then, the fighting and fire—but who could repeat the laments of a mother whose daughters were exposed to the privations, the dangers, and the crimes of war? There were tears in her eyes. She abruptly rose from her seat, took a few dishes from the table and went into the kitchen. The girls, clearing the table, went after her; M. Moravsky and I remained in our seats, saying not a word.

Later, Elena rejoined us. She seated herself and quietly, as if talking to herself, said:

"I never knew that food could intoxicate a person."

Her mother, with the two other girls, also returned and seated themselves around the table.

"Was it not the Lord himself who brought you to our house?" said Mme. Moravsky.

"No," I said, "it was a revery."

"What?" asked Anna.

"A revery?" inquiringly repeated both of the girls.

"Yes, a day-dream in the middle of the swamp between the trenches and the village."

"Won't you tell us about it?" asked the lady. She was again quiet but her eyes were still red.

"Why, yes," I said. And I told how I had wasted my time in the swamp till it was too dark to see the way, and how blundering, I had come to the village.

"But why did you choose our house?" asked Elena.

"I saw a narrow band of light in the window."

They looked at each other in surprise.

"We were sure," the lady said, "that we had perfectly shaded the window. M. Moravsky went out several times to see if it was so."

"There is one spot, however, from which your light can be seen," I told her, "but I don't see why you should take such precautions. No one would do you any harm."

She did not answer me.

"Is your captain a good man?" asked Anna, after a short silence.

"Yes," I said, "I think so, though some of the men claim he's too hard."

"And he always lets you walk alone?"

"Sometimes, when we are moving to the rear."

She was about to put another question when Mme. Moravsky invited me to tell of our trench life and of my friends.

I looked at my watch. It was nearly eleven o'clock. "I ought to take leave of them," I argued with myself. Observing my hesitation, the lady asked:

"Do you have to go?"

"No," I said, "I don't have to, but I am afraid to impose on you too much."

"Oh, no, you don't impose at all. We

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enjoy your visit so much," she quickly replied.

"Please stay longer," begged Anna.

"Maybe you are sleepy?" suggested Elena.

"Well," I said, "as far as I am concerned I am ready to stay here and talk till morning." I was saying exactly what I felt. A chat with them seemed to me so inviting and refreshing that I forgot all about my fatigue and sleep. The quietness and coziness of the room, the semi-obscurity, the attentiveness of the listeners, were inspiring in themselves. But besides, there was Mariana, who had already smiled twice, and whose smile I craved to see again.

"Then stay and tell us how you live in the trenches. We often hear the roar of your fights, and brr—how it frightens us," said Elena.

I glanced at Mariana. Her look, too, invited me to stay. And I stayed.

At first we talked about various subjects, but soon our conversation returned to the war; then I, led on by their questions, began to narrate my experiences for the past year. I told them about my captain, and of our friendship; and about the other officers and soldiers of my company. Then I told them about our first winter in the Carpathian Mountains; about the big spring battles, followed by the great retreat. As I came to describing how, on our way back, we saw, sticking out from the thawing snow, the bodies of soldiers which we had buried in the snow during our advance, the faces of my listeners expressed pain. Especially so Elena's; her eyes grew larger, her lips trembled; it seemed to me that she was about to utter a cry.

I stopped short. Mme. Moravsky sighed; her husband put his elbows on the table and covered his head with his hands; Mariana looked at me steadily.

"Go on," begged Anna.

"But, after all," I continued, "war is not only fights and privation. For instance, we are having just now a great time following the Troobin-Andrei adventures." And I told them about Lieutenant Troobin, a stupid and gullible officer, and Andrei, his orderly, a smart and dishonest fellow. These stories, even if not altogether true, were amusing, indeed. The whole family laughed loudly, Anna louder than the rest.

Glancing again at my watch, I saw that it was one o'clock. I rose and began to assemble my equipment.

"Where are you going now?" asked Mme. Moravsky.

"To join my company."

"What, right now?"

"Oh, no, I'll find a place to sleep till sunrise, and in the morning I'll go. I don't like to walk in the dark."

"It surely was our good luck that you lost your way," said the lady.

"And I admit that it is the first time I have found that a day-dream can be of some use," added her husband, smiling.

I glanced at Mariana. She also smiled. There was not a trace of the disdain which her black eyes had shown when I first had come into the house.

I placed the knapsack on my shoulders, took my rifle, and, departing said:

"Good night, and good luck."

"Good night," all answered, rising from their seats, and Anna added:

"Come again."

"Yes, do, if you can," her mother invited me also.

I left the house, crossed the street, and occupied the porch of another house. The night was dark and warm. Here and there along the line of trenches, bright rockets darted up into the sky. Around me all was quiet.

With great contentment, I rolled up in my overcoat and, placing my knapsack under my head, stretched out in a corner of the porch. I looked once more at the sky and at the house across the

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street, and then closed my eyes. And again I saw the stately lady with the crown of white hair, the captivating Elena, the black-eyed Mariana—"Her voice is just like velvet," passed in my mind. "Yes, 'velvet' is the word." Then the laughing Anna. . . . I fell asleep.

The hissing and crashing of the shells high over my head woke me up. The Austrian artillery and ours had thus started their daily routine.

The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was the house across the street, reddened with the feeble rays of the early sun. With much interest I looked the house all over. It showed no signs of life.

"Just like a dream," I thought, my last night's feeling of cheerfulness coming back to me. But the remembrance of my company roused me out of this mood. I got up, rolled my overcoat, picked up my sack and rifle, and, glancing once more at the house, left the village. At the end of the street, I came to the hill which I had seen from the other side of the swamp. At its foot I found a large potato field. I dug out a few potatoes and put them in my sack. The sun was already high when I entered a cut. Here I met some military wagons and learned from the drivers that I could reach Verbovze by taking a foot path through the woods. I went in the direction they showed me and, after half an hour's walk, came to a brook. I decided to stop here and have my breakfast. While the potatoes were baking in the fire and water was boiling for my tea, I took off my clothes and bathed myself. The cold water, the warm air, the brilliant sun, and my own cleanliness made me happy again and the half dozen potatoes which I ate and the two cups of tea which I drank, made me happier yet.

With songs in my heart, I crossed a valley, climbed a hill, and forced my way through the dense brush, pushing the twigs apart. I felt no fatigue; my knapsack, rifle, and munition-belt seemed to have no weight. I marched and whistled.

Just before noon I left the forest behind me and came to a river. Near the bridge which crossed it sat three soldiers in a small rowboat, evidently waiting for something.

"Say, countryman," one of them said to me, "give us a hand. We need a fourth man for this net. We'll give you a share in the catch."

It was a peculiar way of fishing that our soldiers had used during the war. They would throw a hand grenade into the water and then would drag a net on the surface, collecting the floating, stunned fish. It takes four men to do this work right—two on each bank of the river—and it was the rôle of one of them that the soldiers offered me. I agreed to the bargain and an hour later I left them, having half a dozen fish, suspended by a string from the muzzle of my rifle.

"This will make a good dinner for the captain," I thought. "I hope he'll think of inviting me to it."

I walked fast. It was not the desire to reach the company, however, that drove me on. I heard a voice persistently repeating: "Return to the village and have Mme. Moravsky cook the fish. Just think what a meal she would make." And it was from this voice that I was running away. "Oh, have some sense," I said to myself. "Your pass expires to-day, and if they catch you in the area of another regiment you know what will happen." I hurried on.

I reached the road and again mixed with its traffic. It was heavy here. Long lines of teams loaded with supplies moved slowly toward the trenches; just as long lines of empty vehicles were coming back from there. Mounted sol-

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diers and soldiers on foot, single, in groups, and in small detachments, rode and marched in between. The men were silent and their faces expressed utter indifference. High in the air circled a few airplanes, ours and those of the enemy.

"How far is it to Verbovze?" I asked one of the teamster-soldiers.

"About twelve kilometers," he answered and then asked in turn: "Are you selling your fish?"

"No," I said, walking away.

Evidently my fish were attracting much attention, for several men asked me the same question. A pretentiously dressed soldier, a "rear-shark," stopped me with a tone of self-confidence.

"Hey, you, sell me your fish."

I did not answer him.

"Do you want to trade it for pork?" he made another offer.

A thought flashed upon me. "This is my captain's fish," I told him, "and I can't sell it. Will you sell your pork?"

"Yes, I will, if you pay the price," he replied.

"What is it?"

"Two rubles a pound."

"Give me five pounds."

"Do you want sugar?" he asked me, handing me the meat.

I bought also two pounds of sugar and I bought sardines, cheese, tea, five one-pound loaves of white bread, and two boxes of biscuits, paying for all this a small fortune. I put the purchases in my sack, hiding in it also the fish which I wrapped in my towel and . . . turned back toward the ruined village.

I left the road entirely and kept to the thickest parts of the wood. Unnoticed I entered the village late in the afternoon. Passing a potato field, I stopped and, spreading my overcoat, I filled it with potatoes—there was no more room in my knapsack. My load was heavy, but I could have carried twice as much.

In daylight I did not dare to walk the street, being afraid of meeting military policemen who might be patrolling the village. Stealthily I followed the back yards. In one of them, to my great surprise, I saw clothes hanging on a line; once I heard the distant bark of a dog; and even caught sight of a small boy who, seeing me, instantly disappeared. It was clear that the village was not entirely abandoned. But yet how lifeless it looked!

At last I came to the house, sneaked up onto the porch, and quietly entered the dark anteroom.

There was a movement inside; the door was opened and I saw, as the night before, M. Moravsky and, behind him, his wife. On their faces was expressed much surprise and anxiety. The girls were not in the room.

"I think you are too reckless," insisted the lady. In her words there was warm, motherly reproach.

"Don't worry, auntie, I'm all right," I replied cheerily. They smiled at the word 'auntie.'

Hearing my voice, the three girls entered the room, greeting me cheerfully.

The supplies created a sensation. Mme. Moravsky refused to start a fire in the daytime, being afraid the smoke would betray them. So we decided to have sandwiches now and the big supper at night. While the sandwiches were being made, I told of my fishing and about my meeting with the "rear-shark."

"You are taking too many chances, young man," said M. Moravsky, adding in a much lower tone, "and you may get us into trouble."

"Oh, father, don't scold him," begged Anna.

We ate sandwiches and waited for darkness. It was slowly thickening.

The fusillade, which for the last hour had been repeatedly breaking out and dying again, now became more persistent and louder. Finally the machine

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guns began to clink and then suddenly, as if by a given signal, the artillery entered the play. Shells, from both lines, incessantly whirled over our heads and exploded on both sides of the village with crashing, thunder-like sounds. The ground, the house, and everything in it rocked, shook, and trembled.

Anna clung to her mother; Mariana, with her hands dropped on her lap, sat listlessly. M. Moravsky and Elena were in the farther end of the room. In the obscurity I could not see them. The last glimmer of light was gone.

The cannonade began to diminish and finally died out altogether. But in the room, for a long time, no one spoke.

"There is nothing cheerful about being between two fires," I remarked at length.

"Oh, I wish it was over," said Mme. Moravsky.

M. Moravsky carefully shaded the windows and lighted the lamp.

"Now, let's make the fire," I offered with a made-up cheerfulness.

We cooked a capital supper, ate it, and, having done the dishes, talked again. Mme. Moravsky wanted to know of my parents. I told her of my home, of my studies, of my friends. Elena told me of her studies in Vienna. I had been there before the war and knew a few professors at the University. Our conversation became animated. Even M. Moravsky and Mariana, who until now had spoken very little, took an active part in it.

It was twelve o'clock when I glanced at my watch. I rose to go.

"But, having lived so long in Vienna, you must speak German," exclaimed Mme. Moravsky, as if suddenly remembering something.

"Yes, I do."

"And you understood what I said to my husband last night?"

"Yes, I did," I answered.

"And you understood what I hoped would happen to you in the swamp?" asked Elena.

"Yes, this also I understood."

"Wasn't that stupid of me!" exclaimed Mme. Moravsky.

"Wasn't I kind!" cried Elena.

I only smiled and so did the others.

"It is raining, I think," said Mariana, making us a sign to stop talking. Indeed, we could hear the raindrops rapping feebly against the panes.

"Good night," I said, "I must hurry then."

"Hurry where?" asked the lady. "Where did you sleep last night?"

"On the porch of the house across the street, and that is where I am going now."

"What, right on the floor!" exclaimed Anna.

"We don't carry beds with us, you know."

"Sleep here to-night," offered the lady. "We have no extra bed, but we will give you plenty of bedding."

I accepted the invitation and the girls brought in a pile of bedding which they spread on the floor. Then all wished me good night and went to their rooms.

I undressed myself and stretched down on the soft mattress and pillows. In the next room the lady prayed. I heard her voice very distinctly but gradually the words, it seemed to me, were joined in a continuous murmur. And I do not know whether I dreamed it or if I really heard her saying, "and save and protect the boy."

Next morning, I again woke up with the first sounds of the cannonade. I dressed and tip-toed out of the house. The rain, which had poured all night, had ceased with the daybreak, but a gray, heavy cloud still hung above the village. I made no attempt to walk through the woods. About two miles from the village I overtook a wagon and

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jumped into it. The soldier-driver glanced at me; then, without even replying to my greeting, he turned his face away, continuing to hum a melancholy tune. I rolled up in my overcoat, stretched out on the empty bags with which the team was loaded, and sank into a drowse. At noon I got down from the wagon. A little later I found my company.

The sergeant, a big, red-haired, friendly chap, greeted me heartily and told of the captain's anxiety about me.

"Well," I said, "I think I am going to have a hard time giving him an account of my absence."

The sergeant grinned and said: "I'd have a hard time if I'd been missing two days but to you he won't say a word."

He was right; the captain said nothing when I, feeling guilty, appeared before him. But I saw that he was displeased. He dismissed me immediately. In the evening, however, he called me to his place. When I came in, he motioned me to a bench and told his orderly to give me a cup of tea. After a short silence he asked me:

"Well, where have you been all the time, may I know?"

"Why, certainly," I quickly replied and started my account.

I knew I would have to do it, but I made up my mind not to tell all. Warmed by his interest, which I could read in his eyes, I told him much more than I intended to and was alarmed when he asked me:

"Is she pretty?"

"Who?"

"The black-eyed girl," he said, regarding me steadily.

"Yes, rather," I tried to answer indifferently.

Here, as if prompted by some sudden motive, we changed our conversation.

The two weeks of our rest passed quickly. After three days of rain, it cleared, and the sun, bright and warm, was shining again. We had a short drill every day, while the rest of the time we might do whatever we pleased. We washed ourselves, cleaned our clothes, and sat around the fire, eating baked potatoes and drinking tea by the half-dozen cups. One evening a detachment of rookies arrived from Russia to fill the weakened companies, and our conversation received new food. Men met from the same villages, counties, and towns and the home-talks lasted late into the night. As for me, I was very busy. There were letters to write for our illiterate soldiers; there was the captain's correspondence and his accounting; there were little card parties with the captain and our two lieutenants; and, at times, more noisy parties which the captain's orderly arranged for us when he was successful in getting some extra food and liquor. . . . It was only in those rare moments when I was alone that I thought of the village behind the swamp, of the half-ruined house, of the people in it, and of Mariana. I wished to see them again, but I doubted that I ever should. Who could tell where we were going to be sent from here? It seldom happened that we were ordered back to old positions. Thus it was that the memories of the two evenings were fading away; my mind became occupied with new events, in which the life of the soldier is so rich. And I was on the way toward forgetting this adventure, as I had forgotten many others, both sad and amazing.

But, after all, it so happened that after our rest we did return to our old trenches. We found them greatly improved. We were put to work at once on still further fortifications. All looked as if we were to spend the whole winter here. A winter in a marsh!

And again we lived on the alert, spending the nights in watches, the days

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in work. Every fourth night, however, each company had a complete rest, when there was no action, of course.

From the day we had come back to the trenches I had begun to think of the Moravskys and I planned to visit them at the first opportunity. Finally a night came when I could get away. Loaded down with all the eatables which I could collect, I knocked at the Moravskys' door. I think they recognized my steps, for immediately I received a loud answer:

"Come right in."

I opened the door and was instantly surrounded by my friends.

"Aren't you surprised to see me again?" I asked, putting down my load.

"No, we are not," Elena replied quickly, "it did not seem possible that you would merely vanish after coming into being in such a spectacular way."

"And I was sure you would come tonight," added Anna. "Wasn't I, mother?"

"Yes, indeed," confirmed her mother looking at me. And she added: "We are glad to see you again. Quite often we wondered what had become of you. Did you run into any trouble for not joining your company in time?"

"No," I said, "but how are you getting along?"

"Still shivering every time you start your skirmishes," she said, smiling, and then she added reflectively, "How do you stand it so long?"

After that evening I came regularly every fourth night. My friendship with all the members of the family grew greater and greater. Anna was like a little sister to me. As to Elena, we had many a delightful chat, although I found her somewhat a tease. She would ridicule anything. Mme. Moravsky showed toward me motherly care: she renovated my clothes and offered to wash them, though this I would not allow. Her husband, too, got used to my presence. He treated me with much warmth and consideration. Only Mariana continued to be cold and reserved. It seemed to me at times that she had never ceased to hate me. . . .

One day, searching in the abandoned houses for kerosene, which my friends needed so much, I entered the cellar of the village grocery store and, to my great joy, found a barrel of it. There were other supplies also. I took all I could carry to the Moravskys. The same night the father and I went back to bring some more and on my succeeding visits we made additional expeditions. Sometimes Anna would accompany us and even Elena once ventured to go out.

"Just like Robinson Crusoe," laughed the girls.

On the nights of my visits, I always slept in the house, in the same corner and on the same soft mattress and pillows. With the daybreak I would quietly steal out and join my squad just in time for the breakfast of black bread and tea. The men were curious about my absences and tried to find out where I had been. I told them that I had a brother in the neighboring regiment, and they seemed to be satisfied.

October was over, the nights became cold, but the days were still warm. To remain all night in an open place, motionless, sometimes in a sharp wind, was torture. To make it worse, the Austrian sentinels, only at a stone's throw away, were very quick at shooting. They were not cheerful thoughts that passed through my mind in these long, strenuous hours!

Just before daybreak we would crowd back into our dugouts, and would throw ourselves on the hay to get a two or three hour sleep. Those were the hours when the traditional soldier's dream of home, warm bed, and a cheerful breakfast table would visit us.

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But, lately, I would dream of something else: of the village behind the swamp; of the people there; and of Mariana's black eyes and of her velvety voice. . . . Sometimes of Mariana alone I would dream. I would see her sitting, as during the cannonade, erect and immobile, her clasped hands dropped listlessly; or I would see her with her chin buried in the palms of her hands, listening to me. In vigil or in dreams, her deep, black eyes, her long lashes, and her thick black eyebrows were always before me.

After a short sleep there would be breakfast. After breakfast, work on cleaning or enlarging the trenches.

For the last three weeks I had seen the captain but rarely. One morning we met in a narrow passage.

"Oh, there you are!" he exclaimed. "Where have you been all this time? Are you on duty to-night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I think you'll have to tell the sergeant to let you off. I want you to help me straighten out this month's accounting."

That was the way he gave me orders, starting them with "I think."

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Then there is something I want to talk with you about. Come at six."

At six, when my platoon went on duty, I crawled into the captain's dugout, which was situated in one of the passageways at about fifty feet behind the first line. It was a hole about eight feet by eight and six feet high. A few wooden planks lay on the ground to protect the feet from water which seeped in abundantly. To the walls was fastened a layer of straw. Along one of the walls there was a wide bench. This served the captain as a seat and as a bed. In front of the bench stood a small home-made table.

The captain made room for me on the bench beside him. His orderly brought in and placed on the table two cups of hot, strong tea. The captain pulled out from under the bench his suitcase, produced a bottle of cognac, poured half his tea on the floor, refilled the cup with liquor, then passed the bottle to me. I followed his example, but made the mixture a little stronger. After we had finished the tea we began to work.

It took about three hours to do the captain's work but, aided by his unusual memory, we got through without wasting much time.

The captain ordered two more cups of tea and again produced the bottle from under the bench.

"Well," he said, after a long silence, "how are things in the village? You are often visiting there. Aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, every night that I am off duty," I answered.

"Now, tell me more about them. Why don't they go deeper in the rear like the other Austrians behind our lines? They are Ruthenians, I understand, and it would be very easy for them. They couldn't be worse off than they are now."

I told of the grocer's cellar in the village and of my occasional assistance. The captain shook his head.

"Tell me more about them, and about Mariana."

Little by little I told him all. He listened with great attention. When I finished, as though thinking aloud, he said:

"Bad business, bad business; in spite of all, they are our enemies!"

I left the captain, utterly miserable.

I crawled into my squad's dugout and threw myself on a pile of straw. The men had not yet returned from the watch.

The next morning I stood watch while the other men worked with pick and shovel. The captain's words were in my mind: "In spite of all they are our enemies"—"Oh, he is just an old fool,"

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I decided, but I was unable to shake off the dismay which was in my heart.

The captain, who was inspecting the work, approached my post and asked me if I ever had any trouble in going in and out of the village.

"No, sir," I replied.

"Do you mean to say that you were never stopped by the military police?" he inquired, surprised.

"Oh, yes," I answered, "several times, and I have had hard work to get away from them."

"Well," he said, "the next time you go, write a pass and give it to me to sign. You will save yourself and me from trouble."

"Thank you, sir."

He left me, saying nothing more.

"The old man is sore at me," I decided.

Late in the afternoon I wrote a pass and took it to the captain's dugout. He signed the paper without reading it. Then, turning to his orderly, he said:

"Emelian, where is that stuff I told you to get?" Emelian gave him a good-sized package.

"Give it to her people," said the captain, passing the package to me. I looked at the captain and then at the package in my hands, muttering the regulation, "Respectfully thank you, sir."

He smiled and said, "I think you may go."

That night, I again knocked on the door and heard the familiar "Come in." I saluted my friends and, tossing the bundle on the table, said:

"With the compliments of Captain Kootsoff."

"Does your captain know about us?" asked M. Moravsky, somewhat disturbed.

"Only he and not another soul," I assured him.

"A regular grocery store," declared Anna, undoing the package and exhibiting the long unseen luxuries.

"You are late to-night," Anna broke in again, "and Elena thought you ought to be punished by our not waiting for you, but Mariana would not listen to it and insisted on waiting with the dinner."

"Is that right?" I asked the two older girls.

"Perfectly so," answered Elena. But Mariana did not answer.

She wore, that evening, a dark dress which added much to her dignity and outlined still more the whiteness of her face. Her long black lashes seemed still longer and the deep black eyes more beautiful. Suddenly she lifted them to me and said quietly:

"But there is no reason why we should wait any longer."

All smiled. M. Moravsky patted me on the shoulder. "My boy, beware of those girls."

"Your warning has come too late, sir," I said. And again all smiled.

After the dinner, Anna reminded me that I was to get her some books from the school library. After a discussion, she was allowed to go with me and serve as guide. In fifteen minutes we had returned, heavily laden. Anna's cheeks were red.

"Oh, dear, it is wonderful outside!" she said, tossing her head.

"I'll go with you for another trip, if you are not tired," declared Mariana.

"Mariana—" her parents stopped her. But she had such a charming way of asking without words, that they did not finish their sentence.

"Do you think it is safe?" Mme. Moravsky inquired.

"Perfectly."

Mariana put on an overcoat and went out with me. Outside, she stopped for a moment and said in a whisper: "What a

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Spring Story

By MERIDEL LESUEUR

She opened her eyes and knew it was Easter morning. The white-lawn curtains blew out and in the half-open window as if signalling to some one outside. The air blew in upon her, cold, but with a strange fertile promise in it. She had been lying a long time, listening to the wind and the morning sounds outside. Her mother had called up the stairs many times. She was calling again.

"Eunice, aren't you going to get up at all? You must go with the boys to nine o'clock mass."

Eunice did not answer, but lay still, listening to the wind, pretending sleep. That freshening air seemed to blow right through the house. Her youngest brother had been shouting and running in and out all the morning, leaving the doors open. It was funny how suddenly, from the very sound of the voices, one knew that it was no longer winter. As she lay half dreaming she heard the laughter and the shouts of children on the street outside and behind the house. The voices seemed bright and shaken out. A milk-cart went by and the jingling of the horses' hoofs and the sound of the wheels had a new sound too, a loose, gay sound. In winter everything seemed muffled, sounds were frozen, but now outside they began to flow again, awaken and rouse and blow in her window with the strong sweet wind.

She sprang out of bed, the gusts of wind on her body, ran to the dresser and turned it about, moving the mirror downward at an angle. Now she could see herself lying in bed with her thin gold hair on the pillow, and her frail face smiling. She lay looking at herself, half entranced, while her mother called at the foot of the stairs, the voice sounding nearer than it did from the kitchen but still far away to the dreaming girl. "Eunice, I'm not going to keep those cakes warm another minute. It's eight o'clock!" The mother's voice, though near, sounded from another world. But in a few moments the girl got up, watching herself move in the mirror, as if in this way doubling her pleasure in her manner of being. She wandered about the room, touching her things that lay about; she leaned close to the mirror and lifted the fine hair from her forehead, gazing for a long time at her face. Sitting on the bed she began to slowly pull her stockings on, stopping to look at her feet, then to see her own face again, far away and lovely, in the slanting mirror.

Lying, walking, sitting in this room, she felt herself ripening and coloring. It was as if she felt upon herself, as upon the world outside, the blowing of a nourishing wind from some unseen space. She hung on a strange tree and day by day felt herself ripening and rounding in her flesh. This morning the wind blowing in the window seemed freighted, not only with the promise of the physical spring of the world, but with other promises for herself, blowing in upon her the dream of her future, the scent of unripe meanings which would one day mature.

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Looking at her hands and feet they seemed to be shining with the vision of the things to be touched and the ways to be trod. "I will not close the window," she said to herself without voice, her lips moving, although she could not have told if she had spoken or not. "No, I will not close the window. Something will come in, something is sure to come in if I have the courage to leave it open. I am sure not to miss life then."

The cold air blew in silently. The white curtains waved, blowing out and then in, sudden gusts blowing with the wind upon her. Straight out the window she could see the great elm rising from the back yard. The top limbs looked as if they had begun to break open. They looked as if an excitement were upon the branches; a faint aura of reddish brown seemed to surround the tree. You really could not see the buds at all, but could only sense this excitement and the red irritation of the spiked branches. She could only see the top antlers rearing against the pale-blue sky. At that instant the sun came out in a faint shower of golden light that seemed to shatter down in a crystal rain upon the still-frozen earth. She ran to the window and put her bare arms in the light. They looked white with the little reddish hairs alight in the sun. Perhaps she too was going to burst into leaf and bloom. She laughed to think so and leaned out the window, the wind striking her, the curtains blowing about her in a confusion.

From below in the alley came up the sharp gay banter of young boys, excited like sparrows with the air and light. She could see them scrambling over the old fences, digging the last of the black snow up from the corners to throw at each other.

Then her uncle came up out of the cellar as if from the earth itself. He had a shovel and a rake.

"You've forgotten your coat," she shouted down at him, feeling she had to shout against the strong wind and the shattering light. "You've forgotten your coat," she sang out, feeling happy to cry out into the air like that. Startled, he looked up into the tree as if a blackbird had shouted at him. Eunice laughed, shaking her loose hair. "Here I am in the window, Uncle Joe."

He turned his face upward to her, so he looked like a gnome, half his size. "What if I have? What if I have?" he mumbled, half smiling. She saw that he was pleased with her.

"What are you going to do? Working on Sunday?" she shouted down, laughing.

"I'm going to uncover these canna bulbs so they'll get a sniff of this air and some warmth in them." He went with his shovel and rake to the corner of the house and began raking where the canna-bed had been the summer before. The girl, looking down on him, had, for an instant, a sharp picture of the dark leaves of the cannas standing there, amidst them the rising fold of scarlet, leaping in a twist of flame. The last year she had felt them as a rich, a troubling thing, as she had run past them in the dusk. Then the flames had withered and the rich stuff of the leaves had dried. Now, after a certain time, there they would be again, standing still and secret at the corner of the house for her to pass, a rich dark presence from another world. This year they would mark for her a different time. This she knew. No longer would she run past them in young play. These red flames would burn in a different time for her, stand up, marking a time that would be stranger and disquieting.

The uncle raking back and forth was a sharp figure in the morning and held for her some enchantment of meaning. For he was uncovering a plant that

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would grow up in a new time for her. She watched him raking back and forth, his stooped back, his whole figure swinging to the rhythm of the raking. His body seemed to have grown to a curve, with a pull to its lines that had come from the many seeds he had uncovered in his time, the hoeing and the raking. This uncle had just come from a farm in Iowa the past year after Aunt Emma had died and his heart had got so bad the family thought it unsafe to leave him alone, so isolated. Now they passed him around from house to house among the uncles and aunts, and he did odd jobs like this. Eunice looked at him thinking his life was over; behind him and before him was only death. Still he came out to give the first life to the cannas.

He kept raking back and forth as she leaned out of the window watching. He had on a blue shirt and a small black cap. His figure was unlike the figures of the other men of her family. It was short and stocky, despite its age, with a vigor unknown to her before, with black hair on his square wrists and on his neck where he opened his shirt a bit. He had a strong odor of tobacco about him, almost overpowering, which she associated somehow with his strength, with his long past on the farm with horses and wheat and with the silent Aunt Emma, who was like some powerful wild grass herself. He moved in a way unknown to her. Not like her father and her uncles who lived in the city. He moved as if the meaning of his life were in his body and not in anything else, as if the pleasure too were there. So it was a satisfaction to her to be near him or to watch him working as she was watching him now as she leaned out of the upper window.

He raked back and forth, stooped and picked up the débris of winter, which was black and slimy, lifted it and put it in an old tub he had standing beside him. He uncovered the earth, which then looked as delicate as skin when the bandage has been removed, and there were the white blades of grass and the naked sprouts of the canna bulbs.

He turned his face toward her with pleasure. "Here they are. You can't fool them even under this rubbish. You can bet your boots they know when it's spring."

"How do they?" she called. He looked up at her again and his blue eyes looked blind. He did not answer her question. She felt awkward, as she often did around him when she had been foolish. He stooped again and picked up more of the slimy débris, dropping it into the tub. Above him the black elm was budding.

The wind blew off his black cap, exposing his close-cropped round head. He ran after the cap and put it tightly on his head, and came back to the canna-bed, leaning again over the dark earth, his short, strong body bent over it. The young girl leaned over too, looking down at the black earth he was uncovering. Still the wind blew fresh with something in the odor of it. The stocky man below went back and forth with the decay of winter, bending, lifting the dead stuff, raking again, uncovering the mist of green rising out of the earth.

"What time is it, uncle?" Eunice finally asked. He straightened and took a large gold watch out of the small pocket of his trousers. "It's quarter after eight. You've missed them pancakes with honey your mother give us for breakfast. I ate a lot of them."

"Say!" Jim, the brother next to her in age, came out of the kitchen door. He had just put on his shirt and was buttoning it. His face shone, newly washed. "You better hurry, Eunice. I been up since seven." He was pale in the bright light. "Jim," the mother called, "come

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out of that cold. And right after your bath, too." Jim went inside, banging the kitchen door.

Eunice turned back to her room, now dark to her dazzled eyes. She slammed the window down. The room seemed close and stifling, and she hurried, glad to be gone from it.

The way to the cathedral where the children were going led through a park whose winding paths went among the tall, upstanding trees. "Like black candles, they look," Eunice said to herself, walking between her brothers. Through the black maze of trees one could see the people hurrying, men and women with their children, groups of boys loitering, feeding the many squirrels that frisked greedily from the branches in spring hunger. Snow lay in the crotches of the trees yet and lay too at the bases. In places they had to step over little rivulets that ran over the walks. Men were taking up the board runway that had run from the warming-house down to the lake for skaters. Soon the ducks and swans would be upon the water. Pigeons came strutting down the walk with them, singing in their arched throats. From high among the budding branches came the sharp conversation of sparrows. Her brothers as they passed the croquet grounds were talking of spring sports, baseball, tennis. Eunice walked amidst her own thoughts and heard them as she now heard all the talk of her family, as something that went on at a distance.

This year she wouldn't play ball or run in the park at dusk with the gang like a wild Indian. This year she would put on a good dress after supper and walk delicately along the paths, with the boys in awe and amazement at the sudden beauty of her ways. She felt a new mode of life, a new way of being. "Jim, I don't see why you wear that crazy hat." His sallow face under the upturned collegiate hat annoyed her. "Well, you know what you can do," he said, for he felt the hat exactly right, going well with his own immediate idea of himself. The answer seemed so rude she thought she would cry, but she began looking at Johnny, who went beside them erratically, kicking an old tobacco-can. He would not stop it and only grinned at her.

They rose over a hillock and saw the towers of the church with pointed caps like two witches. Up a flight of stairs, from every street, the people were hurrying into the black spaces of the three dark doors. The bell was ringing from the bell-towers that rose amidst the sunlight. The fresh strong wind kept the trees blowing in a wild movement and seemed to have something to do with the gaiety and excitement of the many people hurrying to church. The three children walked faster, fearful lest they be late and have to attract attention. They half ran up the steps, slowed down at the doors, and entered with the hurrying people, hastily crossing themselves at the inner doors with the holy water from the font. They paused before the darkness of the interior, which came upon them softly after the wind and the light outdoors. Far down at the altar two little boys, moving in strict unison, were lighting the candles for the mass. The three children walked together down the central aisle, feeling they were being watched, and after a hasty bob by way of a genuflection, they slid one by one into a wooden pew and onto their knees.

Amidst her prayers, which she knew by heart and said without thinking, Eunice looked at the altars decorated with lilies and ferns. There was a smell of burning wax and of the incense from the last mass which still floated above them in the vaulting ribs and buttresses.

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The priest came, his black garments rocking about him. He was a slim old man, with a face looking as if it had been carved out of old wood like the statues of Saint Joseph and Gabriel on the side altars. He began the mass in a low humming voice. The little boys came, with the incense, the gong, moving in awkward youngness, their slim necks protruding from the white yokes, their big young feet swinging beneath their black robes. It gave Eunice a stab of pain watching them. They made her feel so much a girl.

The meaning of the mass she made up mysteriously herself. It made her sit in the trance of her own destiny, feeling through the ritual some hint of meaning that was never wholly graspable. The organ sounds came from behind them and fell and rose through the spaces; the choir of young boys sang in a high pitch. Their voices were strangely moving to the young girl. Hearing them, she had again a sharp knowingness that she would be a woman; something in the single, plaintive young male voices made her feel in her every fibre her own femininity. She could imagine their open mouths, their blank young faces, their earnest necks stretched upward, while out of their young throats came this high, plaintive singing, so effortless, so pure.

In the midst of her own dreaming she saw the thin white body ahead, hanging from the cross. Behind the flickering red candles in the dim recess stood that woman, His mother, amidst her draperies, that benign head drooping, looking down. Seeing the figure, she knew herself to be a woman too. Tears came to her eyes. The wooden altar in the apse of the dim church, the quaint figures looking outward with their pigmied human pathos, with so gentle a human grace, seen through her tears, filled her with a strange, a tumultuous compassion. There seemed to be sorrow in the world; the saints on the altars stood like any human men gentle from sorrow; the woman standing above the body of the prone man dead in anguish; the ways of the cross with the small tortured figures; and the priest proceeding about the mass, his tall, thin body, a line of tenuous sorrow, with a gentle droop lifting with effort upon itself the gray, lovely head.

The bells were ringing. Incense rose with the rising gray pillars, and above all, as if from a tree-top, fell that high-song of the boy choir, the single sustained pure note coming from the delicately upstanding throats of young boys. The many male voices all sounding together so sharp and clear made the girl feel confused and heavy. Looking at the back of the seat in front of her, she felt again that heavy knowledge of being a woman. The nearest she could get to the pain of such knowing was the vision of her mother, frail and sad and somehow defeated. To be a man was to be single and pure and unbroken. To be a woman was to be broken by an obscure defeat and mysteriously mellowed.

The ritual of the mass went on far down before her, as if the participating figures were so minute she might hold them in the palm of her hand, or as if the whole movement were going on within her.

And in all these symbols she felt vaguely a meaning of herself and what she would become and of a knowledge dimly awaiting her. Some faint knowingness of herself moved in her as the mass was enacted before her with its revealing of an inner altar, with all its intricate and provocative gestures of revealment. She too might turn at any moment and with as single a gesture as the priest made opening the great book before him—revealing the sacrament, taking from its inner place the

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chalice—with so simple a movement she too might open a space in whose depths lay the seed of her being. In this tension of suspense she watched the giving of the sacrament.

To her surprise it was all soon over, the moment had passed. She saw her brothers sitting beside her. The congregation wavered from the hard form into which the mass had seemed to mould them; it now broke, and moved. The two boys marched in again to the altar and snuffed out the candles. People were hurrying down the aisles to their Sunday dinners. Jim and Johnny wanted to be gone. The girl felt unhappy, baffled, but she rose and went with the scattering crowd out into the wind.

Outside the light seemed pale and wan upon the chill air. They hurried along buttoning their collars. Johnny found his tobacco-can, which he had hidden under some snow, and began kicking it home.

When they saw their own red brick house, Eunice dreaded the Sunday meal. Their dog came running out of the yard to meet them. Jim pushed the animal away and went on ahead alone. Eunice stooped to pat the beast but his affection palled her. He wagged all over, his red tongue hanging out in an agony of gratitude for her attention. She could not stand it, having him all over her like that. "Go 'way," she said. "Go 'way, Spud." Johnny went around the corner of the house still kicking his tobacco-can, and the dog followed, turning his little doggish eyes back upon her in reproof and sadness.

Going into the front door, she felt almost a fear that some one would stop her before she got to her room. There was her father calling out from the front room, where she knew he would be sitting without any collar on, reading the Sunday papers, "Hello, want the funny paper?" he called. She stopped tragically on the stairs. "Ye gods," she murmured, closing her eyes dramatically, "the funny paper!" Out loud she shouted crossly, "No, I don't," and ran up the stairs making a clatter.

In her room she flung herself on the unmade bed and lay like an animal in ambush listening to the sounds downstairs. Johnny was now batting the can around the back yard. She could hear him. There was the incessant rattle of the many Sunday papers, and the voice of her father sometimes reading the scandal or the news out loud so her mother going from the kitchen to the dining-room might hear snatches of it at least. As she feared, she heard her mother ask where she was; then the tired, slow tread ascending the stairs. She flung herself against the wall, her back to the door she knew her mother would open in a moment.

When she heard the familiar woman behind her she could see with her eyes closed the face and figure of this woman, and she was glad she had come into the room. If she might turn and ask the older woman some question. But she did not know what the question would be, and she had a feeling her mother would not be able to answer it even if she found herself able to ask. "She must have looked like me when she was young," Eunice often thought. "What has happened?" Lying on the bed, the bewildered mother standing in the room behind her, the girl saw every feature of the woman—her delicate body worn thin, her slender neck, her face, once whittled to its delicacy by many hopes, now gone into a tension of bewilderment and fatigue. Something was marked there clearly. This marking signalled a warning to the young girl, signalled some blight that had fallen on a dream her mother once had had. The imminence of a like blight haunted her.

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The smell of pork roast came up the stairs through the door the mother had left open behind her. "Eunice, are you ill? What is it? Aren't you coming down to dinner? You haven't felt well all morning, have you?" she was asking, hovering over her in her delicate bewilderment.

"I'm all right. Please go away." She felt her mother pause, leaning over. "Oh, mother," she said to herself, wishing the mother of her own accord would say something to her. She felt the thin hand on her head: "You don't seem to have a fever." Eunice flung herself to a sitting position: "Of course I haven't. I suppose I've got to go down to dinner." She felt hunger with the strong warm odor of the pork coming up the stairs. Fixing her untidy hair at the mirror, she saw her mother reflected there too as she stood in the small space of the room, the worn hands under her apron, her flushed, worried face peering at her daughter in the little mirror into which they both were looking.

But nothing was said. Eunice followed her down the stairs, watching the familiar body, with its slight, dejected droop, go ahead.

"Well," said her father at the dinner table as he put a slice of roast on each plate, and they all knew by the tone of his voice that one of his jokes was coming. "So you don't read the funny paper any more, Eunice? She must be growing up, mother." He related—grinning palely, for he knew really how much he was hurting her—how he had been willing to share the funnies with her and she had shouted out to him, "like a fine lady," that she did not want them. Eunice looked down at her plate, feeling her cheeks flush.

Her mother changed the subject, speaking to Johnny: "Your cheeks are red as a beet, child; you must have been playing hard." Eunice saw the round face opposite her, his full apple cheeks chapped and reddened, his hair shaggy just as the wind had blown it. Uncle Joe, sitting alongside, looked at the boy affectionately, as if there was something between them.

"Let's go to the park, Johnny, and the keeper will take us over to the island and show us the duck eggs he is hatching," he said to the boy shyly, conscious of the others. "That'll be fun," the boy said, hacking his meat. Before she thought, Eunice was asking: "Can I go too, Uncle Joe?" "You stay home, Eunice," Johnny said, for he no longer liked her as well as he did. She had changed. "All right," the girl said quickly, ashamed and afraid lest her father tease her again, "I've got a date anyway."

But she had no "date." After the dishes were done she prepared to leave the house. She passed the door into the living-room and saw her father sitting by the window smoking. Her mother was sitting in her rocker looking almost as if she did not live there at all, but was a stranger who had come on a very long journey and was tired.

"Good-by, mother," Eunice paused in the door, "I'm going for a little walk." She hated to see her mother sitting there all afternoon like a stranger in the house. The mother looked up with her quick, startled eyes at the sound of her daughter's voice.

"All right, dear," she said, lowering the book she held. "Are you going with the bunch?"

"No, I don't know where they are. I just thought I'd go alone," Eunice said, feeling again that queer desire to cry.

"Oh," her mother said, raising her book.

Eunice still stood in the doorway looking into the littered room where sat her father and mother. Conscious of her there, the mother laid her book down

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on the floor and got up. Eunice started toward the outside door, saying hopelessly: "Well, good-by." And the woman followed her with that baffled air of indecision she so often had about her. At the door the two stood close together for a moment. "My, it's a fine day," the mother said, not looking at the day at all but smelling the fragrance of the close presence of her daughter.

"Yes, it is," Eunice said, not attending to the day, her eyes gone blind to the outside light as she stood so near her mother.

The girl turned suddenly and put her arms around the older woman, who stood awkwardly in the young embrace, not knowing what to think. Eunice let her go and ran down the walk to the street.

"You better wear your heavier coat, Eunice. There's a right chill wind blowing."

"No," called the girl, turning as she half ran and seeing the slight woman in the door of the shabby house, so that, walking along, she began to cry.

On the street she was afraid she might meet some one, so she stopped crying. The park was still deserted. She felt romantic and melancholy walking along under the tall, vaulting trees, but she met no one, so she soon lost interest in the feeling. She thought she would go to Fourth Street, where there were shops, and where the gang often "hung out." She would buy a chocolate bar, she thought, making sure she had a nickel in her pocket.

Coming onto the street she began to walk in an agony of self-consciousness, wondering whom she would meet. She saw ahead of her, at the corner of the cigar-store, a group of boys. She saw them become conscious of her as she was still in the next block. They turned, still talking and laughing, but with half an eye upon her approaching. She didn't know how she should carry herself, how she should walk approaching them. She felt herself superior and yet vulnerable. It was a confusing way to feel. As she came near, the boys stopped talking and stood watching her cross the street. She felt in an agony lest she slip on the melting snow, or perhaps her skirt was hanging in some way below her coat. Some of the boys in the group she knew at school.

"Hello, Red," she said in a mincing voice and they all took off their hats. At last she got by and into the drug-store. Inside she bought her candy.

One of the boys followed her. He leaned against the soda-fountain and talked to the clerk, wise-cracking for her to hear. She went over and began looking at a magazine. She felt the boy looking at her and she wished she had not come, yet she felt too that she was glad to be there.

She had not enough money to buy a magazine, so she was afraid to stand there looking at it too long. She feared that if she went toward the door the boy might open it for her. But she could stay no longer, so opening her candy bar she went to the door, feeling the boys turn to watch her walking. The boy did not offer to open the door. She went out and passed the window, seeing the two boys laughing inside, their grinning faces so young and so disordered.

Should she speak again to Red? She had decided against it when she found herself looking straight into his eyes and saying again in that queer high voice that disgusted her, "Hello, Red," and seeing all the boys raise their hats at once, so comically. She felt then like running as fast as she could. She felt almost as if she were running swiftly, and was afraid she was, but she knew she was walking quite slowly really, peeling the tinsel from the chocolate.

After she had turned the corner out

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of sight of the group, she felt depressed and would have liked to go back again. She went on toward the park feeling lonely, wishing some of them might follow her, imagining what might be said to a young man.

She sat down on a bench, watching uneasily the streets which led into the park, thinking perhaps one of them would come. Strolling couples came around the curve of the lake, stopped and took each other's pictures, taking off their winter coats boldly. She thought them common, holding each other's hands, kissing so secretly behind the bare lilac-bush where she could see them quite plainly.

Uneasy was her afternoon. She thought she would go back for another candy bar but had not the nerve.

The young boys frolicked around the lake like monkeys, seeming quite mad in the spring wind, climbing trees, digging in the mud, shouting at each other, fighting, screaming, calling half around the lake, running to the cold water to get their feet wet, shoes and all. Last year she had climbed that elm slanting out over the lake. She remembered the thrill of sitting there between the sky and water, her lean young self, like these boys, shouting and singing.

The cold was getting into her limbs. The sun hung low behind the trees, a pale, shaggy, round ball. The heat was all gone and only the wind blew. She wondered where she could go, sitting miserably on the cold bench while the dusk gathered in the dark trees and the last couples and the last children went away. Far around the lake, on their way home, she could hear two young boys calling to each other.

Above her in the dusk arched the darkening trees. Occasionally a man passed along the walk behind her and she went tense listening to his steps. Once a dark figure stopped uncertainly and she heard him say something to her. She sat rigid, looking blindly out over the lake until he had gone on. She became afraid after that and got up and from habit went toward her home.

She saw the lights in the windows of her house. Some one turned the light off in the front room, so she knew they must all be in the dining-room. They would have cold-pork sandwiches.

Instead of turning into the house, she went on past it. She imagined that she did not live there. She went straight on in the uncertain dusk ahead.

Turning the corner out of sight of the house she trembled in excitement. It was as if she had disappeared from her familiar world. She might go on, making the right turnings, and come to the house where she would live, and to companions she did not yet know.

But she walked around the block and came upon the old house again. The light was still on in the dining-room. She crept around the house. Standing on tiptoe she looked in at the window where they were eating.

The light seemed to lie like a glare in the room and the family seemed horrible in it. Her mother sat at one end, her father at the other. Facing her sat Jim, his pale face looking ill in the light. She could see the back of Johnny's head and the broad back of Uncle Joe. Their lips moved as if they were speaking but she could not hear. The storm-windows had not yet been taken off.

She looked a long time. Tired of standing strained upward, she slumped down and seemed to fall out of the light into an abyss of darkness.

Creeping around the dark corner of the house, she smelled the newly upturned soil of the canna-bed. The morning when her uncle had uncovered them to the sun seemed a long time in the past. She felt herself again leaning out the upper window watching him,

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having that moment of brightness and wind.

Down on her hands and knees by the canna-bed she could see the white curved sprouts like scimitars just thrust from the earth. She put her finger on one of them and felt them hard and cold but with a moisture and this strong urgency, this upward thrust of power. They thrust upward, hard and single in the darkness, awaiting their day of flowering.

She parted the hard, naked stubs of the limbs of the lilac-tree and crawled behind it close to the house, sinking down on the ground. The body of the house was warm and she could hear going on inside the vague noises and movements of the people within, her father, her mother, her brothers. She listened and listened.

A stillness came up out of the blackness around her. People passed in front of the house along the walk. She could hear the quick steps of invisible children, the firm tread of many young men in the darkness.

She felt her eyes unbearably wide open and she listened and listened. The wind blew about her in the darkness as from another world.

After what seemed a long time the back door opened and her mother came out and stood on the steps. Reaching out she could have touched the woman's skirt.

"Eunice," her mother called softly, peering beneath her hand into the deep shadow that lay under the elm. The woman stood there a moment listening too. Then she went back into the house.

Approach

By Frances M. Frost

Let her no less delicately come
On love
Than the fawn from the wood
Comes to the space where the silver sky is uncovered.

Poised and stricken dumb
By too much beauty, let her be warier
Of this most fragile thing, than the fox . . .
With startled amber eyes, with rain on his fur . . .
Trembling at the sound of a far twig broken.

Let her no less delicately come
On love
Than the wood-thrush under the dripping cedars
Comes on the instant when his small throat scatters
A shiver of loveliness over the darkened trees.

Let her come no less breathlessly
Than these.

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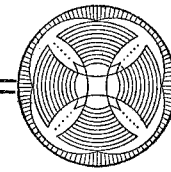

The Corduroy Pants

By ERSKINE CALDWELL

Two weeks after he sold his farm on the back road for twelve hundred dollars and the Mitchells had moved in and taken possession, Bert Fellows discovered that he had left his other pair of corduroy pants up attic. When he had finished hauling his furniture and clothes to his other place on the Skowhegan road, he was sure he had left nothing behind, but the morning that he went to put on his best pair of pants he could not find them anywhere. Bert thought the matter over two or three days and decided to go around on the back road and ask Abe Mitchell to let him go up attic and get the corduroys. He had known Abe all his life and he felt certain Abe would let him go in the house and look around for them.

Abe was putting a new board on the door-step when Bert came up the road and turned into the yard. Abe glanced around but kept right on working.

Bert waited until he finished planing the board before he said anything.

"How be you, Abe?" he inquired cautiously.

"Hell, I'm always well," Abe said without looking up from the step.

Bert was getting ready to ask permission to go in the house. He waited until Abe hammered the twentypenny into the board.

"I left a pair of corduroys in there, Abe," he stated preliminarily. "You wouldn't mind if I went up attic and got them, would you?"

Abe let the hammer drop out of his hands and fall on the step. He wiped his mouth with his handkerchief and turned around facing Bert.

"You go in my house and I'll have the law on you. I don't give a cuss if you've left fifty pair of corduroys up attic. I bought and paid for this place and the buildings on it and I don't want nobody tracking around here. When I want you to come on my place I'll invite you."

Bert scratched his head and looked up at the attic window. He began to wish he had not been so forgetful when he was moving his belongings down to his other house on the Skowhegan road.

"They won't do you no good, Abe," he said. "They are about ten sizes too big for you to wear. And they belong to me, anyway."

"I've already told you what I'm going to do with them corduroys," Abe replied, going back to work. "I've made my plans for them corduroys. I'm going to keep them, that's what I'm going to do."

Bert turned around and walked toward the road, glancing over his shoulder at the attic where his pants were hanging on a rafter. He stopped and looked at Abe several minutes, but Abe was busy hammering twentypenny nails into the new step he was making and he paid no attention to Bert's sour looks. Bert went back down the road wondering how he was going to get along without his other pair of pants.

By the time Bert reached his house he was good and mad. In the first place, he did not like the way Abe Mitchell order-

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ed him away from his old farm, but most of all he missed his other pair of corduroys. And by bedtime he could not sit still. He walked around the kitchen mumbling to himself and trying to think of some way by which he could get his trousers away from Abe.

"Crusty-faced Democrats never were no damn good," he mumbled to himself.

Half an hour later he was walking up the back road toward his old farm. He had waited until he knew Abe was asleep, and now he was going to get in the house and go up attic and bring out the corduroys.

Bert felt in the dark for the loose window in the barn and discovered it could be opened just as he had expected. He had had good intentions of nailing it down for the past two or three years, and now he was glad he left it like it was. He went through the barn and the woodshed and into the kitchen.

Abe had gone to bed about nine o'clock, and he was asleep and snoring when Bert listened at the door. Abe's wife had been stone-deaf for the past twenty years or more.

Bert found the corduroy pants with no trouble at all. He struck only one match up attic, and the pants were hanging on the first nail he went to. He had taken off his shoes when he climbed through the barn window and he knew his way through the house with his eyes shut. Getting into the house and out again was just as easy as he thought it would be. And as long as Abe snored he was safe.

In another minute he was out in the barn again, putting on his shoes and holding his corduroy pants under his arm. He had put over a good joke on Abe Mitchell, all right. He went home and got into bed.

The next morning Abe Mitchell drove his car up to the front of Bert's house and got out. Bert saw him from his window and went to meet Abe at the door. He was wearing the other pair of corduroys, the pair that Abe said he was going to keep for himself.

"I'll have you arrested for stealing my pants," Abe announced as soon as Bert opened the door, "but if you want to give them back to me now I might consider calling off the charges. It's up to you what you want to do about it."

"That's all right by me," Bert said. "When we get to court I'll show you that I'm just as big a man as you think you are. I'm not afraid what you'll do. Go ahead and have me arrested, but if they lock you up in place of me don't come begging me to go your bail for you."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it," Abe said, getting red in the face, "I'll go ahead with the charges. I'll swear out a warrant right now and they'll put you in the county jail before bedtime tonight."

"They'll know where to find me," Bert said, closing the door. "I generally stay pretty close to home."

Abe went out to his automobile and got inside. He started the engine, and promptly shut it off again.

"Come out here a minute, Bert," he called.

Bert studied him for several moments through the crack in the door and then went out in the yard.

"Why don't you go swear out the warrant? What you waiting for now?"

"Well, I thought I'd tell you something, Bert. It will save you and me both a lot of time and money if you'd go to court right now and save the cost of having a man come out here to serve the warrant on you. If you'll go to court right now and let me have you arrested there, the cost won't be as much."

"You must take me for a cussed fool, Abe Mitchell," Bert said. "Do I look like a fool to pay ten dollars for a hired car to take me to county jail?"

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Abe thought to himself several minutes, glancing sideways at Bert.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Bert," he proposed. "You get in my car and I'll take you there and you won't have to pay ten dollars for a hired car."

Bert took out his pipe and tobacco. Abe waited while he thought the proposition over thoroughly. Bert could not find a match, so Abe handed him one.

"You'll do that, won't you, Bert?" he asked.

"Don't hurry me—I need plenty of time to think this over in my mind."

Abe waited, bending nervously toward Bert. The match-head crumbled off and Abe promptly gave Bert another one.

"I guess I can accommodate you that little bit this time," he said at length. "Wait till I lock up my house."

When Bert came back to the automobile Abe started the engine and turned around in the road toward Skowhegan. Bert sat beside him sucking his pipe.

Neither of them had anything to say to each other all the time they were riding. Abe drove as fast as his old car would go because he was in a hurry to get Bert arrested and the trial started.

When they reached the court-house they went inside and Abe swore out the warrant and had it served on Bert. Then the sheriff took them into the court-room and told Bert to wait there. The sheriff said they could push the case ahead and get a hearing some time that same afternoon. Abe found two seats and they sat down and waited.

It was an hour before Bert's case was called to trial. Somebody read out his name and told him to come forward. Abe sat still, waiting until he was called to give his testimony.

Bert stood up while the charge was read to him. When it was over, the judge asked him if he wanted to plead guilty or not guilty.

"Not guilty," Bert said.

Abe jumped off his seat and waved his arms.

"He's lying!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "He's lying—he did steal my pants!"

"Who is that man?" the judge asked somebody.

"That's the man who swore out the warrant," the clerk said. "He's the one who claims the pants were stolen from him."

"Well, if he yells out like that again," the judge said, "I'll swear out a warrant against him for giving me a headache. And I guess you'd better tell him there's such a thing as contempt of court. He looks like a Democrat, so I suppose he never heard of anything like that before."

The judge rapped for order and bent over toward Bert.

"Did you steal a pair of corduroy pants from this man?" he asked.

"They were my pants," Bert explained. "I left them in my house when I sold it to Abe Mitchell, and when I asked him for them he wouldn't turn them over to me. I didn't steal them. They belonged to me all the time."

"He's lying!" Abe shouted again, jumping up and down. "He stole my pants—he's lying!"

"Ten dollars for contempt of court, whatever your name is," the judge said, aiming his gavel at Abe, "and case dismissed for lack of evidence."

Abe's face sank into his head. He looked first at the judge and then around the court-room at the strange faces.

"You're not going to make me pay ten dollars, are you?" he demanded angrily.

"No," the judge said, standing up again. "I made a mistake. I forgot that you are a Democrat. I meant to say twenty-five dollars."

Bert went outside and waited at the

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automobile until Abe paid his fine. In a quarter of an hour Abe came out of the court-house.

"Well, I guess I'll have to give you a ride back home," he said, getting under the steering-wheel and starting the engine. "But what I ought to do is leave you here and let you ride home in a hired car."

Bert said nothing at all. He sat down beside Abe and they drove out of town toward home.

It was almost dark when Abe stopped the car in front of Bert's house. Bert got out and slammed shut the door.

"I'm mighty much obliged for the ride," he said. "I been wanting to take a trip over Skowhegan way for a year or more. I'm glad you asked me to go along with you, Abe, but I don't see how the trip was worth twenty-five dollars to you."

Abe shoved his automobile into gear and jerked down the road toward his house. He left Bert standing beside the mail-box rubbing his hands over the legs of his corduroy pants.

"Abe Mitchell ought to have had better sense than to be a Democrat," Bert said, going into his house.

The Onward Voice

By Henry van Dyke

I love the river's onward voice:
The foaming rapids shout, Rejoice!
In quiet-seeming pools below
The murmuring ripples forward flow;
And from the distant fall there comes
A marching sound, like throbbing drums.

The trees that crowd the river-banks
Are soldier-like in serried ranks.
Untroubled by a wandering will,
They find their strength in standing still;
Deep-rooted in their place of birth,
And clinging to their mother earth.

Then comes a wild adventurous wind
And works a magic in their mind.
They toss and sigh as in a dream,
Above the forward-singing stream;
They long to sail away at ease
To fairy isles in far-off seas.

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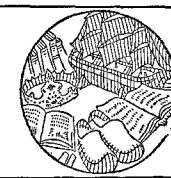
As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



At this moment there is not a single professional theatre in the State of Connecticut.

It does not take long to read that sentence of fifteen words; but it takes some time to realize its significance. I suppose there never was any period in history when there was more interest in the drama, in the theatre, and in the art of acting than now. Every college and university has courses in modern drama, and many of them have their own fully equipped theatres; in every public and private school there are dramatic clubs or organizations exclusively devoted to the production of plays, ranging from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" to something written by the school-children. There are Little Theatres, Repertory Theatres, Community Theatres all over the United States; and never before have so many plays in the English language been on sale in the book-shops.

With this intense and universal interest in the subject, with (literally) millions of Americans writing plays and millions of amateur actors, it is noteworthy that there is practically no opportunity to go to the professional legitimate theatre outside of New York City. The old road companies, either with or without a star, are obsolescent; the large and grandiose theatre buildings, which used to be conspicuous in every town of moderate size, are either dark or are motion-picture houses.

A few months ago, the one remaining theatre in Hartford was closed; and a few weeks after that, came the decision of the Shuberts to close their handsome, spacious, and comfortable theatre in New Haven. One cannot blame the owners, if the thing is run at a loss. But when we remember what a part in education, culture, and diversion the theatre has taken in all lands and for so many centuries, and when we remember the intense interest in theatrical art to-day, the closing of theatres seems and is a calamity.

The motion-pictures, whether they be silent or vocal, cannot be regarded as a worthy or complete substitute. They have two advantages over the legitimate: there can be abundance and infinite variety of scenery, and all the people of America can see the same play (George Arliss in "Disraeli") at the same time. But just as a radio sermon is not like being in church, so a talking picture is not so impressive or so enjoyable as the living presence.

It is one more tragic illustration of a great vice of this age—the substitution of quantity for quality. Surely it is better to have "talkies" than to have nothing; surely it is better to have the radio than never to hear an orchestra. But to have a distribution of the second-rate so universal that it eliminates the first-rate cannot be regarded as wholly beneficent.

In the city of New York the theatrical season has been financially disastrous; during most of the autumn and winter months only thirty-five of the seventy-five regular theatres were open. Furthermore, many of the new plays ran less than a week, so that the immense outlay of money and preparation necessarily expended before the first night was a total loss. Many of the producers feel that the newspaper dramatic critics have been unnecessarily severe; they com-

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plain that while in every other business the newspapers and prominent persons interviewed have done their best to be as optimistic and as encouraging as possible, so that wherever there was even a faint sign of business revival, it might be assisted by tender treatment, any flickering flame in the theatre was extinguished by the icy breath of irony. Indeed one producer, on the eve of departure for Europe, remarked that nearly every new play was swooped on by the critics with hawklike fierceness, as if they had determined in advance to rend it in savage glee.

Two things may be said in reply to this plea for encouragement. Perhaps never have so many new plays been produced that were hopelessly bad; so bad, it seems incredible that even their authors could have believed in them. Again, in conversing on this very attitude—encouragement or the reverse—with one of the best of the dramatic critics, he told me he felt the worst thing that could happen to the theatre would be to give encouragement to a play that did not fully deserve it.

As it is now, the average theatregoer must choose between two courses. Either he must attempt to see one of the few plays that are so successful that it is both a physical and financial problem to enter the building, or he must attend a performance that apparently nobody wants to see, and that after two weeks nobody will see.

The average theatregoer will not choose a play because its subject or presentation has an especial appeal to his own particular taste. He wants to follow the crowd.

Now between the "smashing hits" and the utter failures, there are a considerable number of plays assuredly worth seeing. But under the present condition of fearfully high rents and fearfully high producing expenses, unless a play can fill the theatre, it is taken off. This is particularly unfortunate at this particular time.

I do not know anything about the financial conditions determining production; but I should think it would pay to have less expenses and more plays, with the beneficial result of keeping more actors in employment, and giving more theatregoers an opportunity to see performances; in other words, less profit and more production. An excellent illustration of a good play that failed is the late William Bolitho's "Overture." This did not have a sufficiently general appeal for a long run or a continuously crowded house; but there were many intelligent people who enjoyed it, and were sorry to have it withdrawn.

And now, having been obliged to write pessimistically on many aspects of the modern theatre in America, it is a pleasure to make some observations of a more favorable nature. The quality of production in New York has improved so vastly in the last twenty years, that excellence in presentation is now the rule rather than the exception. Even a worthless play is in general well acted and well produced.

There are now at least a dozen plays on the New York stage where the teamacting, scenery, and general effects are equal to what is given in the best theatres of Europe, and far superior to the average.

Furthermore, there have been a number of new plays given in New York during this financially tragic season that would adorn the stage of any city in the world. Here is a partial list:

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street."
"Grand Hotel."
"Once in a Lifetime."
"Mrs. Moonlight."
"Green Pastures."
"That's Gratitude."

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"The Admirable Crichton" (revival).
"To-morrow and To-morrow."
"Philip Goes Forth."
"Elizabeth the Queen."
"Five Star Final."

Old and new plays at the Civic Repertory Theatre, with revivals of Bernard Shaw at the Theatre Guild.

In addition to these important plays, there are charming comedies like "Petticoat Influence," beautifully acted by Helen Hayes with a competent English cast; "On the Spot" and "Doctor X," excellent melodramas.

Of all the new plays, I give first prize to "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolph Besier. Mr. Besier is an Englishman, writing another play about once in ten years. In 1909, when he was thirty years old, he wrote a comedy called "Don" which in America was magnificently acted at the New Theatre, under the direction of Winthrop Ames; I shall never forget the superb artistry shown in an impersonation by Louis Calvert.

Katharine Cornell, one of our most distinguished actresses, has had for the last few years such disastrous fortune in the leading rôles assigned to her, that in 1930 she decided to produce plays herself, going back to the effective actor-manager system. She read in manuscript "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" while on the ocean, and immediately accepted it. It was produced at the Malvern Hills Theatre in the summer of 1930 in England and later made a success in London. She assembled an admirable cast, and presented the play at the Empire Theatre in New York in February; it is a tremendous success and deserves to be.

It is the story of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, the greatest love story in the world, more thrilling than Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Isolde, Eloisa and Abelard, Paul and Virginia, Aucassin and Nicolette, Paolo and Francesca, or any other you can think of; and it differs from most of the others in having a happy ending for the lovers.

When I first heard of the dramatization of this story, I was prepared for a disappointment; for it is difficult to put a well-known historical character on the stage and convince the audience. I suppose I have seen Napoleon forty times in the theatre, but I never saw a good one.

In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Katharine Cornell *is* Elizabeth Barrett; Brian Ahearne *is* Robert Browning; Charles Waldron *is* Mr. Barrett. For forty years I have studied the personality and poetry of Browning more closely than any other poet; and when the maid Wilson opened the door and said "Mr. Robert Browning!" I was prepared for a shock. Yet with the unimportant difference that Mr. Ahearne is taller than Browning, I was in the presence of Browning himself. That is exactly the way he looked, that is the way he talked, and exactly so was his inspiring influence on Elizabeth. Katharine Cornell *is* Elizabeth; that really is the way Elizabeth spoke to her father, to her brothers and sisters, to her maid Wilson, to her dog Flush, and that is the way she recovered her health—by the inspiration of a personality so tremendous that it makes it easier to believe in the miracles of the New Testament.

Many young people to-day think Mr. Barrett is an impossible monster; but with the exception of the hint at an unnatural passion for Elizabeth—both unnecessary and untrue to life—that *is* exactly the way Mr. Barrett treated his children and their potential lovers. He had an insane jealousy toward them all. How easy it would have been to make him ridiculous! But thanks to the playwright and to the splendid acting of Mr. Waldron, he is both formidable and terrifying.

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I hope that out of the thousands and thousands of Americans who have seen the play this season, hundreds and hundreds will go to 50 Wimpole Street in London this summer and do homage.

Nor is it only those who have read Browning and are familiar with the original love story who are affected by this drama. Directly behind me sat a man and his wife who were overwhelmed; and when Robert told Elizabeth that she would see Italy sooner than she planned, because she would have to marry him, the man whispered to his companion: "She'll never do it!"

I have not seen on the stage a more affecting love story; it makes the ordinary love-making seem like the play of marionettes. For this is to be said of the Victorians. They had terrific passions; they knew how to love and how to hate. The fact that they assumed that marriage was to follow love, gave love an importance undreamed of by many people in these trivial times. Now that divorces are frequent, adultery even more frequent, and "love-affairs" casual and ephemeral—the love between men and women has in a great many instances lost its vitality. It doesn't mean anything. You cannot have it both ways. You cannot successfully pretend a thing is important when you know it isn't. But those Victorians! They had an emotional power that in comparison with these easy-going days gave to Love the depth and sweep and force of the ocean as compared to the qualities of a mud puddle.

If you want to discover what love used to mean, go and see Katharine Cornell and Brian Ahearne in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Then, after beholding those eagles of poetry, consider the insects of our modern novels.

"Philip Goes Forth," by George Kelly, is an original and powerful play which sags badly in certain scenes, and which has more than one actor miscast, but despite its flaws, it has some of the best dramatic moments that Mr. Kelly has ever created, and the whole play will be remembered by spectators longer than many other plays that have been technically more finished.

"Grand Hotel," a German importation, is an original and highly interesting play, splendidly mounted and acted. It appeared simultaneously with Arnold Bennett's "Imperial Palace," and the two productions accurately illustrate the difference between the art of the drama and the art of the novel. Mr. Bennett's enormous book, filling about eight hundred pages, tells us all that we want to know, and a great deal that we don't, about the management of a modern London hotel, which might be the Savoy. Vicki Baum's play, in two hours and a half, gives us a series of thrilling pictures of the interior of a German hotel, which might be the Adlon.

The play, although we have a lively picture of the "office," with the various employees—a scene that reminds me strikingly of a somewhat similar one in Schnitzler's "Das weite Land"—concerns itself mainly with the men and women euphemistically described as "guests." The hero of Mr. Bennett's leviathan is the hotel manager; and more space and attention are given to the employees than to the visitors. The whole book is prepared in the manner of first-class journalism; I should think it might easily be accepted as a thesis for the Ph.D. degree, given in almost any business college. It is voluminous, thorough, painstaking, accurate—it has everything except copious foot-notes, an index, and a complete bibliography. One merely asks the question that sometimes one asks concerning a doctor's thesis—was it worth doing? Why all this ex-

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pense of energy? The characters have little significance. I had hoped that the marvellously beautiful young American girl, whose favorite reading is the Psalms, might turn out to be an interesting personality; but she is after all just one more slut.

The play, "Grand Hotel," gives us sharply outlined and impressive portraits of the various men and women who eat and sleep in such caravanseries. All kinds of people frequent this hotel, except "good" people. I remember many years ago, when one-half of the Park Central Hotel in Hartford fell down in the night, the scandals exposed by the disaster, and the subsequent excited town gossip. But there were respectable people who were killed along with the others. In "Grand Hotel" there are only undesirable citizens; and it is interesting to see what one of them decides to do when his physician informs him that his death is at hand. He goes in blindly for what he regards as a good time.

As many writers have observed, Life is short. It is instructive to compare this hotel guest's programme with the philosophy of Hotspur:

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

"Once in a Lifetime" is hilariously funny; a gorgeous satire on the morons of Hollywood. Seldom have I seen a play so thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The spectators are shaken by continuous and spontaneous mirth; and I am informed that the satire, so far from being overdrawn, is rather conservative.

"Elizabeth the Queen" is the *kind* of play that I particularly dislike; I mean the historical-costume-drama, with a "Gramercy" dialogue. But the interpretation of the Virgin Queen by Lynn Fontanne is so extraordinary that no theatregoer should miss seeing it. It is a stunning virtuoso performance.

"Mrs. Moonlight" is a comedy that charms a sensitive and appreciative mind, and irritates those whose chronic attitude toward life is ironical. In fact, it is an excellent trial horse, for I think if you knew any person either through intimate friendship or through his writings, you could predict with certitude his mental and emotional response. This is not at all a subject for debate; one knows exactly why certain men and women are attracted by this play, and why certain others are repelled. The acting of Miss Barrett, of Sir Guy Standing, of Miss Haidee Wright is admirable.

Philip Barry, in "To-morrow and To-morrow," has succeeded for the first time in combining a serious and thoughtful play with box-office appeal. "In a Garden," "White Wings," "Hotel Universe" were ambitious dramas which failed financially; "Paris Bound" and "Holiday" were financial successes of not very much artistic importance. But "To-morrow and To-morrow" has the best dialogue he has written, the most excellent presentation of character, and is enjoying a "click" that can be heard all over the sidewalks of New York. It is, like "Green Pastures," taken from the Bible; the difference being one of maturity. The prophet Elisha stayed at the house of a fashionable and intellectual woman who had acquired the habit of entertaining distinguished lecturers. In this instance, she had a room built especially for his use, where, with a table, a chair, a lamp, and a bed, he must have been very comfortable. I hope Mr. Barry does not hint at a cynical interpretation of the Bible story.

Once more let me call attention to the new and limited edition of the works of Tolstoy in English—the only complete translation—now in process of publica-

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tion. This is an opportunity not to be missed. And I am glad to see that the Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Aylmer Maude, has just published a small volume of about seventy-five pages, "Leo Tolstoy and His Works," an excellent biography, showing remarkable skill in condensation. I like everything in it except the quotation from Dryden, which is used to describe Tolstoy:

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

The reader cannot help thinking of the very next line:

> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong.

This tiny volume is not only admirable for the immense amount of valuable information it gives both on Tolstoy's life and character, but for its bibliography, and its references to the "World's Classics" series, containing most of his best novels in English translation, at two shillings the volume!

One day, when I was a graduate student at Harvard, I remember Dean Briggs remarking in the classroom that the dates of two men of letters were easy to remember, because they came exactly one century apart:

> John Dryden, born 1631, died 1700.
> William Cowper, born 1731, died 1800.

Another great anniversary this year is that of Joan of Arc, who, outside of the Bible, is probably the most famous woman in history. She was burned at Rouen, May, 1431.

Cowper (pronounced Kooper, double o as in loop) has already had his birthday celebrated by one of the best biographies that have appeared in our age of biography—"The Stricken Deer," by Lord Cecil. This book has received two prizes in Great Britain, and deserves three. The subject might so easily have been treated ironically, but Lord Cecil is too wise, too sensible, too learned, too brilliant to stoop to such an obvious method. His biography is sympathetic. It is written in a noble and elevated style, and is a contribution to the study of social life in the eighteenth century. It is curious, when one remembers that England is practically the same size as the State of Michigan or the State of North Carolina, that we do not think it remarkable if an Englishman never leaves it. If an American man of letters were born in Michigan and never penetrated beyond its borders? But England and Michigan?

I am glad to see that Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," English translation, has just appeared in Everyman's Library. Every man should certainly buy and own this book. In the list-of-books-you-would-choose-to-be-shipwrecked-on-a-desert-island-with, these Conversations could not be omitted. Then wilderness would be paradise enow! Lord Haldane, who must have known, called Goethe the greatest mind since Aristotle; now, for less than a dollar, one may live intimately with Goethe.

Speaking of Lord Haldane, his sister, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, has published a life of Mrs. Gaskell, a thoroughly good book, in which we learn much about those three terrifying Graces, Charlotte, Emily, Anne Brontë. Those who imagine that Mr. Barrett was a monster, are right; he was. Those who imagine he was unique, are wrong; he wasn't. Although the three Brontë sisters lived with their father, the Reverend Mr. Brontë, in one of the loneliest places in England, he never ate his meals with them. He always had his meals sent into his own private room. In no slang sense, but literally, he was a Holy Terror.

Every evening, for an hour or so before

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bedtime, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne would walk around and around the centre-table of their sitting-room, talking and talking as they revolved, about all their plans and thoughts and dreams. After Emily's death, Anne and Charlotte walked, and then, after Anne died, Charlotte walked alone around that same accursed table for hours every night. She must have felt behind her their ghostly footfalls.

The Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy (Amélie Rives) writes me the following highly interesting letter concerning my comment on Shakespeare in the February SCRIBNER'S. The letter comes from her home, Castle Hill, Cobham, Albemarle County, Va. The suggestion (first made by Pope) quoted from Mr. Cust is known to scholars, but should not, I think, be given much credit.

When I came to your remarks on the account of Falstaff's death in "King Henry V," and the Folio reading, "A Table of Greene Fields," for which Theobald suggested the emendation "a' babbled of green fields,"—I thought that you might be interested in a remarkable statement made to me in 1914 by Mr. Henry Cust.

Mr. Cust was said to be the next best read man in England after Lord Balfour.

It happened in this way. My husband and I were stopping for Whitsuntide with Lord Curzon at his country seat, Hackwood. Among the guests were Lord Balfour (then Mr. Arthur Balfour), his brother Gerald and Mr. Cust.

One evening those three and I were talking together, and this very question of the Folio reading of what has now been accepted as "a' babbled of green fields," came up. I was really listening rather than talking, but I must have ventured some remark just then, for Mr. Cust turned to me and said:

"Don't you know the real origin of that famous sentence?" I humbly said "No." Whereupon he explained: "That was a direction on the prompt copy of Henry V. The stage manager's name was Greenfelds and the stage direction evidently ran, 'A table by Greenfelds.'"

The others seemed to accept this as a matter of course and I merely murmured that "Accident seemed sometimes to be a great poet."

Of course I have no idea whether Mr. Cust was jesting or not, as I am no Shakespearian scholar, but somehow I do not think he was.

I am deeply grateful to the Princess not only for this valuable letter, but because she contributes a new anecdote to the life history of one of the most brilliant men of modern history, "Harry" Cust. A complete and well-documented biography of that extraordinary person would be both stimulating and diverting. Mrs. Cust, not very long after her husband's death, published a slender volume of his poems, of which a certain number were exported to America. As showing the practical effect of book reviews on sales, I will say that I reviewed this book in a Sunday issue of the New York *Times*. Before eleven o'clock on Monday morning, every copy in New York was sold. It is high time that more of his "Golden Remains" were published; and a good biography as well. What a man!

Most of my readers are interested in words, and the others ought to be. Mr. L. C. Oakley, one of my pupils in the Class of 1896, Yale, writes:

Here are three verbs you want to know—and probably do know: (I didn't).

Outen—to extinguish.

"Mister, he outened the first fire with a shovel, and Missus, she outened the other'n' with a broom." (Penna.)

Belong—to be compelled.

"Do you fully understand what signing this option means?"

"I sholy do;—ef'n I sign it, I belong to deed you my land when you say." (No. Carolina.)

Confidence—to trust fully.

"Bill, kin I confi*dence* you?"

"E'f'n yo' 'steem me that high, yo sholy kin." (No. Carolina.)

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A letter from New London points out the "misuse" of a word by two of the most carefully correct writers now living.

One is the misuse of the word "since," as in "since I have been living in this house" instead of "while I have been living in this house" or "since I moved into this house."

The other is the confusion of mind as to the antecedent of the relative pronoun and the consequent form of its verb in cases of this type: "Georgia was one of those women who was educated when she was born."—Stark Young in "Heaven Trees," p. 19.

It is surprising how common this is among intelligent and experienced persons. Recently I even found it in so careful a writer as Sir George Otto Trevelyan. He says: "for he was one of those who was not afraid to follow where his conscience led him."—"George the Third and Charles Fox," Vol. I, p. 206.

Another cryptic newspaper head-line is sent me by George Elias Wisewell, of Memphis, Tenn.:

STOP HOUSE SALLY ON POWER BOARD

which appeared in the New York *Times*, January 28, 1931.

Anne Washington Wilson, of Georgetown, D. C., is enrolled in the F. Q. Club, "provided there is no rigid examination!" Inasmuch as her own name contains the name of one Queen of England and of two Presidents of the United States, she receives an abundant entrance into the aristocracy of intellect.

Many of our "big-game" hunters belong not to the organizations of sportsmen, but rather to the slaughter-houses.

Another score for the Fundamentalists: note the prophecy concerning the snake and the descendants of Eve: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Gen. 3:15. How about snake-skin shoes?

So much cocaine is now being illegally imported into our country, that it may fairly be called a drug in the market.

In certain parts of Australia, the population of the kangaroos increases by leaps and bounds.

The annual dinner of the FANO CLUB will take place at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, on May 7, at 7.30 P.M. daylight-saving time. R. S. V. P.

Books mentioned in this article are named here, with their publishers.

"Complete Translations of the Works of Tolstoy," edited by Aylmer Maude. Oxford.
"Leo Tolstoy and his Works," by Aylmer Maude. Oxford. 50 cents.
"The Stricken Deer," by Lord Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.
"Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe," Everyman's Library. Dutton. 95 cents.
"Mrs. Gaskell," by Elizabeth Haldane. Appleton. $3.
"Imperial Palace," by Arnold Bennett. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

From the chaos of the books, William Lyon Phelps and Robert E. Sherwood each month weed out the volumes significant for their skilful narration, their information, their gaiety, their importance. This month the contributors include J. Frank Dobie, Carleton Beals, V. F. Calverton, Clifton Fadiman.

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Behind the Swamp There Was a Village

(Continued from page 552)

delightful night!" and then added eagerly, "Let's go for a little walk before we go to the library."

"Shall we go up the hill at the end of the street?" I offered. "We can see the rockets over the trenches. It is a beautiful sight."

"Isn't it dangerous?"

"Oh, no, the bullets do not come so far, and there is no artillery fire."

"Then, let's go on."

It was difficult for her to walk over the rubbish and waste, but she went ahead bravely. A few times she stumbled and caught my arm, but when I took hers she gently removed it. Once she nearly fell headlong to the ground, but I caught her in time.

"Thank you," she said, "I would probably make a bad soldier."

We reached the hill and climbed to its top. A light wind blowing from the south brought to us the faint suppressed sound of a distant cannonade. It was quiet in our sector; not even the rifles disturbed the silence. Here and there at intervals brilliant rockets rose above the trenches and, bursting, made great flashes of strong, greenish light.

Mariana looked on for a long time and then, slowly turning her face to me, asked:

"And that is where you are the nights when you are not with us?"

"Yes," I said, "and all the days."

"Is it not horrible that your people and my people have to fight each other?"

"Maybe it will be over soon."

"But will it? Will it?"

I spread my overcoat on the ground. Mariana sat on it, while I placed myself at her feet.

"Mariana," I said, "do you know what my captain said about you?"

"Did you talk to him about me?"

"Yes, twice."

"What did he say?"

"He said that you are our enemy."

"Not yours," she said in a low voice after a short silence.

And again we watched the rockets incessantly rising before us in the west. . . .

"Do you hear?" whispered Mariana, slightly touching my arm. Her touch startled me. I listened and distinguished voices; they seemed to be approaching us. I rose; so did Mariana. She stood behind me, her hand on my belt. I could feel her shiver. . . . They were coming nearer and nearer. . . .

Mariana put her hand on my shoulder and gently pressed me down. I sank to my knees. Mariana knelt beside me. Behind a bush, we were perfectly hidden from the coming men.

But they did not come. They stopped near another bush about fifty feet from us, where they sat on the ground and lit cigarettes. This was evidently a two-man patrol.

A brilliant meteorite crossed the sky.

"Father," asked a boyish voice, "is it true, as they say in our village, that for every human being on the earth there is a star in the sky, and when he dies his star falls?"

"Nonsense," gravely answered another voice. "If it was true, there would not be many stars left in the sky when this war is finished."

"But I saw them falling mighty fast last August when the big battles were on," insisted the first.

"Nonsense," repeated the other, "women's talk!" Then, after a pause, he added, "And maybe they are right—I don't know."

Mariana's hand was still on my shoulder. She was listening, absorbed by the conversation.

"Well, let's go," said the older soldier, having finished his smoke. A minute or so later they rose and passed close to us.

"Is it true," I heard the younger voice again, "that the Czarina is helping out the Germans?"

"I wouldn't talk about that," the other curtly replied. And then we heard them no more.

"It is strange," said Mariana reflectively, "that we have the same story about the stars."

Her last words were covered up by a brisk fusillade which suddenly started up and spread all along the front. Our field battery not far from the hill began a quick fire; the others supported it; the enemy's shells were already coming and exploding behind the village;

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rockets were whirling in all directions; and projectors from both lines were searching the fields.

"What is it?" asked Mariana, rising to her feet.

"A false alarm." I tried to say it assuredly.

And it was a false alarm. In a little while, the roar decreased and then died out entirely.

"Let's go home," said Mariana. Her voice was still unsteady.

"Aren't we going to get the books?"

"Oh, yes, we will get them."

A drizzling rain which started next morning lasted all day and changed at night to a downpour. At midnight the watch was given an order to retire. Waves of water rushed down the slope in front of us, filled our trenches, then, gushing over their tops, poured into the swamp behind us. All our work was ruined. We abandoned the trenches and stood in the open—wet, chilled through, despondent.

By daybreak, the rain was over. By noon the water had largely drained out from the trenches and we started repair work. We found the parapets washed away and the ditches, the approaches, and the dugouts caved in. There was no order of the day now, no shifts, no sleep—every one was abroad, digging, shovelling, and lagging. Only a few men were sent on watch, and even those were of no use. The enemy, too, had suffered from the flood and had plenty of trouble of their own.

The morale of the men and the officers was lower than ever. This inundation was an example of what we would have from now on. Once more we had occasion to realize how dangerous and inconvenient were our positions in this sector. What had been a swamp became a lake. The wooden planks across it lay deep below the surface of the water and, except through the trenches of a neighboring regiment, we had no way of communicating with the rear. This was long and troublesome.

On the afternoon of the sixth day, quartermasters of a strange regiment appeared among us and brought the news that their regiment would come at night to relieve us. I rushed to the captain. He confirmed the news and added that we were going to a very distant point.

Now there was one desire in me, one necessity; it was to see Mariana. I ran toward the place from which I first had seen the village, but I had to return; the pass leading to it was filled with water. I decided to go around but realized the folly of the enterprise and abandoned the idea. The captain came to my mind and, with a gleam of new hope, I rushed to him.

"I thought of it," he said, even before I could speak to him. "Wait until we are relieved and I'll give you a chance to get over there. But don't try to go now; you'd be sure to lose us."

He was right. Yet if there had been any chance to succeed, I would have disobeyed his order. But there was none. All I could do was go to the rear passageway, look at the water and the village beyond it. Water, land, and sky were all of the same color—the color of mud.

One of our lieutenants passed by. I rose to salute him. He stopped, looked at me for a while, then said:

"What is the matter with you, anyway? Got sick of the war?" His lips were twisted into a smile.

"Yes, sir."

With the darkness, the companies of the new regiment began to pour into our trenches and occupy our posts. Each of our companies, as it was relieved, proceeded as a unit through the passages of our neighbors, and went around the swamp to the assembling ground by the road. The orderlies were there ready with their officers' horses. Emelian, my captain's orderly, was there also. The captain, leading his horse by the bridle, approached me, saying, "Follow me."

When we were far enough from the company, he added, "Take Dolly and go there. I'll walk till you come back. We are going to Tarnopol."

I jumped on the horse and, bending over her neck, started her into a gallop.

"It is about ten kilometers to the village," I figured, "and it will take me half an hour." We swept by the crucifix, by the burned house, over the bridge, and were approaching the cut. From there but three more kilometers! I saw nothing now: my mind was already there in the house. . . . Dolly raced.

"Halt!" It was a firm and impressive command, given in a loud voice.

I straightened in the saddle. We were in the cut. In front of me, barring the road, were four horsemen.

"Who are you?" asked the one nearest to me.

"Private of the Eighth Company of the One-Hundred-Thirty-fifth Regiment," I answered saluting.

"Whose horse?"

"Captain Kootsoff's."

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"Where are you going?"

There was a moment of deep silence. The man who had addressed me rode nearer and turned a flashlight on my face.

"I know him, Your Excellency. He is one of Captain Kootsoff's men, and is trusted by his officer."

I, too, recognized him. He was one of the officers of our regiment now attached as adjutant to the commander of our division. The general was with them. I heard nothing of what the officers were saying to each other. My mind worked fast, trying to find an excuse.

"But where is he going?" insisted the general.

"To our old trenches, Your Excellency," I said, to my own surprise. "My captain sent me to get his field book he has forgotten in the dugout."

"Either he, or you, or both of you are crazy," said the general angrily. "Are you going to swim the horse across the swamp and take it with you in the trenches?" He added another remark about me, my captain, and soldiers and officers in general. Then he spoke to the adjutant:

"Send him. He'll do."

"Send where?" I wanted to shout, but, trembling, I awaited the order.

The adjutant had another of his companions hold his flashlight while he wrote something in his field book. He tore out the sheet, placed it in an envelope, sealed and addressed it, and then gave the letter to me, pointing to the two crosses which he put on the back of the envelope signifying delivery with the greatest possible speed.

"Deliver it to the quartermaster of the division. He is in Koodbintsy," he ordered. Then, coming closer to me, he added threateningly: "And don't play any tricks."

He did not believe my explanation, that was clear to me, and he desisted to find out the truth only because they were in a hurry and, it seemed to me, in some confusion.

I saluted and turned my horse toward the new destination. I was in despair. Fourteen more kilometers, seven each way! Again I bent low over the mare's neck. Dolly was doing her best, as though she understood and was trying to help me in my trouble. She flew, but I (how ashamed I am to think of it now) pommelled her belly with the heels of my boots as though anything could make her go faster.

I raced east against the full moon that was rising from behind the forest. I passed by a team, through a small detachment of infantry which quickly gave me the way; burst into, and quickly passed, the forest; and landed in the middle of the long single street of a village. Not without waste of time, I found the quartermaster and delivered the letter. He opened it and read it with marked surprise and anxiety. Having finished, he looked at me, then reread the note.

"Where was the general when he gave you this letter?" he asked me.

"Three kilometers south of Borosovo."

"All right. You may go."

I left the house. Outside, I looked at my watch; it was a little after ten o'clock.

"I'll be there at eleven," I thought. "They will be already asleep."

A second later I was again galloping along the road. Dolly ran as never before.

We repassed the forest. Nearer, nearer was the village and again in my mind I was in the half-ruined house. . . .

Then a flash of light; an explosion which threw into the sky geysers of fire and rock; a trembling of the ground; then more fires, more explosions. The horse stopped.

"Our trenches undermined!" I thought. "Right there where I was two hours ago." Paralyzed, I waited for the rest to come.

The barrage ceased. "The Austrians must have come out of their trenches," passed through my mind. "They must have known of the changes which were going on." Still motionless, I stared at the cascades of glowing lights.

Mariana came to my mind, and the danger which surrounded her. With heels and hands I struck the horse. I rode with yells and shouts, with prayers and cursing; and she ran, ran in a panic of fear. . . .

Then, all of a sudden, she stopped again. I raised my head from her neck and looked around. Crowds of soldiers in disorder were hurrying away from the trenches.

"Retreating!" flashed through my mind.

"Where are you going, you damn fool?" several voices from the crowd shouted at me. "The Austrians are on this side!"

"And Borosovo?" was all I could ask.

"Occupied," somebody answered, and rushed by. Thicker and thicker became the retreating crowd. The men almost ran. Fiercer and stronger grew the fire and the shells exploding around us. One of them struck near me. But I did not move. . . . The horse turned herself and walked with the mob. . . . We came to the forest. I stopped the horse and, dismounting, let her take care of herself. The men moved by.

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The night passed and the fight was over. I did not notice when it ceased. The cold of the daybreak brought me back. The front was quiet; not a sound from there. Dolly was not far from me. She slept, her head lowered. The forest was full of men sleeping with heads and shoulders rolled in overcoats and their legs sticking out.

The sun began to rise. But the men still slept around me.

I went to the horse, but, instead of mounting her, buried my face in the saddle.

"In the sunny South,
In the far Crimea,
Lost among high mountains,
Was a Tartar village." . . .

I lifted my head. It was our company's favorite song.

My horse neighed loudly, recognizing her stable-mates. Unawares, I had overtaken my regiment and was riding only a few hundred feet behind our company. Not wanting our men to see me riding the captain's horse, I dismounted and, leading Dolly by the halter, approached the captain.

Seeing me coming, he stopped and waited for me. For a few minutes we walked without a word. And the company kept on singing of Ivass, a youthful Cossack who was kept as a war-prisoner in a Tartar village, and of a slender Tartar girl who fell in love with him and helped him to escape. . . .

"I understand you had no chance to see her," the captain broke the silence. "What happened to you?"

I told of the errand I was given by the general and again we walked in silence.

"They say we are going north," said the captain. I did not answer. It made no difference where we were going.

"Sonny," he addressed me, after another pause, "don't you think she is happier over there among her own kin?" Then he added, "And maybe this was the reason they did not move farther to the rear—always waiting for an opportunity to join their people."

I only glanced at him.

"In his own cherry orchards,
On the bank of Dnieper River,
Sits Ivass the Cossack youthful
Thinking of Crimea."

"Sir," I asked the captain, "please make them sing some other song."

"Kaloogin," he addressed the top-sergeant, "change that song—or better, tell them not to sing at all . . . at all." . . .

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Writer's Dilemma

Pot-boilers or novels? A novelist, whose works have been critical successes, relates his own experience and considers the place of the writer in the world of to-day.

A few years ago there was a newspaperman in his late twenties who felt moved to write a novel. You will at once recognize him as being in that regard just like a thousand other newspapermen. Most young newspapermen are either writing a novel or intending to write one. But this particular reporter differed from a large part of these in that he went ahead and wrote his novel. It took him nearly two years to finish it, and he devoted to it most of his spare time, including Sundays, holidays, and all of one vacation.

He differed also from most beginning novelists in that he had no difficulty in finding a publisher. He had a friend who was a man of weight in the world of books. This friend read the novel and pronounced it good. He took it to his own publisher, and the publisher presently sent the newspaperman a contract.

He still remembers the thrill and shock of that first acceptance and how it seemed to warm him so that on a cold January night he walked with his overcoat unbuttoned and his hat off. Nothing but the first kiss of love can stir the blood as does the first hint of success that comes to any creative effort, and nothing else can beget such a complete illusionment about the future. Had he known what was ahead of him, this man might still have been proud but he would not have been gay.

It was clear to him now that he was no longer a reporter, but an author. Soon he resigned his job and set about the composition of a second book, with no resources except a couple of thousand dollars he had saved.

In due course the first book came out and it was very kindly noticed in the papers. One reviewer somewhat pompously pronounced that even in a day of high achievement this novel was one to be taken seriously. Its author almost fell out of his chair as he read this. He did not take the reviewer as seriously as the reviewer took him, for he was a very modest man, but for that same reason it raised his blood-pressure merely to see himself thus portentously mentioned in a reputable journal.

No woman was ever more concerned about her first baby than he was about that book. Feeling foolish but irresistibly eager, he hung around in book-stores to see if his book was there, and often found it missing. Whenever he saw any one reading a book in a street-car or a bus, he looked to see if it was his and always found that it was not. It soon became apparent to him that the public was not fighting for the privilege of reading his work, but he was hardly prepared for the news his first royalty statement brought him. It showed that his book had sold sixteen hundred copies and had earned him about two hundred dollars.

Now he began to see that to be an author and at the same time to eat was not a simple matter. Nevertheless, he worked on, somewhat grimly, and finished his second book. When it was done he had only a few hundred dollars and he was weary, with the great and enervating weariness that all writers experience after finishing a book. Nevertheless, he got newspaper work to do and made money, though often he felt as though he were writing in his sleep. While he was so engaged his second book came out, and it was more successful than his first. It got columns of space in the papers and it sold almost four thousand copies. It earned its author about eight hundred dollars—which was about one-third of what it had cost him to write it.

This small return caused him a temporary depression, but he already had an idea for another book and enough money to live in a retired way until it was written. So he went to work again, feeling, like Grant on the Mississippi, that he might as well fight out his battle on one line. Through all of his discouragements and exhaustions he was sustained by an intuition that he could, after all, ask

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nothing better of the world than a stiff fight and a chance to spend himself on some task that engaged the whole of his being.

When his third book was done he decided to go to New York, where he had been before but had never lived or worked. Almost immediately upon his arrival he went to sleep and stayed asleep most of the time for about six weeks, and when he finally woke up his resources approximated the proverbial shoe-string. However, he soon got a part-time job writing publicity and made enough in that way to live.

In the course of his publicity work he met a man who was sub-editor of a magazine for women that circulated by the million in a cover bright as sunset on the Grand Canyon. This man was one of the few who had read our hero's books and liked them. He suggested that the author might write a story for his great journal of uplift in the home. The author replied at first that such an undertaking was wholly beyond his capacities and inclinations. What he wrote often shocked ladies. But even as he spoke, there came mysteriously into his head an idea for a sweet story of moral love. It seemed to be born suddenly out of the fortuitous union of need and opportunity. He took back his hasty refusal and told the editor the plot of his story in a few words. The editor said it sounded good. "Go ahead and write it," he advised.

Our author sat down to his task the same day, and he found it a hard one. The story was necessarily a sentimental story and he was not a sentimental man. From this conflict arose a constant temptation to burlesque his own idea as he wrote, but he resisted. Taking his tongue firmly between his teeth he battered his way through to the final virtuous embrace.

When he read the story over he felt somewhat let down. It was a simple story and a rather banal one. There was nothing in particular to be said against it and still less to be said for it. Its outstanding characteristic in the mind of its author was that it was not what he wanted to write. Nevertheless, he had it copied and mailed it to the editor. A few days later he had a phone call. "We like your story very much," the editor said. "Would seven hundred and fifty dollars be all right?"

These words struck our hero briefly dumb. He had had no idea how much money popular magazines pay. He was being offered for a week's work three times as much as he had made out of a novel that cost him a year and a half in time and much agony. But he soon recovered voice enough to say that the price would be all right.

It seemed to him now that his economic problem was solved. He wrote other stories. He did not find the game quite as easy as it had looked at first. Some of his stories did not sell and some did not fetch high prices, but he sold most of what he wrote and he convinced himself that he could make good money writing bad stories.

It was now evident that he faced a choice. He could go on writing magazine stories and making money, or else he could write another novel and lose money.

In order to understand the situation which he faced at this point, and which almost every American writer faces, it is necessary to have a little historical perspective. There was a time when literature was the exclusive possession of a small literate minority and writers were usually supported by wealthy patrons. With the spread of printing, the reading public grew, and this was at first a boon for writers. They became independent beings for the first time. Periodicals as well as books carried their work to an ever-increasing number of people. Throughout the nineteenth century most periodicals carried the best work of the best writers. The tragic novels of Thomas Hardy, which seem as securely established in literary esteem as anything the century produced, were written as serials for magazines. In France and Russia, also, much of the best work was published in magazines. Chekhoff was a writer of magazine short stories and so was Maupassant. But as the public grew, the great majority of the magazines became necessarily more and more popular. They would print only material suitable for a very large public consisting mostly of very simple people.

More than enough has been written about the pernicious effect of popular journalism on literature, and much of it is unfair. The popular magazines print what they must, and they print more good material than their critics ever give them credit for. They develop some good and distinctive artists. O. Henry, Ring Lardner, and Harry Leon Wilson are writers of real value, produced by the popular magazines and owing no small part of their distinctive character to that medium. But the popular magazines are not a free literary medium, because what they can print is circumscribed in so many ways. A good writer may find an outlet through them, but most writers cannot do so without modifying their work to conform to popular taste. To most American writers, literature and magazine work are two things wholly separate.

It is also true that there are a few magazines

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which carry on the tradition of the great nineteenth-century reviews, but they are few, they are not wealthy, and the tendency of the times is for them to publish always more articles and less fiction. They afford a limited opportunity for the short-story writer but almost none for the novelist.

So most writers are confronted by the embarrassing choice which this one faced. If he wanted money, he must turn to some form of popular journalism; and if he wanted to work out his own ideas in his own way, he must write a book and let it take its precarious chance in that vastly overcrowded world of books, where many volumes never pay for the cost of printing them, where success necessarily can come only to a few, and where, when it does come, it wears so often the appearance of an unaccountable accident.

It was not an easy choice for him to make. He liked money. He came of forebears who had devoted their lives to a pioneering battle for wealth and security. He lived in a country where money is the only generally recognized symbol of success. If he wanted to impress his family and the folks back home and most of those he knew, he must make money.

No one can free himself completely from the scale of values which is accepted by the community of which he is a part. He may defy that scale of values and the philosophy it represents. But to defy a thing is not to be free of it. Defiance is an acknowledgment of power felt. Moreover, defiance is a strained and uncomfortable attitude, and alien to the mood of serene contemplation in which the imagination works.

This man did not exactly strike an attitude of defiance, but after thinking the matter over, and after ascertaining that he had several thousand dollars in the bank, he retired to a quiet spot where he could live cheaply and set himself to the composition of another book which would not do for the magazines and had little chance of popular success. He did not make this move in any spirit of heroism, nor did he feel especially righteous about it. He was a man for whom the whole savor of life lay in doing as he pleased, and it did not please him to write popular stories. He liked money, but he liked freedom better.

It is not necessary for the purposes of this article to follow the career of this man in detail. To date, he has written six books. All of them have been kindly noticed by reviewers. He could compile a fat album of flattery. But none of these books, as a book, has paid in royalties one-half of what it cost him to live while writing it and recovering from the effort. That he has been able to do the work he chose to do is partly due to the fact that he is a trained journalist who can turn his hand to many kinds of hack-work, and partly due to luck. Twice the motion-picture industry has played Santa Claus. In each case a happy choice of title proved to be worth several thousand dollars. In one instance the book was never filmed. In the other it was, but the resemblance of the film to the book was slight.

This man's economic problem, as such, is perhaps embarrassing rather than tragic. He never knows where his next thousand dollars is coming from, and barring the rather remote possibility that one of his books will make a hit with the ladies who patronize circulating libraries, he cannot look forward to a dignified retirement in old age.

This man's real problem is basically one of intellectual and to some extent of social adjustment. Soon or late, and probably quite soon, he will reach again the point where he must either make more money or spend less. And then he will become again painfully conscious that he stands between two worlds, unable to belong to either. He is always between the devil of æsthetic isolation and the deep sea of popular journalism.

If he elects to devote himself to the work of his choice—the work which must contain whatever of real value he has to give—then he must find a place and a society where he can live for little. The logical, almost the only, way to do this is to retire to one of the many colonies composed of artists, literary and graphic, who are unable, like himself, to do their work and still share the common social life of their times. The very existence of these colonies is in itself a symptom of the split in contemporary intellectual life. For surely the artist should be a man among men of all other kinds. They are at once his material and his public and he cannot discharge his function fully if he alienates himself from them. Yet a large percentage of our most gifted artists are withdrawn into small exclusive groups—perhaps the most exclusive and ingrown social groups to be found in the modern world. There are several of these groups in New York and several near it. There is one in California and one in New Mexico, and several, I believe, strictly for Americans, in Europe. Some of these colonies are supported in part by philanthropists, and to this extent modern society recognizes the artist as a pauper.

Whether he takes advantage of charity or not, the artist can live in these groups for

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much less than it will cost him to share the life of any typical American community, because he is freed from the heavy competitive expenditure, the support of social front and pretension, which is characteristic of middle-class life all over the world. He can find also congenial contacts, sympathy for his aspirations, and respect for his need of leisure and solitude.

These groups differ in character. Some of them have a radical tinge and some are purely æsthetic. Some consist mostly of writers and others of painters. But they are all alike in their exclusiveness, their self-sufficiency, their contempt for and lack of contact with the common American world from which their members spring and to which they belong if they belong to anything. It is these groups which produce the experimental prose and verse which is so incomprehensible to the common reader, and the magazines with tiny circulations which print it. I have no doubt that the highly mannered obscurity of much of this work is in itself a part of the reaction against popular journalism and another expression of the exclusiveness which these groups represent. They write in the language of a cult, sometimes almost in a private language. Nevertheless, their work has value. It represents free experimentation in form and style and it tends to keep literature alive on its formal side, just as the artist who lives in the world and cares more for life than for art tends to keep it in contact with reality.

It seems doubtful to me whether any kind of artist should live permanently in any kind of retirement, but for certain types of painters and poets, to live in these cult-colonies may afford as good a solution of the problem as it is possible to find. At least it often enables them to do work which could not otherwise be done at all. But for the novelist such a life is generally poisonous. A novelist is always a man avid of experience, with an insatiable curiosity about people of all kinds. He needs a certain detachment and seclusion to do his work, but he feeds upon contact and observation, he needs human intercourse in all its forms, and the more various the better.

If he is to have these things he must have money—not much money, as money is reckoned in America, but enough money to meet his fellow beings on equal terms. And if he will only write what editors want, he can generally have money. He can have not only a living but automobiles and oil stocks. He can raise police dogs and even babies. But if there is something else he wanted to write, and could write, he will surely be overtaken, soon or late, by the guilt and despair of the spirit which denies its own desire and thwarts its own growth.

His problem is to keep some kind of a balance between these two forces pulling in opposite directions, and this is a hard thing to do. It is very hard to remain balanced and free between any alternatives. The tendency is to flop heavily toward one or the other, especially when each of them offers a certain security and social solidarity which is otherwise lacking.

I know that many writers, perhaps most writers, face this problem in one form or another and more or less consciously. I do not know the solution of it, nor whether there is any, but it seems worth while to state it in specific terms because there are so many people in the world who aspire to be writers. It sometimes seems that the literate person who has never tried to write or aspired to write is one of a minority. For the most part, the intention or the attempt is feeble, but every year a whole army of young persons comes forward, all of them seriously bent on a writing career. It seems to me each of these should know the choice he faces. If he has a little ability and a good deal of adaptability he can probably make a living by writing, but his work will be a humdrum trade in which he takes orders and delivers the goods like a carpenter or a tailor. And if any real intellectual development grows out of his efforts and if he follows the beck of his impulse, it is more than likely to carry him away from all the gods of his kind—from success and money and social approval, toward isolation, insecurity, and even want.

The writer who publishes books and sees his name in the public prints is in this country a widely envied person. A glamour surrounds his profession. He is thought of as moving in a glorious freedom toward a wide and satisfying fame. Doubtless this envy is comprehensible in a country where the imaginative life has been starved for generations, and where the common destiny contains so much of routine and boredom, but to the writer, as he bends his back to his solitary and precarious task, with cold feet and a hot head, and perhaps an exigent landlord at the door, it sometimes seems a little strange.

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What About the Children's Summer?

By PORTER SARGENT

The well-known educational adviser points out the curious reason for the rise of the summer camp, and discusses its benefits

WHAT about the children's summer? What camp shall they go to? are questions that come up perennially in every well-ordered family as the end of the school year approaches.

All this is prearranged in some families. The boy or girl returns to the same camp year after year. But for many "What camp?" is the predominating topic.

Schoolmates boost or knock the camp they went to the summer before. Neighbors and friends are consulted. Camp advertisements in the magazines are carefully scanned. The invitation to send for illustrated catalogues is accepted. Camp booklets of every size, color, and quality accumulate, and soon the camp representatives keep the telephone and doorbell atingle.

Few parents to-day can escape the necessity of choosing a camp for their children. Boys and girls themselves demand the camp. But parents too are feeling more and more the advantage to be gained and the opportunities and training offered by the camp life. So to-day it is taken for granted that all children whose parents are abreast of the times will spend at least a season in a summer camp.

Twenty years ago it was still comparatively unusual for a boy or girl to spend the summer at camp. Thirty years ago it was only in a few circles that the summer camp was known. Some boys and girls of well-to-do families had grandparents and uncles back on the farm to whom they were packed off for the summer months. But the summer hotels, seashore and mountain, swarmed with children. A nuisance to their elders, they lived in an atmosphere from which they derived more harm than benefit.

Through the middle decades of the nineteenth century the programme of the school year, as our formal education crystallized, left a summer void in the life of the boy or girl. So fixed has become the yearly programme of the schools that it may now seem strange that in other countries the school calendar does not coincide with ours.

Yet the reason why the scheme of formal education as it developed in the United States during the past century neglected the summer months is simple. In the earlier days the labor of the children was needed on the farms in caring for the summer crops.

In the system of education three or four generations ago the formal schooling merely supplemented the varied activities of farm and household. There was no need for the school to give boys and girls training in nature study. Their life had been close to nature.

Knowledge of the smaller animals had come to them through trapping for furs and hunting for food to supplement their fare and income. Incidental to this, a knowledge of woodcraft and woodlore became a part of the endowment of every boy.

They cut and split ash for basket splints. Their ox-bows were made of the red oak; their levers of the hop-hornbeam. No farm boy failed to recognize these at sight. Nearly every herb and plant had some utilitarian or medicinal use that made its recognition a matter of every-day knowledge.

Nature study of this practical sort was one of the chief interests of every child from his earliest years until in his old age he became an expert on the medicinal properties of plants or a skilled craftsman in utilizing the properties of particular woods in basketry or in wooden-ware craft.

There was no need in the schools to teach manual training. The boys had to devise simple mechanical appliances, to work in wood, to supply every need of the farm and household. There was no need that the school or summer camp

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should teach the girls the use of the loom or other household crafts. All these things entered into their daily life.

As our schools developed, they lost sight of the fact that all the training in crafts, nature, resourcefulness, initiative and executive capacity that belonged to the life of three and four generations ago has passed, that home and community life is no longer what it was, that a great void has been left in the life of the growing boy or girl.

The pioneers in the camp movement in the eighties and nineties were men of ideals who sought to salvage the wasted summer. Ernest Balch, who worked out in the early eighties the practice and procedure of summer camp life as it is followed to-day, writes:

"I first thought of the boys' camp as an institution in 1880. The miserable condition of boys belonging to well-to-do families in summer hotels, considered from the point of view of their right development, set me to looking for a substitute. That year and 1881 I had thought out the main lines of a boys' camp."

True, there had been men who camped with boys before his time. Naturalists like Dr. Joseph Trimble Rothrock, as early as 1776, George W. Hinckley, founder of the Good Will Homes as early as 1880, and schoolmasters like Frederick William Gunn of the Gunnery School, who during the Civil War took his boys marching and camping.

These men, interested in the boy and his summer, could not have ventured to take them outdoors had there not been a re-awakening in the previous decades to the joys of the outdoor life.

This renaissance goes back to Thoreau, who in 1845 at the age of twenty-eight shook off the dust of Concord village streets from his feet and went into the woods to live in his handbuilt cabin on the shores of Walden Pond. The writing of "Nessmuk" (George W. Sears) and of "Adirondack Murray" (Rev. W. H. H. Murray) in the seventies and the "Knockabout Series," all prepared the way.

So into the neglected period of the summer months has come the summer camp with its opportunities to restore something of the essential elements of what made our grandfathers and grandmothers what they were. This innovation like so many other radical departures is in part a turning back, a re-adaptation to the present time of more primitive and fundamental living.

Such radical measures have of course been undertaken first only by a few bold spirits. It is due to private initiative that the summer camp has been instituted, developed and come to supplement in some measure the deficiencies of our formal and traditional education. In every branch of education which now has public support, individuals have taken the initiative and private enterprise has first demonstrated the worth of each educational departure to the community.

"The wholesome conservatism of government throws the burden of proving a thing good upon individuals and societies." The early efforts toward the higher education of girls, the first kindergartens, the introduction of manual training were born of personal conviction, fostered by private associations, and have only gradually won public recognition and support. The first art schools and museums, the first gymnasiums, the first technical schools were all the result of individual initiative and private co-operation.

The need and practicability of the summer camp had therefore to be demonstrated by individuals whose initiative led them to break out of the ruts and depart from the conventions. In the last twenty years a host of camps have grown up under private initiative. Now the movement is being gradually taken over by organizations, social, philanthropic, and religious. The Boy and Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls have blazed the way in this. Community organizations are finding it possible to provide for the children most needing the advantages of the outdoor camp life.

Eventually the community must assume the responsibility of providing for all the education which the summer camp supplies. It is not too great a burden to put on the community. It is merely a resumption of a burden that was temporarily cast off. The cost of this type of education on the old New England farm was probably much higher relatively, in individual and community endeavor, than it is likely to be in the future.

Twenty million children in the United States have never yet enjoyed the privileges of the summer camp. Much has been done by charitable and social organizations, but the great achievement of socializing the camp, like the school system, must be undertaken by the state. It was for private initiative to show the way but the state has duties in insuring the healthy development of its future citizens.

Profound thinkers, anthropologists and psychologists are doubtful about the survival of our civilization and race. They point to the artificial and hectic life we live, clustered in cities, having all the necessary things done for us.

It is not our function to discuss the matter here, save to point out that a return to simplicity in living, a return to the earth, even for a few weeks annually during the adolescent years, will offer a contrast to city life, afford relaxation for strained nerves, and give a boy or girl the opportunity to learn the value of quiet and of simplicity.

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